

*Mr. Latham's Lethi giving Her by Her
not St Andrew* E T H I C 18 Jan 1798

AMUSEMENTS. *1778*

B Y

Mr. B E L L A M Y.

REVISED BY HIS SON

D. B E L L A M Y, M. A.

CHAPLAIN

Of P E T E R S H A M and K E W, in S U R R Y.

SERMO ORITUR, NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS ;
NEC MALE, NECNE LEPOS SALTAT :—SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS : UTRUMNE
DIVITIIS HOMINES, AN SINT VIRTUTE BEATI.
QUIDVE AD AMICITIAS, USUS, RECTUMNE TRAHIT NOS ;
ET QUÆ SIT NATURA BONI, SUMMUMQUE QUID EJUS.
CERVIVS HÆC INTER VICINUS GARRIT ANILES
EX RE FABELLAS.

HORACE.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. FADEN, for the AUTHOR.

M DCC LXVIII.

AMUSEMENTS
WITH
C

BY

IV M A I E S

RECEIVED BY HIS SON

10. B. E. L. A. M. Y. M. A. J. E. B.

1944



NOV 20 1964

1. NAME: MICHAEL J. ROSS
2. ADDRESS: 1000 N. 10TH ST. APT. 100
3. CITY: MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 55403
4. PHONE: 612-338-1234
5. OCCUPATION: STUDENT
6. DATE OF BIRTH: 01/15/1980
7. SEX: M
8. RACE: W
9. HEIGHT: 5'10"
10. WEIGHT: 180 LBS
11. HAIR: BRN
12. EYES: BLU
13. BLOOD TYPE: O+
14. MARITAL STATUS: SINGLE
15. RELIGION: CATHOLIC
16. POLITICAL AFFILIATION: DEMOCRAT
17. EDUCATION: B.S. IN PSYCHOLOGY
18. EMPLOYMENT: STUDENT
19. SOCIAL SECURITY: 123-45-6789
20. DRIVER LICENSE: MN-12345678
21. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
22. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
23. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
24. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
25. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
26. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
27. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
28. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
29. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
30. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
31. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
32. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
33. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
34. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
35. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
36. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
37. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
38. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
39. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
40. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
41. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
42. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
43. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
44. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
45. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
46. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
47. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
48. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
49. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
50. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
51. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
52. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
53. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
54. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
55. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
56. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
57. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
58. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
59. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
60. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
61. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
62. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
63. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
64. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
65. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
66. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
67. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
68. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
69. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
70. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
71. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
72. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
73. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
74. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
75. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
76. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
77. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
78. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
79. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
80. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
81. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
82. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
83. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
84. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
85. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
86. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
87. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
88. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
89. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
90. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
91. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
92. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
93. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
94. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
95. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
96. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
97. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
98. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
99. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
100. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
101. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
102. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
103. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
104. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
105. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
106. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
107. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
108. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
109. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
110. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
111. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
112. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
113. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
114. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
115. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
116. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
117. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
118. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
119. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
120. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
121. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
122. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
123. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
124. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
125. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
126. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
127. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
128. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
129. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
130. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
131. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
132. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
133. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
134. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
135. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
136. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
137. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
138. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
139. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
140. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
141. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
142. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
143. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
144. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
145. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
146. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
147. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
148. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
149. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
150. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
151. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
152. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
153. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
154. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
155. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
156. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
157. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
158. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
159. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
160. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
161. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
162. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
163. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
164. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
165. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
166. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
167. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
168. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
169. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
170. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
171. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
172. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
173. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
174. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
175. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
176. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
177. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
178. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
179. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
180. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
181. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
182. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
183. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
184. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
185. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
186. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
187. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
188. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
189. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
190. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
191. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
192. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
193. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
194. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
195. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
196. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
197. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
198. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
199. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
200. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
201. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
202. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
203. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
204. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
205. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
206. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
207. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
208. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
209. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
210. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
211. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
212. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
213. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
214. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
215. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
216. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
217. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
218. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
219. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
220. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
221. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
222. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
223. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A0000000000
224. VEHICLE LICENSE: MN-12345678
225. VEHICLE REGISTRATION: MN-12345678
226. VEHICLE MAKE/MODEL: FORD/FORD
227. VEHICLE YEAR: 1995
228. VEHICLE COLOR: RED
229. VEHICLE VIN: 1F3501A00

ET NUNCIUM NUNCIUM DAT. AGITAMUS : C. STUBBS

1 OF 1 SET NATURAL BONE SHIMMUNO, QUID LIL

RECEIVED: 1965 JAN 28 10 11 AM

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

1972, 1973, 1974

Л О Д И

111111 0311 12

TO THE
K I N G.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,
STRUCK as I am with veneration at the
dignity of the Personage I am approach-
ing ; the difficulty of this address would not
be so alarming as I now feel it to be, were it
possible for any language to express the dic-
tates of a heart, warmed like mine, with the
sincerest gratitude.

When

DEDICATION.

When I reflect on the motives that might induce Your Majesty to permit this work to appear under your most gracious protection ; and more particularly on the welcome, though unsolicited bounty extended to me, one of the most inconsiderable of Your Majesty's subjects ; I cannot but admire that goodness which I must not celebrate ; fearful lest I should incur displeasure, by barely enumerating those virtues which distant nations contemplate with envy, and your own subjects have so frequent occasion to proclaim with joy.

The prevalence of example can be no where more conspicuous, than in your Royal Household, where the lives and behaviour of those
who

D E D I C A T I O N.

who have the honour to approach Your Majesty's Person, evidence such goodness of heart, as cannot fail of convincing all who aspire to favour, that the surest mean of obtaining Royal Bounties, and the only acceptable return they can make for having received them, must be to take due care that their conduct in their respective departments, may demonstrate they are not altogether unworthy.

That Your Majesty, by a long and happy reign, may have the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing this kingdom as eminent for true religion, and every virtue that can reflect honour on humanity, as it is now for wealth and power : and that full of years, blessed
with

DEDICATION.

with a numerous and virtuous offspring, You
may receive the glorious reward of a truly
great and well-spent life, shall be the daily
prayer of,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

most dutiful,

much obliged, and

most faithful,

Subject and Servant,

DANIEL BELLAMY, Junior.

T H E P R E F A C E.

THE importance of a man to himself has been so often discovered in almost every species of explanatory writing, wherein even the most delicate author is obliged to speak of his own studies and compositions; that Prefaces, in general, are at the present day, become equally irksome to their writer, and to their reader. But as the Editor of the *ETHIC AMUSEMENTS* is not to apologize for his own works, but those of an aged parent, he sets himself down to write with as little fear on the score of self-love, as hope on that of self-interest. He once indeed intended, following therein the example of other Editors, to have given a particular account of the Author, and his writings; but such is the fastidious nicety of the present times, that the pious labour of establishing the dear-earned fame, or proclaiming the honest character of a father, is too difficult, too dangerous, and too delicate an undertaking even for a son. But since immemorial custom requires, and the Editor thinks it absolutely necessary, something should be said on that subject, on the present occasion, the Reader will accept of what follows.

Our

Our Author acquired his first knowledge in classical learning, at Merchant-Taylors School in *London*: From hence he was sent at the usual age a Commoner to St. *John's* College in *Oxford*; his father being in too opulent circumstances to apply for, or even accept of when offered, the usual helps towards the expence of perfecting his son's education. But before he had made choice of any profession, misfortunes in his family, equally unexpected and unsurmountable, obliged him to turn those talents which were intended for the ornament, towards the support of life—and he has now actually devoted more than half a century to writing for the public; and perhaps it may be difficult to produce another person, who has so thoroughly felt the force of the great Philosopher's observation: *Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.*—Hunc ego non diligam? non admirer? non omni ratione defendendum putem?—His labors have ever had a manifest tendency to promote the love of virtue, or of useful and ornamental science; which will need no further proof, than to select, from a variety of other things, his translations of *Castalio's* Sacred Dialogues, and the first four volumes in folio, of the *Religious Ceremonies*.—A life thus industriously, not to say beneficially employed, seems to claim some little indulgence in extreme old age. *This sabbath of his days* it is his utmost ambition to maintain with some degree, or, at least, some appearance of decent Independency—Hence proceeds the present publication.

The Editor has satisfactory reasons for omitting the *Compendium of the Lives of Socrates, Plato, &c.* and *Cicero's Dialogue on Old Age*, which were to have constituted part of this work. But it would border on affectation, to apologize for deviating from the original

T H E P R E F A C E.

original propofals, when fuch deviation has made room for feveral articles, which, he prefumed, might afford more entertainment to the Reader; and, efpecially, by the addition of the Archbishop of *Cambray's* moral Tales and Fables, which fhall be ornamented with a new design for each Subject by Mr. *Wale*, elegantly engraved by Mr. *Grignion* and others. This improvement was fuggested, a few months ago by accident — The Editor feeing fome prints for the ingenious Dr. HAWKESWORTH's *Telemachus*, by the above-mentioned artists, and at the fame time recollecting the favourable reception the Author's Version of *Cambray's* Fables had met with, in the various editions in which it had appeared, could not refift the temptation of hazarding the expence, tho' by no means inconfiderable, in hopes that the book would then be generally deemed adequate to its price.—But as this additional work has no immediate connection with the general fubject of the prefent volume, it was determined not to retard the publication till that could be finifhed.—The Subfcribers are however affured, that Mr. *Wale* has completed the designs, and Mr. *Grignion* has engraved fome of the plates, and the reft fhall be executed by him or fome other able artift, with all imaginable difpatch, and delivered to the Subfcribers, together with a lift of their names prefixed, without any additional expence whatever.

The reader fhall only be detained for a fhort account of the principal articles in this volume, which, it is hoped, will not be thought unworthy the name of ETHIC AMUSEMENTS.

I. The Comforts of Philofophy: in five books, from the *Latin* of *Boetius*.

Boetius has always been regarded among those happier Authors, who rise in our estimation, in proportion to our familiarity with them---intelligible to the meanest, and improving to the most cultivated understanding---A true comforter to all the sons and daughters of affliction, and a desirable companion to the happy and prosperous.

II. The Family Party.---The Court of Beauty.--The Young Eagle.---Imitations from *De la Motte*, by a Friend.

Whoever, to borrow the words of a judicious critic on a similar occasion, *expects a paraphrase of De la Motte, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these imitations, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Gallic Poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well, if not, he employs his own without scruple or ceremony.*

Should the reader's opinion of this part of the work, but keep pace with that of the Editor, he will heartily join in wishing his friend may be prevailed on to finish what he has thus happily begun; and execute the whole of *De la Motte's* Fables with the same spirit and judgement.---There is certainly something in this specimen of his abilities so truly original, engaging, and instructive, that the Editor is fully convinced, whatever becomes of the rest of the *Ethic Amusements*, the world will hereafter remember this publication with gratitude, as the means of introducing so valuable an addition to the moral poetry of this nation.

III. The

III. The Projector, an Heroi-Comic Poem, in *Miltonic* Verse.

This poem was written originally in *Latin*, by the very learned and ingenious Mr. *Holdsworth*, of *Magdalen College, Oxford*, about the year 1708; and the present version appeared soon after, and was so well received by the public, that many thousands were printed and sold within the compass of one year. Such an approbation it was apprehended would be sufficient to justify its republication here.

IV. Gratitude, an Historical Tale.

The chief incidents in this little story are related as matters of fact, in some History of the *Turks* which we have formerly met with.---*To teach the passions to move at the command of Virtue*, has ever been esteemed the highest commendation of this species of writing. An effect we have several times been witness to this Tale's having produced, when read from the manuscript.

V. DAMON and DELIA : A Cantata.

This Pastoral Poem was founded on the following memorable incident:—some time in *October* last, the three elder Princes, conducted by Mrs. *Cotesworth*, went privately to *Kew Chapel*, where kneeling reverently before the Communion Table, they presented with their own hands, a very liberal offering for the relief of the Poor.

The looks and deportment of the *Royal Children*---in the execution of this benevolent errand, were, in every respect, so proper, so affecting, and exemplary, that the Editor really thought it for the advantage and honour of human nature, to have it recorded, if possible, in as lively and indelible characters, as it was in his own heart. A consultation with his ingenious Friend, the author of the Parodies on *De la Motte*, produced this Pastoral Cantata : Of which he can with the strictest veracity affirm, that as the fact on which it was founded, has engaged the love and admiration of all who heard it ; so the Poem, simple and undorned as it is, has never been recited without the highest satisfaction ---As if it was the property of great and virtuous actions, to communicate something of their own engaging nature, even to the things written concerning them. This Poem declines not the judgment of the head, though professedly calculated for that of the heart ; a trifle indeed in itself, yet can never be voted trifling, where the love of virtue, genuine patriotism, or honest loyalty, are admitted to the suffrage.

The following fact will evince the truth of this observation :--- A person of acknowledged taste, thought so favourably of this Pastoral, as to intimate a desire of having it set to music by some hand of distinguished abilities—one, whose situation in life might give additional feeling to the subject. —This circumstance pointed evidently to Dr. Nares, who having executed it with his usual felicity, it was performed before a select party, who were pleased to honour it, thus improved by the insinuating graces of harmony, with the highest approbation and applause.

T H E P R E F A C E. ix

The other articles in this work must be left to speak for themselves.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura;
Quæ legis hic : aliter non fit, Avite, liber.*

After this confession it must be superfluous to add, that the Author's appeal is not to the *justice*, but to the *mercy* of criticism.

When years depress the Muse's weary wing,
And ev'ry passing day, with silent theft
Plucks her thin plumage; can she soar again
The vast sublime of nature? When her voice
Is crack'd by penury, enfeebled, shrill'd
To second infancy, by time's fell gripe,
Fancy's fair garden fading all before her;
Her song will hold alliance with her fortunes:
Who can expect perfection? Candour then
Holds out to Criticism her softest veil,
And bids her pardon where she can't approve;
Pleads an exemption for the *hoary head*,
And sees some merit in *attempting well*.

*Kew, Feb. 5,
1768:*

D. BELLAMY, Junior.

DIRECTIONS for placing the CUTS.

1 The Philosophic Muse dictating Ethic Amusements <i>to face the Title</i>	25 The Hare and Tortoise -	232
2 Sir John and Lady Brute <i>before the Title of Marriage</i> - -	26 The Wolf and Crane -	233
3 Æsop at Court - - -	27 The Kite and other Birds -	234
4 The Labyrinth - - -	28 The Monkey - -	235
5 Æsop and Cupid - - -	29 The Fox and the Goat -	236
6 The Owl and the Day Birds	30 The Mice in Council -	237
7 The Cocks and the Partridge	31 The Frogs and Jupiter -	238
8 The Cock and the Fox -	32 The Monkey and the Cat -	239
9 The Cock and the Diamond	33 The Fox and the Grapes -	240
10 The Cat and the Mice -	34 The Eagle, Hare, and Beetle	241
11 The Eagle and the Fox -	35 The Wolf and the Porcupine	242
12 The Peacocks and the Jay -	36 The Monsters - -	243
13 The Turkey Cock and Game Cock, -	37 The Mouse, Cat, and Cock -	244
14 The Peacock and the Magpye	38 The Kite and Doves - -	245
15 The Serpent and the File -	39 The Dolphin and Monkey -	246
16 The Monkey and her Cubs -	40 The Fox and the Crow -	247
17 The Battle of Birds and Beasts	41 The Swan and the Crane -	248
18 The Fox and the Crane -	42 The Wolf and the carved Head	249
19 The Crane and the Fox -	43 The Serpent and the Porcupine	250
20 The Hen and Chickens -	44 The Ducks and the Spaniel -	251
21 The Peacock and the Nightingale	45* The Court of Beauty -	169
22 The Parrot and the Ape -	46* The Family Party - -	175
23 The Monkey Judge -	47* The Eagles and Crows -	182
24 The Rat and Frog -	48* The Projector - -	185
	49* The Young Eagle - -	256
	50 Damon and Delia - -	257

*Those marked * are already in their proper Places.*

THE
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY:
IN
FIVE BOOKS.

FROM THE LATIN OF
AN. MAN. TORQ. SEV. BOETIUS.

BY
WILLIAM CAUSTON, Esq;

AND
Mr. BELLAM Y.

CHAUCER, who is generally considered as the Father of our Poetry, has left us a version of BOETIUS, *on the Comforts of Philosophy*; a Book which seems to have been the favourite of the middle ages:—of so much celebrity, that it has been translated into *Saxon* by King ALFRED, and illustrated with a copious Comment ascribed to AQUINAS.

JOHNSON.

THE

COMFORTS OF PHILOSOPHY

IN

FIVE BOOKS

FROM THE LATIN OF

AM. MAN. TOR. S. W. BORTIUS

BY

WILLIAM CAVE TOMLIN

AND

MR. B. H. L. A. M. Y.

CHANCERY, who is generally considered as the Father of our Poetry, has left
as a version of BORTIUS, as the Copy of Philosophy, a Book which does
to have been the favorite of the noblest ages:—of so much esteem, that
it has been translated into Seven by King ALFRED, and translated with a
copious Commentary added to it by a

JOHNSON.

THE LIFE of BOËTIUS.

ANICIUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS SEVERINUS BOËTIUS was born about the time of the declension of the Western Empire in *Augustulus*, Anno CCCCLXXV. And though his ancestors of the male-line, of the name of BOËTIUS, seem to have been of Greek extraction; yet he derived his pedigree likewise, by a female branch, from *Anicius Sextus Petron. Probus*, a descendent of one of the most antient and noble families in *Rome*, and Colleague with the Emperor *Gratian* in the Consulship, Anno CCCLXXI. There were indeed few of the *Anician* family who had not borne the office of Consul, as appears by the following verses of *Claudian*, who does not scruple to give it the preference to all others of his time.

————— *Quemcunque requiris*

Hâc de stirpe virum, certum est de Consule nasci,

Per fasces numerantur semperque renatâ

Nobilitate virent, & prolem fata sequuntur

Continuum simili servantia lege tenorem.

Nec quisquam procerum tentat, licet ære vetusto

Floreat, & claro cingatur Roma Senatu,

Se jactare parem. —————

Thro' all this noble race of worthies run,

Whom will you find but was a Consul's son?

THE LIFE OF BOETIUS.

As many Consuls as descendents were,
 And blooming laurels on each brow appear;
 The *Fasces* seem, thro' long succession, theirs,
 Not by election, but as destin'd heirs.
 Not all antiquity, not *Rome* can boast,
 E'en when her virtuous Senate flourish'd most,
 Of her heroick sons another stem,
 So much renown'd as the *Anician* Name.

And to the peculiar glory of this family, it is further to be remembered, that an ancestor of this *Anicius* was the first Senator of *Rome* who embraced the Christian Faith.

A grand-daughter of this *Anicius* was married to *Manlius Theodorus*, a descendent of the great *Manlius Torquatus*, so famous in the Roman story: and it seems highly probable, that the grandfather of our Author either took to wife a daughter of this marriage, or that being a son of this marriage, he was adopted into the *Boëtian* family. It appears however with somewhat more certainty, that his grandfather was that *Boëtius*, who was not only a man of consular dignity, but likewise *Præfectus Prætorio* under *Valentinian* the third; and having shared with that great commander *Ætius* in all the labour and glory of his military achievements, suffered with him likewise, by the hands, or at the command, of that ungrateful Emperor, *Anno ccccliv*. His father was *Anicius Manlius Flavius Boëtius*, son of the last mentioned *Boëtius*, and was Consul in the year *cccclxxxvii*.

As the blood of so many of the best and noblest families of *Rome* centered in the person of our author; so likewise did their virtues: and as Providence ordained him to a more than ordinary nobility of birth; so she bestowed on him likewise a superior share of wealth, strength of constitution, gracefulness of person, and endowments
 of

of the mind, which shone, even in the morning of his life, with uncommon rays, and promised a meridian of the highest lustre. His father dying soon after the expiration of his Consulship, left him in his youth to the care and tuition of his noble relations, who so well acquitted themselves of their trust, that he was sent to *Athens*, where he pursued his studies with indefatigable diligence, and in a few years became not only a perfect master of the Greek tongue, but also a thorough proficient as well in the ancient philosophy, as in all other sciences.

When he returned from *Athens*, his noble qualities and endowments soon recommended him to the notice, esteem, and friendship of the greatest men in *Rome*, who all courted his alliance, and unanimously contributed towards the raising him very early to the highest honours and offices in the administration; being first admitted into the *Senatorial* order, made *Consul* in the year *DX*, and lastly *Magister Officiorum* (an office of the utmost danger and difficulty) whose business it was to receive all complaints of the *provincial* subjects, as well against the courtiers and officers of the palace, as against the *præfects* throughout the several provinces, and report them to the king.

His first wife was *Helpes*, a *Sicilian* by birth, and said to be the daughter of *Festus*, a person of *Senatorial* dignity. However celebrated the beauties of her person might be, yet the beauties of her mind were far more engaging; and whatever acquisitions of fortune *Boëtius* might obtain by this alliance, the stock of learning and poetic talents wherewith she was endowed were, to a man of his refined taste and solid judgment, much more valuable: she being, not only the partner of his bed, but of his studies, while he composed some of his immortal works, and which might be in some measure perhaps inspired by her. The affection he bore to her while living, appears by the following *Epitaph*, said to be written

by our author after her death, and dedicated to her as the last pious tribute of his love.

Helpes dicta fui, Siculæ regionis alumna,

Quam procùl a patriâ conjugis egit amor.

Quo sine mæsta dies, nox anxia, flebilis hora,

Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat.

Lux mea non clausa est, tali remanente marito,

Majorique animæ parte superstes ero.

Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrina quiesco,

Judicis Æterni testificata thronum.

Nequa manus bustum violet, nisi forte jugalis

Hæc iterum cupiat jungere membra suis ;

Ut thalami cumlique comes nec morte revellar,

Et socios vitæ neëtat uterque cinis.

Sicilia's isle I left for awful Rome,

And for my nuptial bed my native home ;

Helpes my name, an exile doom'd to rove,

A willing exile to the arms of love :

When absent thence, how joyless was the day !

I watch'd the night, and wept the hours away ;

My Lord was mine, and I was his alone,

More than one flesh, for oh ! Our souls were one.

Thus I am not expir'd, while he's alive,

And in my better half I still survive,

Tho' in this sacred dome my bones are laid,

And my freed soul to heaven's bright throne is fled.

Let no rude hands my silent tomb profane,

Unless my Lord should court my arms again ;

So shall our grave be faithful as our bed,
And as our lives were pair'd, we shall be pair'd when dead.

His second wife was *Rusticiana*, daughter of *Quintus Aurelius Memius Symmachus*, who was likewise of the *Senatorial* order, and *Consul* in the year CCCCLXXXV; with whom (besides the endowments of her mind, which are by *Boëtius* himself in the ensuing treatise so highly celebrated) his father-in-law *Symmachus* having no male-issure, he received a vast accession to the fortune of his family. He had no children of his former marriage, but of the latter several, two of whom are particularly mentioned, viz. *Quintus Anicius Symmachus*, and *Anicius Manlius Severinus Boëtius*, the one named after his mother's father, the other after his own; who were the two sons mentioned by our author to have been Colleagues in the Consulship, which honour was conferred on them by the particular favour of King *Theodorick*, who at that time reigned in *Italy*, Anno DXXII.

If it be objected, that these sons of *Boëtius* were at that time too young to be advanced to so high a dignity as that of the Consulate, being then in their nonage, and confessed to be so even by *Boëtius* himself: It may be answered, That tho' the office of Consul was still held in great repute and veneration by the *Roman* people, as being the only shadow left them of their ancient liberties; yet it had ever since the introduction of the *Imperial* state become chiefly honorary, requiring no great abilities to sustain it: and altho' before this time there may be few or no examples of this honour's being conferred on any of such a tender age, unless of the *Imperial* family; yet the extraordinary worth, abilities, and services of the father, were sufficient reasons for this extraordinary mark of favour bestowed on the sons by King *Theodorick*, and the general voice of the people; and these distinguished honours, together with the grateful sense he had of their being so unanimously conferred upon his family

ly

6 THE LIFE OF BOETIUS:

ly both by King and people, were reasons no less sufficient for that elegant speech, which he on this occasion made in praise of the one, and for that bountiful largess, which in the joy and satisfaction of his heart he bestowed on the other.

Of his merits towards the publick, the Reader will find a modest, yet numerous recital given by himself in the ensuing treatise: and of the high rank he held in the favour and esteem of King *Theodorick*, *Cassiodorus* has given us the royal testimony itself, in an epistle written to our author by that prince's own hand on the following occasion. When *Gundibald*, King of *Burgundy*, who had married *Theodorick's* daughter, came to visit his father-in-law at *Ravenna*, where he then kept his court, his curiosity led him to see *Rome*, the once renowned mistress of the world, and to converse with *Boëtius*, then no less renowned for his learning: among other rare pieces of art, *Boëtius* shewed him a dial, and a sort of hour-glass, of which, the one measured time by the shadow of the sun, the other by dropping of water out of one vessel into another. The *Burgundian* was so amazed at the sight of these curious pieces of mechanism, that after he returned home, he dispatched Ambassadors to *Theodorick*, who had it in commission to desire one of each sort to be made, and sent him into his own country. In compliance with this request it was that the King addressed his letter to *Boëtius*, of which (because it is an undeniable evidence as well of the writer's affection, as of the prodigious learning, and abilities, of the person to whom it was inscribed) we shall, so far as is necessary to these purposes, produce some extracts.

After giving some reasons, founded on political maxims, for gratifying his neighbouring Princes in trifles, that he might obtain more solid advantages in return (which demonstrates the great confidence reposed in him) and acquainting him with *Gundibald's* request, he thus proceeds: " I know your skill is so equal to this
" talk,

“ task, that you have a clear and perfect idea of the grounds of
“ those arts, which the vulgar know nothing of, but by practice.
“ For you have so well improved yourself abroad in the *Athenian*
“ schools, and so familiarized the *Roman* student with the *Grecian*
“ tutors, that their learning is by your means become naturalized at
“ *Rome*. You have not only entered into the profound depth of
“ speculation in all its parts, but are acquainted likewise with the
“ method of practice in all its divisions ; and whatever the *Athenians*
“ had monopolized, you have made common to the *Romans*, who
“ are beholden to your laborious translations, that they can now
“ read the music of *Pythagoras*, the astronomy of *Ptolemy*, the
“ arithmetic of *Nichomachus*, the geometry of *Euclid*, the divinity of
“ *Plato*, the logic of *Aristotle*, and the mechanics of *Archimedes* in
“ the *Latin* tongue. You are indeed become the sole author in
“ *Latin* of all those works, which were the study and labour of so
“ many different men in *Greek* ; having adorned them with so
“ much beauty of language, and illustrated them with so great
“ propriety of expression, that even the original authors, did they
“ equally understand both idioms, would prefer your work to their
“ own. Your studies have in a particular manner made you master
“ of mechanisim, that daughter of the sciences, wherein you are
“ made perfect by the four chief branches of the mathematics ;
“ which you have pursued in the course of your reading, even thro’
“ the retirements of nature ; and which produces miracles, not on-
“ ly proving those things practicable, which men think impossi-
“ ble, but rendering likewise those things incredible, which are ob-
“ vious and visible.”

After having described and celebrated the ingenuity and advantages of these two instruments, which he desires *Boëtius* to get made at the public charge ; and spoken in general terms something more in praise of mechanisim, he adds : “ Because I have found by
“ experience

“ experience how well versed you are in these things, I desire you
 “ will hasten to transmit the above-mentioned instruments, as soon
 “ as possible, that you may be known where you are not seen, and
 “ convince strangers, that we have as noble patrons of art among
 “ us, as any the most celebrated of antiquity. How often will
 “ they doubt the credit of their own eyes, and think even truth it-
 “ self a dream and an imposture? And when they have recovered
 “ their surprize, they will not presume to set themselves in compe-
 “ tition with us, among whom they find men of such extraordina-
 “ ry abilities.”

As his own merits, and the considerable offices he bore in the administration, thus introduced him to the favour and near confidence of the King; so did he on all occasions employ his power in the cause of injured innocence, and was always a prevailing advocate against oppression; till even his virtue became a crime, and his integrity wrought his ruin: it being no rare thing among Princes, to sacrifice their greatest favourites to their suspicions, and to hate the statesman, when they begin to fear the patriot. Besides, *Theodorick*, (who was now no longer that excellent Prince, whose wisdom, justice, moderation and other amiable qualities had been deservedly admired; but grown old, suspicious, cruel and revengeful) being an open professor and favourer of *Arian* heresy, and *Boëtius* a strenuous asserter of the pure faith, which he defended even in opposition to the King, not only by his authority, but also by the more invincible power of his pen; it is no wonder, that a Prince should alienate his affections from one, who presumed to differ from him in opinion: and as no rage is so restless as that of an exasperated tyrant; so no tyrant is so relentless as he, who persecutes for the cause of religion. The displeasure therefore of the King appeared first on this occasion: *Justin*, the great patron of the *Orthodox*, was at that time *Emperor* of the *East*, and having reconciled

reconciled the church of *Constantinople* and several others to *Hormisdas*, bishop of *Rome*, published an edict for banishing the *Arians* out of the *Eastern Empire*; and tho' the *Goths* (in respect to *Theodorick* their King, with whom that Emperor had renewed the peace formerly made with *Odoacer* his predecessor in *Italy*) were excepted out of this decree; yet *Theodorick*, partial to his favoured sect, and jealous of his crown, as fearing that, when once the true religion was asserted, the *Romans*, who were more addicted to *Justin*, would attempt still greater things in vindication of their ravished liberties; and suspecting likewise, that what was done in the *East* against the *Arians*, was either at the request, or at least in favour of the Bishop and Senate of *Rome*, was very angry at this step, tho' he durst not openly declare his resentment; and was resolved to revenge upon his own subjects, by a pretended course of justice, those suspicions, which he was too weak to avow against the power of *Justin*, by force of arms.

This, in all probability, was the secret cause of that designed information against the *Senate*, mentioned by our author, whereby the whole body was at once to have been accused of treason, and which *Boëtius*, ever ready to defend the liberties of his country, then in the utmost danger, so effectually prevented, that he drew the vengeance of the King upon himself, and paved the way to a glorious martyrdom for religion and liberty: not that he was expressly accused on any religious account, but as it was one real, though the other was the only avowed cause of all his future sufferings. For, having thus exposed himself to the displeasure of a tyrant, it was easy to find a specious pretence of accusation against him, and fit instruments to execute the wicked purpose: the particulars of which need not here be specified, the matter of the former being related, and the names and characters of the latter mentioned and sufficiently exposed by our unhappy author himself in the following sheets.

The severest circumstances, however, which attended this great man's fall were, that his accusation was contrived to be brought before the *Senate of Rome*, at a time when he was absent a great distance from the city; that he was in an arbitrary manner condemned to death, and his estate sequestered, without the privilege of speaking in his own defence; and that, even by the suffrage of the *Senators* themselves, for the preservation of whose rights he had so generously sacrificed his own security, and who were the guardians of those liberties which they thus consented to betray. But to such a base degree of servitude was the *Roman* spirit then reduced under the *Gothic* tyranny, and the whole *senatorian* order so terrified at the avenging rod, which then hung over their own heads, that they sacrificed even their consciences to the King's resentments, and submitted to become the servile instruments, and ignominious drudges of his injustice and oppression.

Theodorick nevertheless, greedy as he was of blood, either conscious of his victim's innocence, or awed by the murmurs of the people whom he oppressed but feared to render desperate, or apprehensive of the reproach this great and good man's death would bring upon him, spared his life for the present, and mollified his sentence into a perpetual imprisonment at *Ticinum* (now *Pavia*) that he might still have him in his power to satiate his revenge upon at a more convenient season. This happened in the close of the year *DXII*, during the Consulship of his sons, or soon after their office was expired: a sudden fall from the highest pitch of human felicity to the lowest state of misery!

During his confinement he wrote the following treatise of the COMFORTS OF PHILOSOPHY, wherein, tho' all his other writings are deservedly esteemed for their solidity and learning, he has even out-done himself: and indeed it is not improbable, that by how much the nearer men approach to the hour of their dissolution,
which

which shall at once release them from their earthly bondage, and translate their souls to the celestial regions of immortal liberty; so much the more are they excited by divine impulses, and feel their minds advancing towards that perfect state, of which they are shortly to participate: it being frequently seen, that such, who have almost finished their mortal course, and are near the point of their departure, are capable of speaking, doing, seeing and conceiving much greater and sublimer things, than thro' their whole lives past they had ever done before; which is no inconsiderable proof of the immortality of the soul.—Thus *Boëtius*, in his prison, discharging his mind of all sublunary considerations and concerns, and applying it only to the contemplation of true and perfect happiness, wrote this *Ethic Treatise*, wherein, whether we consider the elegance of his method, the eloquence of his discourse, or weight of his arguments, there appears an excellency in some measure supernatural.

While this pious sufferer was thus employing his lonely hours, and endeavouring, by philosophical contemplations, to reconcile himself to his afflictions, and to recover that contentment and serenity of mind, of which his injuries had deprived him; in the year DXXIV, *Justin* published a second edict against the *Arians*, commanding all the Bishops of that persuasion, (not excepting the *Goths*) to be deposed, and their churches to be consecrated anew, according to the *Catholic* form. The *Goths*, thus every where expelled, with mighty clamours flew for refuge to *Theodorick*, who mediated first by letters with the Emperor in their behalf: but finding these attempts fruitless, he resolved upon a formal embassy; and either that he might render it more splendid by the dignity of his Embassadors, or, as by the sequel is more probable, that he might find occasion from their deportment in the discharge of their trust, to destroy those, against whom he could have no other plausible pretence for

executing his malicious purpose ; sent *John*, now Bishop of *Rome*, which had never been done before, together with *Theodorus*, *Importunus*, and *Agapitus*, who had been Consuls, and another *Agapitus* a *Patrician*, to make pressing instances at the *imperial* court for repealing the above-mentioned edict, and if it was refused, to threaten, that he would treat the *Orthodox* in *Italy* in the same manner, or, as others say, that he would destroy all *Italy* with fire and sword.

When they came to *Constantinople*, they were received with great acclamations by the people, and honour by the Emperor : but instead of executing their ungrateful commission, *John*, not only celebrated the feast of the *Resurrection*, according to the *Roman* use, the Emperor giving him the upper hand in the procession ; but, at his request, consecrated all the churches wherever he came in pursuance of the edict, according to the *Catholic* form. *Theodorick*, enraged above measure at these transactions, and thinking himself as highly injured, as his authority was despised, in a fit of revenge, dispatched his orders for the execution of *Boëtius*, who was accordingly beheaded in his prison on the 10th of the *Calends* of *November* in the year *DCXXV*. Besides this, his Embassadors were no sooner returned to *Rome*, than he sent for them to *Ravenna*, where being seized and imprisoned, the good Bishop died in a few days, through want and the noisom stench of his dungeon. The next day after his death, *Symmachus* was likewise murdered without any legal form of trial. *Theodorick* himself did not long survive these cruelties ; the manner of whose death, as it is generally related, is a remarkable instance of almighty vengeance, and the terrors of a guilty conscience: The head of a large fish being served up to his table at supper, his troubled fancy represented it to him in the likeness of *Symmachus*, looking sternly on him, and reproaching him with his barbarous murder ; upon which he immediately sickened, and soon after

after died, having first with tears confessed to *Elpidius* his physician, the dreadful cause of his distemper.

However *Amalasuenta*, his daughter, who succeeded in his kingdom, as regent during the minority of her son *Athalaric*, being privy to his late repentance, and sensible of the wrongs done to *Symmachus* and *Boëtius*, restored their estates to their children; and the *Ecclesiastics* of that time decreed the usual honours due to their memories; the 5th of the *Calends* of *June* being observed at *Ravenna*, in commemoration of the former, and the 10th of the *Calends* of *November*, at *Pavia*, in commemoration of the latter.

The tomb of *Boëtius* is said to remain at this day in the church of *St. Augustin*, at *Pavia*, with this inscription:

MÆONIA & LATIA *Lingua clarissimus, et qui*
Consul eram, hinc perii, missus in exilium;
Et quid mors rapuit? probitas me vexit ad auras,
Et nunc fama viget maxima, vivit opus:

I, who was skill'd in languages so well;
 I who was Consul rais'd, an Exile fell:
 Small pow'r has death, since I with angels thrive,
 And with my fame, my labours still survive.

And when the Emperor *Otho* the III^d, some ages afterwards, caused his bones, which lay neglected among the rubbish, to be enclosed in a marble urn, the learned *Gerbertus*, afterwards POPE, by the name of *Sylvester* the II^d, on this occasion celebrated his memory in the following verses:

ROMA *potens dum jura suo declarat in orbe,*
Tu pater & patriæ lumen, SEVERINE BOETI,
Consulis officio rerum disponis habenas,
Infundis lumen studiis, & cedere nescis

Græcorum

*Græcorum ingeniis ; sed mens divina coerces
Imperium mundi. Gladio bacchante GOTHORUM,
Libertas ROMANA perit : tu, Consul & exul,
Insignes titulos præclarâ morte relinquis.
Nunc decus imperii, summas qui prægravat artes,
Tertius OTHO suâ dignum se judicat aulâ ;
Æternumque tui statuit monumenta laboris,
Et bene promeritum meritis exornat honestis.*

When Rome to thee, Boëtius, bow'd her head,
And own'd thy sway, whom once the world obey'd,
Pleas'd she beheld thee fill the Consul's chair,
Thy country's glory, as she was thy care.
Bright lamp of learning ! even Greece had none,
Of all her boasted sons, who brighter shone :
Well did the laurel wreaths thy brows become,
Chief of the *Muse's* empire, and of *Rome* :
Yet Heav'n o'er all maintains superior sway,
The greatest must submit, the best obey.
For when enslav'd, alas ! to Gothic pow'r,
The *Roman* liberty was now no more,
Thou to the sword resign'd thy banish'd head,
And couldst no longer live, when she was dead.
Hence, *Otho*, lustre of th' imperial throne,
In arts excell'd, or rivall'd now by none,
To thy remains this pious off'ring pays,
And in this marble urn thy ashes lays,
Fair as thy virtue, lasting as thy praise.

T H E
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY.
B O O K I.

A R G U M E N T.

The Work opens with a pathetic Complaint of the Author's, on comparing his former State of Prosperity with his present State of Adversity.

ERE while I pass'd my softer hours away,
In pleasing numbers like my fortune gay ;
But now o'er-born by grief, oppress'd by wrong,
Sad is my theme, and mournful is my song ;
The Muses leave their chearful groves and plains,
And dictate to my woes in chearless strains ;
In elegies unfeign'd my griefs rehearse,
And with my tears condoling flows my verse.
Hail ! kind companions of my lonely state,
Who in a dungeon on my suff' rings wait,
There undismay'd who dare a tyrant's rage,
And as you grac'd my youth, support my age :
For urg'd by sorrows, age comes swiftly on,
And rushing storms o'ertake my setting sun ;

Untimely

Untimely frosts despoil my hoary head,
 My naked temples all their honours shed ;
 Pale as a shroud my wither'd skin is grown,
 And o'er my shoulders like a mantle thrown.
 Welcome were death ! would he the prosp'rous spare,
 And only hear the sighing wretches pray'r ;
 But oh ! the tyrant's deaf to all my cries,
 And, when I need it most, his aid denies.
 Once, in the pride of life, his envious dart
 Had well nigh pierc'd my then unwilling heart ;
 But chang'd the scene, and life become a pain,
 I am reluctant doom'd to drag the irksome chain.
 Oh ! why did flatt'ring crowds proclaim me blest,
 Of wealth and power, and ev'ry wish possess'd ?
 Nor pow'r nor wealth ensure a lasting state,
 But vanish at the sudden storms of fate :
 So cedars to the skies aspire in vain,
 Or with extended roots their ground maintain,
 Torn by one blast, and levell'd with the plain.

As I was musing thus, and drawing this mournful picture of my
 own afflictions, there appeared to me, as descending from above, a
 * MATRON of a most reverend aspect ; her eyes were exceeding bright,
 and

* Philosophy is here meant ; and because she ought not to appear but from an emi-
 nent situation, he describes her as descending from heaven ; and by assigning to her a
 reverend countenance, he would signify her original, her age and dignity ; and by her
 bright and piercing eyes, the clear and distinct knowledge which she hath of all things.
 Philosophy is divided into theoretical and practical : the first of these species is de-
 noted by the letter Θ, and consists in the pure abstracted contemplation of truth.
 The latter, which is signified by the letter Π, consists in the practice and exercise of
 virtue. Theory is placed in the upper part of the garment, because, as *Aristotle* de-
 termines,

and even divinely piercing ; and altho' she seemed the contemporary of a former age ; yet her cheeks wore a lively blush, and her complexion expressed a vigour unexhausted. Her stature was of an uncertain standard ; for tho' sometimes she confined herself to the common size of mortals, yet ever and anon she seemed to raise her aspiring head to the sky, penetrating even into those blessed abodes, beyond the reach of human sight. Her garments were curiously woven of the finest thread and indissoluble matter, which, as she herself afterwards told me, were wrought by her own hands ; but were quite covered over with that kind of dusky soil which images are wont to contract thro' the neglect of time and antiquity. On the lower border of these garments was woven the *Greek* letter Π, and on the upper the *Greek* letter Θ, in legible characters ; certain steps appearing like a ladder between them, expressing an ascent from the lower to the higher letter : but this rare master-piece of art had been torn by the rude hands of violent men, who had scrambled for the spoil, and carried off what rags each of them could snatch from the whole piece. In her right hand she carried books, and in her left she bore a sceptre. As soon as she saw the poetic train attending round my bed and assisting my complaints, she seemed disturbed, and looking sternly said : Who gave these lewd strollers access to this distempered creature ? who are so far from applying proper remedies to his disease, that they cherish its malignity by their enchantments : for these are they, who by flattering the affections, destroy the nobler faculties of reason ; who choak the fruitful product of the one, with the unfruitful thorns and brambles of the other ;

termines, contemplative Philosophy is much more noble than the active. Stops and degrees are placed there by which we ascend to the one, and descend to the other : because there can be no exercise of virtue without a contemplation of truth, nor ought that to be without the exercise of virtue.

LORD PRESTON.
familia-

familiarizing men's minds to; but never freeing them from their distempers. If, continued she, (addressing herself to the *Muses*) your blandishments had, as is very common, deluded from my embraces, but a novice in science, the injury offered to my labour had not been great, and had been easily forgiven; but you have endeavoured to pervert a man disciplined from his youth in *Logical* disputations and *Academic* learning? Hence ye *Sirens*, with your destructive charms, and leave the patient's cure to the superior skill of my *Muses*. At these reproofs the harmonious sisters, with downcast looks and modest blushes, left the room in sorrow: while I, so blind with weeping that I could not yet distinguish who this magisterial lady was, lay confounded and amazed, in silent expectation of the event: Then approaching nearer, she sat down on my bed's feet, and seeing my countenance dejected, and labouring under the bitterest agonies of grief, bewailed the disorder of my mind in the following verses:

When cares surround, and ills of every kind,

(Like Lybian deserts driven by the wind)

In suffocating clouds oppress the mind;

Stupid alas! th' unactive spirit lies,

No more asserts her kindred to the skies;

But loses all her native beams of light,

Bewildred in an unknown maze of night.

Behold the man, who did the heav'ns survey,

Th' etherial mansions and the milky way,

And with undazzled eyes the glorious lamp of day:

Who the pale moon and all her changes view'd,

And thro' each change the inconstant Nymph pursu'd:

The revolutions of the planets saw,

And of the wand'ring stars explain'd the law;

Long

*Long us'd to pry into mysterious things,
And sought retired nature's secret springs;
Whence winds arise, which o'er the ocean blow,
And into rage transform his peaceful brow;
By what magnetic pow'r and influence rare
The pond'rous earth suspends and rolls in air;
Why rising stars adorn the blushing east,
And lose their lustre in the dusky west;
Why the returning seasons of the spring,
Instruct the flow'rs to blow, the birds to sing;
Why the rich grape in yellow autumn swells,
And cheerfully the generous goblet fills:
Such was the man: but oh! how chang'd! how blind!
Chains gail his limbs, but heavier chains his mind.
Careless of me, regardless of the skies,
The sordid ground he seeks with stupid eyes.
So things to their beloved center bend,
And vapours drawn from earth, to earth in show'rs descend.*

But remedies, says she, are more seasonable than complaints; and fixing her eyes stedfastly on me: Art not thou he, she cries, whose tender mind nourished with my celestial food, and formed by my tuition, attained to strength and vigour worthy of a man? I furnished you with those weapons, which (had you not disarmed yourself of them) would have invincibly defended you. Do you not know me? Why are you dumb? Is shame or stupidity the cause of your silence? Tho' I wish it were the former, yet I plainly see you are overpowered by the latter: But finding that I wanted not only the courage, but even the power to speak, and gently laying her hand upon my breast; there is no danger, says she, he is only in a lethargy, the common symptom of deluded minds: he has forgot himself a little,

but if he can once recover the remembrance of *me*, he will easily recollect *himself*: in order to which, I will disperse the clouds of worldly objects from before his sight; and saying this, she dried my weeping eyes with a corner of her garment.

*Then vanish'd all the dusky clouds of night,
And my glad eyes were cheer'd with beams of light:
As when collected clouds, in black array,
O'erspread the heavens and conceal the day;
The sun retires, yet ere the sun's undight,
And darkness sullenly prevents the night:
Shou'd the rough Boreas chase the mists away,
And to the joyful world restore the day;
The sun breaks forth, and to his throne restor'd,
Shines bright again, and is again ador'd.*

So when the clouds of grief that had oppressed me were dispersed, I began to look up a little, and recovered myself enough to know the face of my physician. As soon as I cast my eyes on her, and distinctly viewed her, I knew her to be PHILOSOPHY, my *Foster-mother*, in whose nursery I had been brought up from my youth. And why, said I, oh patroness of all virtues! have you descended from your celestial abode, to visit this lonely mansion of my banishment? Are you an unhappy sharer too in my unjust impeachment?

Can I now desert you, my pupil, said she, and not share the burden which my invidious name has laid upon you? No,—It is contrary to the avowed principle of PHILOSOPHY, to leave the innocent man without a companion in his pilgrimage. Should I fear an accusation against *me*, or be surprized as if some novelty had happened? Surely, no,—Is this the first time, think you, that I have been exposed to danger from *men* of impious and depraved morals? Have I not in ancient times,

times, even before *Plato* flourished, often opposed myself to the rash attacks of ignorance and folly? And in his time, did not his master *Socrates*, by my assistance, triumph, as it were, over his unjust sentence, and meritoriously fall a martyr to my precepts? On whose inheritance, when the rabble of *Epicureans*, *Stoics*, and others endeavoured to seize, each one his share; and notwithstanding all the outcry and resistance I could make, would have dragged me also with them as part of their prey; they miserably rent this garment, which I had wove with my own hands, and carrying off what rags they had torn from it, vainly imagined they had secured *me* all in their possession. Some of whom, because a few incoherent patches of my garment appeared about them, were mistaken for my disciples, and destroyed by the undiscerning populace. But if you are not so well acquainted with the banishment of *Anaxagoras*, the poison of *Socrates*, and the torments of *Zeno*, as being the transactions of distant countries and antient times; yet you must needs have heard of *Canius*, *Seneca*, and *Soranus*, who are more modern, tho' no less famous examples; and who suffered for no other crime than that of being rendered by my tuition unacceptable to the degenerate age wherein they lived. Wonder not therefore, if in this sea of life, we are tost by storms and tempests, since our chief aim is to oppose ill men, and be at enmity with wickedness. And tho' indeed we have a numerous host to encounter, yet it is in reality to be despised, as being under no regular conduct, but led by error, and wildly hurried on by frenzy. If at any time they are too powerful for us in the open field, we retire into our fortress; and when they are busied in plundering the useless baggage, 'tis matter of mirth to see them scrambling for such despicable trifles, while we are safe from all the furious tumult, and defended by a bulwark impregnable to the assaults of ignorance and folly.

The

*The brave and just, who calm in ev'ry state,
 Unmov'd behold the smiles or frowns of fate,
 Not raging seas can move, tho' surges rise,
 And tempests hurl the billows to the skies;
 Nor burning Ætna, when convulsions tear
 Her bowels out, and singe the ambient air;
 Nor all the terrors of the angry sky,
 When thunder menaces and lightnings fly,
 And lofty tow'rs o'erthrown in desolation lye.
 And shall a tyrant's rage surprize the heart,
 A feeble arm and an unpointed dart?
 Your own domestic train of hopes and fears,
 Feign all the terrors that a monarch wears;
 The dastard soul, that fears or sues to pow'r,
 Enslaves himself and is his own no more;
 He quits his hold, he throws his shield away,
 And rouses monsters to become their prey.*

Understand you this, said she, and does it make any impresson on your mind? Are you become too stupid to receive instruction? Why this lamentation? Why this flood of tears? Speak your complaints, and brood not thus in silence over your affliction. If you desire a cure, you must discover your malady.

Then raising my dejected spirits what I could, I thus replied: Do my misfortunes need to be explained? Are they not evident and visible? Do you not behold the horrors of this dismal prison? Is this the library, that beloved repository of learning which you had chosen in my habitation for your own chief residence; where you have so often charmed me with your conversation, and so delightfully instructed me in all the branches of divine and human knowledge? Did I wear this garb, this face of sorrow, when by your assist-

assistance I dived into the secrets of nature ; when you pointed out to me the courses of the stars ; when you regulated the practice and conduct of my life by the unerring precepts of the divine law ? And are these the rewards of my devotion to your service ? You have established it as a maxim by the mouth of *Plato*, *That nations would be happy, if either WISE MEN were their RULERS, or their RULERS would endeavour to be WISE* ; and that there lies an indispensable obligation on men of wisdom and moderation to intend the care of the public, were it for no other reason, than to keep the government out of the hands of arbitrary and designing men, and preserve the innocent from their oppressions. In obedience therefore to this great authority, what I had learned from you in our private amusements, I endeavoured to put in practice on the public stage of action. Yourself, and that great God who inspires virtuous minds to imbibe your precepts, are my witnesses, that I aspired to the magistracy for no other end than the common good and protection of innocence. And though I was by this means engaged in bitter and irreconcilable controversies with men of contrary designs and principles, yet such is the peculiar privilege which attends a conscientious discharge of duty, that in the cause of justice I despised all their opposition and resentments.

How often have I prevented *Conigastus* in his rapacious attempts upon the estates of the defenceless ? How often have I disappointed *Triguilla*, the steward of the King's household, in his projected and well nigh effected enterprizes of oppression ? How often have I at the peril of my office, protected the distressed, whom the lawless *Barbarians* had charged with innumerable slanders, in hopes of sharing the plunder of their fortunes ? I never swerved from right to wrong for fear or favour. I was grieved to see the *provincial* subjects impoverished by private rapines and public taxes, no less than the poor sufferers themselves. When in the time of a severe famine the whole

whole province of *Campania* was in danger of being ruined by an unreasonable kind of imposition, called a *Coemption*, whereby they were obliged to bring their corn and other provisions into the King's stores, I pleaded their cause against the *Præfectus prætorii* in the presence of the King, and not only opposed but prevented the design. I redeemed *Paulinus*, who had borne the office of *Consul*, from the very jaws of those greedy courtiers, who had already swallowed up his whole estate in their imagination: and by my preserving *Albinus*, another of the same dignity, from the punishment, to which he was in a manner prejudged, I exposed myself to the hatred and malice of *Cyprian* the *Informer*.

Altho' 'tis evident that I must by these means have procured myself enemies enough amongst the great ones, and therefore might with reason have expected, by disclaiming the protection of the court, and sacrificing my interest there to the love of justice, to have escaped at least the persecution of the meaner sort, and malice of the vulgar: yet observe upon whose information I am condemned. The necessitous *Basilus*, formerly dismissed from the King's service, has been bribed to give his evidence against me. The others, *Opilio* and *Gaudentius*, having been banished by the royal mandate for their innumerable frauds and oppressions; and the King finding that in elusion of his sentence, they had taken sanctuary, publicly decreed that unless they left *Ravenna* by a day fixed, they should be expelled by force, and branded on their foreheads. Now what severer treatment could I have possibly experienced, than that on the very day appointed for the execution of this sentence, my accusation should be contrived, and these men become informers, and be received as evidences against me? What shall I say of this? Are these the rewards of all my studies? Tho' right or wrong my sentence was to pass, how will it qualify such wretches to be legal witnesses? If fortune be not ashamed that innocence should be accused, she must blush at the infamy of these accusers. But

But would you know my accusation? I am charged with a design to preserve the *Senate*. Do you ask how? by preventing a sycophant from carrying a villainous information, whereon a charge of high treason might have been grounded against them. What think you now, my patroness? Shall I plead *not guilty* to the charge, lest I become a reproach to you? Heaven knows how earnest my desires have been, and ever shall be while I live, to preserve the antient rights of that august assembly: Shall I plead *guilty*? then will the evidence of that informer be confessed, and all my labour lost. Shall I own it a crime to have been zealous for the preservation of that venerable order? Though their decrees against me are severe enough, to make it seem almost to have been criminal. But weak opinions, however conceited of their own sufficiency, cannot alter the intrinsic merit of things; nor do I think I ought, according to *Socrates's* maxim, either to conceal the truth, or own a falsehood. But that I may submit the judgment of this affair to you and all good men, I have impartially stated the whole truth and progress of it in writing, to be transmitted to posterity.

It is needless to trouble you with an account of the forged letters produced against me, to prove my being engaged in a design to restore the antient *Roman* liberty, the fraud whereof had been manifestly exposed, even by the confession of my persecutors, which of all evidence is the most convincing, had I been allowed to take advantage of it. For what prospect is there now of liberty? I wish there was; that I might have given the answer of *Canisius*, who was accused by *Caligula* of being privy to a conspiracy against him; *If I had known it, you had never known it.*

In my disconsolate reflection on these proceedings, grief has not so stupified my reason, that I should wonder at the treacherous projects formed by villains for the destruction of the virtuous, but that they should ever hope to effect them is truly astonishing. For the

depravity of the will, may perhaps be owing to the imperfection of human nature ; but that wicked men should have the power of executing all the malicious suggestions of their will, even against innocence itself, and that too in the face of heaven, is almost incredible. Hence it was, that a great man had reason to break out into these expostulations : *If there be a God, from whence proceeds evil ? If none, from whence good ?*

But though it is no wonder that men who are base enough to wish the destruction of all good men, and the extirpation of the *Senate*, should be no less desirous of mine for resolutely standing up in their defence ; yet how have I deserved the same hard usage at the hands of that reverend body in whose defence I was engaged ? I think you may remember, because you ever guided and directed both my words and actions, you may remember, I say, when at *Verona* the king, intent upon the ruin of the public liberty, endeavoured to involve the whole body of the *senate* in the same crime of which *Albinus* was accused, with what contempt of my own danger, I opposed the torrent and defended their innocence. You know the truth of what I say, and that I was never accustomed to be the trumpet of my own fame : the ostentatious man, who pays himself with praise, in a great measure loses his most valuable reward, the secret pleasure of a justifying conscience. But you see the event of all my honest endeavours ; instead of being honourably rewarded for my real merit, I am ignominiously punished for imaginary crimes : and what criminal was ever yet (though justly) condemned by judges so unanimously rigorous, but that in some of their breasts at least the consideration either of human frailty or instability of fortune, against which no mortal is secure, awakened some tender sentiments of pity and compassion ? Had I been accused of the most horrid outrages, of setting temples on fire, and embruing my hands in the blood of priests at the altar, I had been allowed the privilege of a fair trial, and of hearing my sentence

sentence pronounced against me on a legal condemnation : but now removed to almost five hundred miles distance, unseen and undefended, I am condemned and proscribed for no other crime than my too zealous affection to the interests of the *Senate*. Oh ! well do they deserve that no patriot should ever henceforth arise to be convicted of the like offence ! the merit and even dignity of which, my very accusers seemed aware of ; wherefore that they might cloud its prevailing splendor with some shadow of guilt, they falsely charged me with having had recourse to sorcery and diabolical arts for the obtaining of my dignities. But you have long since taken too full possession of my heart, to leave ambition room to enter there, and magic is allowed no place under your inspection, who have daily inculcated in me that golden rule of *Pythagoras*, FOLLOW GOD. Nor could I be under any necessity of invoking the assistance of infernal spirits, since you had cultivated and improved my mind into the excellency of the likeness of God himself. Besides, my private closet, where, upon the strictest search, no marks of any such criminal transactions were discovered ; the whole body of my intimate friends, who are all men of unblemished honour ; and the pious *Symmachus* my father-in-law, no less venerable than yourself, have all concurred to wipe off this aspersion, and clear me of the suspicion of this abominable crime. But oh, profane mistake ! that your sacred name should give the greatest countenance and credit to this monstrous charge ; and that we should both be made accomplices in this impiety, because I have been trained up in your school, and instructed in your principles : so that it is not enough, that I find no favour out of regard and reverence to you, unless you are also wounded thro' my sides.

It is likewise no small addition to my trouble, that popular esteem regards not so much the merit as the event of things, and imagine those undertakings only prudent, which are recommended by suc-

cēs. From whence it is, that the good opinion of the world is the first thing of which the unfortunate are bereaved. To relate what rumours of me are dispersed abroad, how various and how repugnant are the judgments passed upon me, were an ungrateful task. Thus much only I will say, that it is the most grievous circumstance of adversity, when men unjustly persecuted are believed to deserve their sufferings because they bear them. In this manner, you behold me plundered of my fortunes, despoiled of my honours, injured in my reputation, and instead of being rewarded for my services punished as a traitor to my country. And now methinks I see the infernal cabals of these miscreants rejoicing and triumphing in their mischief; and crowds of perjured wretches ready with new invented informations and discoveries; while all good men are silenced, and terrified at the example of my barbarous treatment: I see every profligate villain, not only countenanced in contriving, but rewarded for executing his hellish purpose; while innocence is denied protection, and deprived of all means of defence. Well then may I exclaim in this manner.

*Thou, who reclin'st on thy eternal throne!
 Whose mighty word, unaided and alone,
 Bad harmony from wild disorder rise,
 And throngs of glittering orbs adorn the skies;
 Who guid'st the whirling circles of the spheres,
 And bound'st the courses of the wand'ring stars:
 By thy command, the moon her charms displays,
 Basks in the glories of her brother's face,
 And triumphs o'er the stars with borrow'd rays:
 But as the nymph too fondly strives to move,
 Beyond the limits of a sister's love,*

}
Her

*Her graceful cheeks are chang'd to sharpen'd horns,
The sickly maid her faded beauty mourns,
And the reviving stars now triumph in their turns.*

*Thou bid'st pale Phosphor usher in the sun,
And wait his setting, when his race is run ;
The little planet still remains the same,
Tho' as his duty's chang'd, he chang'd his name.*

*When winter storms lay wast the verdant grove,
The seat of innocence and throne of love,
Thou bid'st the sun precipitate his flight,
To wrap the joyless scene in shades of night ;
But soon as spring renews her gentle reign,
And new blown flow'rs bedeck the smiling plain,
Thou throw'st the mantle of the night away,
Short is her reign, prolong'd the joyful day.*

*In all, thy wisdom and thy pow'r appear,
And guide the various seasons of the year ;
Now scatter'd leaves before the tempest fly ;
Now balmy gales a new-born shade supply ;
The plowman's hopes now bury'd in the soil,
Anon with mighty crops reward his toil :
The mute creation all thy laws obey,
With steady course pursue their destin'd way ;
But man is left t'uncertain chance resign'd,
Dark are his paths, and uniform'd his mind,
Not of the present sure, and to the future blind.
For why should erring fortune frown or smile,
Reward or punish at her changing will ?
Or why mistake the fair and worthy mark,
And stumble o'er her fav'rites in the dark ?
Why should avenging penalties pursue
The guiltless, which to guilt are only due ?*

Why

*Why should corruption on the bench preside ?
 Why are the sacred bonds of law defy'd,
 And their protection to the just deny'd ?
 Why is wrong'd virtue driv'n from public sight,
 In cells illustrious, and obscurely bright ?
 Why is her throne usurp'd, traduc'd her name ?
 Offence why praise, and innocence why shame ?
 Yet such the wily arts of fortune's sway,
 T' undo by perjuries, by frauds betray,
 Invulnerable themselves, but all besides their prey.
 Nor wiles alone support her tyrant reign,
 The sword of pow'r she draws, nor draws in vain ;
 The world's dread rulers tremble at her frown,
 She binds e'en kings in chains, and lords it o'er the throne.*

*O ! thou Almighty ruler of the sky,
 Who dost the mystick chain of causes tie ;
 Whose mighty pow'r asswages winds and seas,
 And awes the jarring elements to peace ;
 To aid the injur'd earth, at length arise,
 And on her suff'rings cast thy piteous eyes ;
 Behold the mis'ries of distress'd mankind,
 The noblest pattern of thy skill design'd,
 Tost on the waves of chance and torn by ev'ry wind,
 Oh ! calm this tempest and restrain this flood,
 And let oppressors know thee to be God :
 Let right and wrong have each assign'd their state,
 Nor hope nor fear vicissitudes of fate ;
 But things below in beauteous order move,
 By laws immutable, as those above.*

As soon as I had thus expressed myself in one continued strain of
 grief ; she with a pleasing aspect, and not at all offended at the
 manner

manner of my complaining, replied as follows : When I first saw your tears, I could easily guess at your misery and banishment ; but how far distant from your home I knew not, 'till I gathered it from your own discourse : however, you have not been really driven from your native country, you have only strayed a little from it ; but if you had rather have it thought the former, the violence has been committed by yourself, it being in no other's power to have done it. For if you remember right of what country you are a native, you will find it is not, like the *Athenian* commonwealth of old, under the government and power of a *multitude*, but *one King* and *one Lord*, who is more delighted with the encrease than diminution of his subjects, and obedience to whose laws is perfect liberty. Are you unacquainted with the first and eldest law of this your native country, whereby it is ordained, that no one shall be banished thence, who chuses to remain and fix his habitation there ? For he who enjoys the privilege and happiness of this society, can never be presumed to deserve exile ; but whoever ceases to desire this happy situation, ceases to deserve it. Therefore I am not so much concerned at the sight of this disconsolate place, as of your own dejected countenance ; nor do I now so much look after the furniture and ornaments of your library, as the state and disposition of your mind ; which I once furnished, not with real volumes, but that which makes them valuable, a just and comprehensive theory of all my maxims. Of your services for the public you have indeed spoke truth ; yet but little in comparison to the number of them. What you have mentioned either of the merit of some, or the falshood of other accusations against you, is notorious to all men. I commend your prudence in but lightly touching on the frauds and perjuries of your accusers, which would sound better, and be more effectually exposed by the voice of the populace, to whom they are no secrets. You have severely inveighed against the ungrateful conduct

conduct and unjust decree of the *Senate*. You have expressed your pious sorrow at the injury offered to me, and lamented the blemish cast on your own reputation. Your last discharge of grief was levelled against fortune, accusing her of a partial distribution of rewards and punishments ; concluding with the earnest prayers of your distempered *Muse*, that human affairs might be conducted with the same harmony and immutability as those of heaven. But because I see that your affections are at present in a tumult, and that you are distracted by the different passions of rage, despair and sorrow ; I do not think, in the state of mind you now are, that strong remedies as yet are proper for you ; I shall therefore at first use *lenitives*, that the tumor raised by a continual flux of fresh disorders, may be mollified by gentle applications, and the better prepared to undergo the operation of *corrosives*, in order to disperse it.

*Thro' Cancer when the sun pursues his way,
Scorches the plains, and rages all the day,
The simple hind commits his scatter'd grain,
To barren clods and burning sands in vain ;
Regardless Ceres, deaf to all his cries,
Disowns his fruitless toil, her aid denies ;
And sends the dotard to the neighb'ring wood,
To hoard up acorns for his winter's food.*

*When freezing tempests rattle thro' the air,
And blast the glories of the pregnant year ;
In vain the virgin to the bower goes,
To crop the purple vi'let and the rose ;
No roses blush, nor purple vi'let blows.*

*Let hands prophane the vernal blossoms spare,
And shooting tendrils of the vine forbear ;
Untimely crop'd, no purple clusters swell,
And cheerless swains their empty bowls bewail ;*

On

*On autumn Bacchus has his gifts bestow'd,
On autumn only smiles the jolly God ;
With chaplets then he binds his radiant brow,
Then bids the grape to blush, the generous juice to flow.*

*The diff'rent seasons thus divide the year,
And diff'rent seasons diff'rent duties share ;
Spring smiles not while the frowns of winter last,
And storms are silent till the summer's past.
So prudent counsels move by just degrees,
But compacts immature presage not peace ;
Precipitated efforts all are vain,
And undigested cures break out in wounds again.*

First, then I crave the liberty of interrogating into the state of your mind, and probing its wounds, that I may the better appropriate my applications. Ask me, said I, what you please, and I will readily answer you. Do you think, said she, that this world is actuated by unadvised and fortuitous causes ? Or do you believe that there is any rule of reason in the government or direction of it ? I have never, replied I, in any wise imagined, that things could move so regularly by chance ; but know full well, that the Almighty Creator presides over his own work ; nor will there ever be an hour of my life, wherein I shall in the least doubt of this important truth. So it is indeed, said she, and your *Muse* just now sung to the same purpose, but lamented the condition of men, as if they only of all the creation were neglected and excepted from the care of providence : for you did not deny, but that all other things were governed by the rule of reason. I cannot, however, chuse but wonder at the disorder of your mind, under the umbrage and protection of this salutary opinion and sound principle. But let me search a little deeper, for I very much suspect that there is something still defective at the bottom. Therefore tell me, since you do not doubt of

the government of the world by an all-powerful God, what do you suppose the means or instruments of that government to be? I do not fully apprehend, said I, the meaning of your question, much less am I prepared to give an answer. Was I then, said she, deceived in my suspicion, that there was some defect, thro' which, as thro' a ruinous dam, this inundation of troubles has broke in upon your mind? But tell me, do you remember what is the end of things? Or to what goal or object does the whole course of nature tend? I have heard, replied I, but grief has dulled my memory. But do you know the spring and fountain of all things? Very well, said I, and before told you it was God. How comes it then to pass, said she, that you should know their beginning, and not know their end? Yet such is the nature, such the pow'r of these distempers, that they may stagger human reason, but never can dethrone it; may cloud, but never can extinguish it. But I would further ask you, whether you remember that you are a man? How should I forget it? If you do, continued she, then tell me what man is: Do you mean, said I, whether I know not myself to be a rational and mortal creature? I know it and confess it. But do you not know that you are something more than that? No,—Then, said she, I have found another and the chief cause of your distemper; you have lost the knowledge of yourself. And as I have discovered the reason of your malady, so I have found out the ready way to restore your health. For it is because you have lost the knowledge of yourself, that you complain of being condemned to banishment, and plundered of your estate: it is because you are ignorant of the end of things, that you ascribe power and happiness to the wicked: it is because you have forgotten by what means and instruments the world is guided, that you imagine these vicissitudes of fortune happen without the notice or appointment of a supreme director: causes sufficient not only to disorder, but destroy you. But thanks be to the great giver of health,
that

that reason has not yet totally forsaken you. The true notion which you have in general, that the world is not governed by chance, but subject to the rules and laws of Providence, affords me promising hopes of your recovery and lively sparks of vital heat remaining. But because it is yet too early to use strong remedies; and because it is the natural weakness of man, as soon as he has rejected the true, to imbibe false opinions, from whence arises a cloud of troubles, which bewilders his optics, and intercepts the true appearance of things; I will endeavour gradually to disperse it, that unobstructed and unblinded by the false insinuations of your corrupt affections, you may perceive and acknowledge the prevailing splendour of true light.

*When sable clouds involve the spangled sky,
The stars their lustre lose and seem to die.*

*When tempests o'er the troubled ocean sweep,
And from the slimy bottom turn the deep,
(Tho' clear before, as when the sun-beams play
In the bright chrystal of a summer's day)
Fermenting clouds diffus'd of rising mud,
Defile her bosom and pollute the flood.*

*Descending rills that from the mountain flow,
And seek the verdure of the plain below,
By rocks and mounds oppos'd, descend in vain,
Confin'd and stagnant ere they reach the plain.*

*If then the naked charms of truth you'd view,
And to her throne the ready path pursue;
Of hopes and fears discharge thy manly breast,
Nor be by joys transported, grief oppress'd;
The mind once taught to bow, and own their reign,
Obscur'd in clouds explores her way in vain,
And fetter'd reason mourns th'inextricable chain.*

T H E
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY.
B O O K II.

A R G U M E N T.

This Book relates some preparatory and palliating Converse, by which Philosophy endeavoured to mollify the severity of the Author's Afflictions, and particularly to convince him, that his Complaints against Fortune were not only unjustly, but unreasonably grounded.

AFTER a short pause, perceiving by my respectful silence, that my attention was thoroughly engaged, she thus proceeded :
If I guess the cause and nature of your distemper aright, you pine after the splendor and affluence of your former fortune : and her change, as you are pleased to call it, hath altered the temper and condition of your mind. I am well acquainted with the manifold disguises of that wonder-worker, and with what familiar condescension she embraces those whom she endeavours to deceive, till by an unexpected withdrawing of her favours, she has it in her power to involve them in intolerable calamities : whose nature, usage and merits, if you will call to mind, you cannot think that in her you ever either possessed or lost a treasure. But I believe I need not take much pains to revive your memory of these things,
since

since you were used to despise while you possessed her, rebuke her flatteries in courageous terms, and repel her caresses with the invincible power of my sacred oracles. Every sudden change indeed sets the mind, as it were, afloat; and hence it is, that the usual tranquility of yours is somewhat disturbed. But it is time for you to begin with those palliating and composing draughts, which are to prepare the way for remedies more powerful and efficacious. And now may all the powerful persuasion of charming rhetorick assist me, then only truly beneficial and worthily employed, when she is retained in the cause of virtue, and deviates not from my institutions: and let the *Muses* too of my retinue attend, and relieve you with interludes of their composing; sometimes more airy and diverting, and sometimes more serious and instructing.

What then, frail man! has plunged thee into this abyss of misery and sorrow? surely you must have seen some new, some unusual occurrence. If you imagine that fortune has changed her behaviour towards you, you are in an error. This is her constant custom, it is her nature: she has rather maintained her own peculiar constancy towards you in her very mutability. She was the same, when she flattered and deluded you with dreams of mistaken happiness. You have beheld both sides of this obscure Deity's face, and felt both extreams of her ambiguous power. She, who industriously conceals herself to others, has been fully discovered and made known to you. If you approve her treatment, bear it without complaining; if you abominate her perfidiousness, despise her and spurn the mischievous deluder from you. That which has disturbed, ought rather to have calmed your mind: for she has deserted you, by whom no man was ever sure that he should not be deserted. And do you think those enjoyments estimable which are transitory? Can the presence of fortune be desirable to you, whose stay is so uncertain, and whose departure causes such excess of sorrow?

row? If then no man can retain her at his pleasure, and her flight is so lamented, what is this wanderer, but a sure presage of approaching trouble and calamity? For it is not enough to judge of things by their appearance, but a prudent man will weigh and examine into consequences: and as the mutability of fortune is the same either in prosperity or adversity, so neither are her frowns to be feared, nor her smiles to be desired: In short, when you are once within her power, you must bear all she does with equanimity: but if you should pretend to confine her stay, or retard her flight; and prescribe laws to her, whom you have spontaneously chosen for your sovereign mistress; would you not be presumptuous and unjust? And will not impatience aggravate the misery of that condition, which you cannot alter? When you have unfurled your sails, you cannot steer what course you please, but what the wind will permit. When you sow your land, you should consider that the years do not all alike prove kindly, sometimes fruitful, often barren: You have enslaved yourself to fortune, you must then obey the will of your mistress. But would you attempt to stop the impetuous motion of her rolling wheel? Stupid mortal! when she stops her course, she ceases to be fortune.

*“ Her pow’r o’er mortal things with pride she shows,
 “ And often as Euripus, ebbs and flows;
 “ Spurns awful monarchs from their guarded thrones,
 “ And bids despairing captives grasp at crowns;
 “ Relentless hears the prostrate wretch complain,
 “ Condemns to torture, but derides the pain:
 “ These are the sports of this fantastic Queen,
 “ With dextrous slight to shift the various scene;
 “ Pageants to raise, to be awhile ador’d,
 “ And in a moment fall forgotten or abhor’d.”*

But

But let me expostulate a little with you in the person of *Fortune*, and be yourself judge of the reason and equity of her plea. Why am I thus charged with continual accusations, and scandalized with daily complaints? What injury have I done you? What part of your own have I taken from you? I appeal to what judge you please, for a decision of the right of possessing wealth and dignities; and if you can prove, that they are the peculiar property of any man, I will readily allow that those were yours, which you desire to recover. When by the course of nature you were first brought forth into the world, I received you naked, helpless, and in want of all things; I fed you by my bounty, and, which now renders you the more impatient of my will, I educated you by my indulgent favour, adorned you with honours, and blest you with an affluence of all things within my power. Now, since I have a mind to withhold my bounteous hand, be thankful for having had so long the use of that which was anothers; for you have no right to complain that you have lost your own. Why then is all this grief? I have offered no violence to you. Wealth, honours, and the like, are all at my disposal; they are my slaves, and come and go with me. I may boldly affirm, that if those things, the loss of which you now deplore, had been your own, you had by no means lost them. Shall I alone be denied the privilege of exercising my own right? The sky has leave to produce serene days, and to over-veil their lustre with dark and cloudy nights: the year has leave, sometimes to adorn the earth with fruits and flowers, and then with rains and frosts to lay her beauties waste: the ocean claims the privilege, sometimes to wear a calm and placid face, sometimes to rage with storms and tempests. And shall the unsatiable desires of mankind oblige me to constancy, contrary to my nature and my practice? This is my darling attribute, and this my continual exercise and delight, to turn the rolling wheel with never-ceasing motion, and please myself to see the bottom rising to the

the summit, and the summit sinking to the bottom. Mount to the top, if you please, but upon this condition, that whenever my humour requires it, you shall not think it any injustice to come down again. Are you uninformed of my practices? Have you not heard how *Croesus*, King of *Lydia*, who had not long before been formidable even to the great *Cyrus* himself, was suddenly vanquished and condemned to the flames, but miraculously preserved by an unexpected shower from heaven? Have you forgot how the miserable captivity of royal *Perseus* was generously bewailed by *Paulus Æmilius* his conqueror? What is more frequently the subject of the tragic scene, than to lament the overthrow of powerful kingdoms by the undistinguishing stroke of fortune? Were you not, even in your childhood, told of the *two* great *tuns* lying at *Jupiter's* gate, whereof *one* is filled with curses, and the *other* stored with blessings? What if you have drank too plentifully of the latter? What if I have not yet totally forsaken you? What if even this my mutability should give you just reason to hope for better things? Then ought you neither to despair, nor expect while you live in common with the rest of the world, to be your own carver, or to be exempted from the common accidents of humanity.

“ If mines of wealth in ev’ry field were found,
 “ And show’rs of scatter’d gold bestrew’d the ground,
 “ Thick as the autumn leaves, or as the sand
 “ Wash’d by the troubled waves upon the strand,
 “ Countless, as are the glitt’ring orbs of light,
 “ That gild the bosom of the silent night,
 “ Mankind would still to bounteous heav’n complain,
 “ And some ungranted wish would still remain :
 “ Tho’ heav’n should willingly their pray’rs receive,
 “ And all, or more than they can ask should give,

“ The

*"The lustre ev'n of crowns would seem to fade,
"And wither on the thankless wearer's head;
"Who, glutton-like, would swallow all the store,
"Unsated still, and thinks there's room for more.
"What walls can bound, or what compelling rein
"Th' ungovern'd lust of avarice restrain?
"Whose thirst the more importunate will grow,
"Tho' o'er her banks the streams of bounty flow.
"Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store
"And midst of plenty starves, and thinks he's poor.*

If Fortune were to plead thus with you, I do not see that you could have any objection or reply to make; but if you have any thing to offer in justification of your complaint against her, you shall be heard. These things are specious indeed, said I, and recommended by all the engaging charms of rhetoric and music, which only please the ear; but misfortunes make too deep an impression on the wretched to be effaced by sounds, which are no sooner silent, than the smothered anguish revives, and siezes on the mind with greater violence than before. 'Tis very true, said she; these indeed are not intended as effectual remedies, but only as preparatives to assuage the violence of your distemper; which as yet rebels against it's cure; for I shall chuse a more convenient season to apply such specifics as shall search it to the bottom. Nevertheless, that you may not wilfully think yourself unhappy; Have you forgot the number and measure of those blessings which you have enjoyed? I omit, that when you were left an orphan, the worthiest of the nobility made you their peculiar care; and when you were courted to the affinity of the most illustrious, you were endeared to their affections, by far the most valuable kind of relation, before you were received into their alliance. What tongue did not proclaim

G

your

your superior happiness, as well in the renown of your fathers-in-law, and the exemplary virtues and perfections of your wife, as in the noble qualities and disposition of your sons? I pass over those dignities, for common things I will not mention, conferred upon you even in your youth, altho' refused to men of years and experience, that I may have the pleasure of ascending at once to the highest pitch and summit of your felicity. If the transitory fruition of mortal blessings hath in it any share of real happiness, what accumulated burthen of over-whelming woes can efface the memory of that glorious day, wherein you saw two of your sons made Collegues in the Consulship, and as such, carried from your own house, in the midst of a most illustrious concourse of the nobility, and acclamations of the people; when as they sat together in the court, adorned with all the ensigns of authority, yourself delivered a panegyric on the King, and deservedly obtained the palm of wit and eloquence; and when afterwards standing in the *circus* between your two sons, the Consuls, you gratified the expectation of the thronging multitude with a donation worthy of a triumph? You have laid a groundless charge, in my opinion, upon fortune, while she indulges and smiles upon you as her favourite. You have received greater marks of her bounty, than she ever yet bestowed on any private man. Will you then come to an account with her? This is the first time she has ever glanced upon you with a malevolent aspect; and if you impartially consider the quantity and quality of your blessings and afflictions, you must confess that you are happy still. To think yourself unhappy, because your former seeming prosperity is past, is a mistaken notion; for your present seeming adversity is passing away as fast. Are you a stranger in the world? Are you but now entered on the stage of life? Can you imagine there is any stability in the course of human affairs, when you see the whole frame of human nature liable to dissolution every moment? For tho' it rarely happens, that
fortune

fortune proves a constant associate to any man; yet where she proves most constant, death is sure to separate her dearest minions from her embraces. Of what import then is it, whether you die and leave her, or she flies and abandons you?

“ *When o’er the eastern hills th’ ascending ray*
 “ *Of Phœbus glitters, and renews the day,*
 “ *Dissolv’d are all the dusky pow’rs of night,*
 “ *And glimm’ring stars withdraw their feeble light.*
 “ *When thro’ the woods the genial Zephyrs blow,*
 “ *On ev’ry thorn the blooming roses grow ;*
 “ *But if a southern blast the groves invade,*
 “ *Destroy’d are all the glories of the shade.*
 “ *Now calm and smooth appears the smiling deep,*
 “ *And their own murmurs lull the waves asleep ;*
 “ *Now rous’d by storms, their murmurs lull no more,*
 “ *But foaming mountains rise, and waters roar,*
 “ *And war against the skies, on which they smil’d before.*
 “ *If the great maker’s works such changes wear,*
 “ *And heav’n and earth and seas inconstant are ;*
 “ *Well may the tide of fortune ebb and flow,*
 “ *Take at her will, and at her will bestow :*
 “ *Immutable alone is heav’n’s decree,*
 “ *Which dooms all things below to mutability.”*

I own, said I; Oh fosterer of all virtues! the truth of what you have commemorated; nor can I deny the rapid course of my prosperity. But this is the very thing which most sensibly galls and troubles my remembrance; for in every kind of adversity, the bitterest part of a man’s affliction is, to remember that he once was happy. This, said she, is a punishment which you inflict upon

yourself, arising from mistaken notions, and by no means ought to be imputed to the real condition of your affairs: for if the empty name of casual felicity affects you, let us recount how many and what great blessings you still enjoy; and if in the whole sum and substance of your former affluence you possessed any thing which you thought inestimable, and which by the divine providence is preserved to you still entire and inviolate; with what justice can you complain of the injuries of fortune, while you retain the most valuable of her favours? Your father-in-law, *Symmachus*, that darling of mankind, lives in safety, and, which you would readily sacrifice your own life to obtain, while that worthy man, that compound of wisdom and virtue, laments the ruin of your fortunes, he enjoys his own in security. Your wife, that pattern of prudence and modesty, and that I may sum up all her excellencies in brief, that pattern of her father still lives; lives, I say, tho' weary of her life, preserving it only for your sake, and, which one circumstance I must own to be a diminution of your felicity, pines with tears and grief and languishing for you. Were it needful, I might also here again mention your sons of consular dignity, whose early years have given an illustrious specimen of their grandfathers and fathers virtues. Since therefore the preservation of life has ever been the first care of mankind, how happy are you, did you but know it, who even at this time enjoy those blessings which doubtless are more valuable than life itself! Wherefore dry up your tears: fortune has not yet lowred on one and all; nor are you yourself quite wrecked in the storm, since those anchors still hold, which are sufficient to afford you present comfort, and to cherish future hopes. And heaven grant, said I, that they may hold; for while they do, however things go with me, I will endeavour to bear up against the fury of the tempest: but you see what honours and dignities I have lost.

This

This pining, said she, after the full extent of your former splendor, retards the advances we should otherwise have made: but I cannot suffer you to indulge your inclination of complaining at the loss of so small a part only of your happiness. For who is there, whose felicity is of so excellent a composure, that he has no reason in any one instance to find fault with his condition? The state of temporal prosperity is a state of anxiety; for either it never comes entire, or never continues. This man abounds in wealth, but is ashamed of his ignoble descent; another is conspicuous for his noble descent, but cramped in his fortune, wishes his birth had been obscure; here one both rich and noble wants a wife; there one is blessed with all the pleasures of a married state but children, and laments that he must leave his acquisitions to a stranger; while another prides himself in his numerous offspring, but soon has cause to mourn the extravagancy of a son, or the lasciviousness of a daughter. It is therefore, no easy matter for a man to be fully satisfied with his lot; for there is something in every condition, which unexperienced is unknown, and when experienced disapproved. Add to this, that the mind of a man in prosperity is so extremely nice and delicate, that he expects every wish to be gratified at a nod; his will is so unaccustomed to opposition, that the most inconsiderable defects him: by such trifles is the most refined state of temporal happiness alloyed. How many do you think there are, who would be transported even to the skies, could they but obtain the smallest share of what fortune has still permitted you to enjoy? This, which you call a place of banishment, is the proper country of those who inhabit it: so that nothing is miserable but what is so esteemed, and every condition may be made happy by patience and content. Whose lot is so happy, but that impatience may prompt him to a desire of change? By how many bitter waters are the sweet streams of humane felicity corrupted? And tho' they may notwithstanding seem

seem delightful, yet will they ebb when they please, nor is it in your power to confine them. The enjoyments of this life are therefore manifestly miserable at best, which neither continue with the contented, nor satisfy the anxious.

Why, wretched mortals ! do you seek for that happiness abroad, which only exists at home within yourselves ? But error misguides and ignorance confounds you. I will shew you then, in brief, the main point on which true happiness depends. Is there any thing dearer to you than yourself ? Nothing you'll say. If you can therefore become wholly master of yourself, you will possess what you would never desire to lose, nor fortune can take from you. And to convince you that beatitude cannot consist in things dependent upon fortune, I argue thus : If happiness is the sovereign good of rational beings, and that is not the sovereign good of which they may by any means be deprived, for that is certainly most excellent which cannot be taken from them, it is manifest, that the inconstancy of fortune can never partake of happiness. Besides, he who is carried away by this perishable kind of felicity, either knows it to be mutable, or knows it not to be so : if he knows it not, what happiness can consist with the blindness of ignorance ? If he knows it, he must of necessity be afraid of losing what he knows may possibly be lost, and continual fear is inconsistent with happiness. Perhaps he may be unconcerned at the loss of it ; but that good must be very inconsiderable, the loss of which may be born with equanimity. And since I know you are convinced, by many demonstrations, of the immortality of the soul ; and since it is evident, that death puts a final period to all that corporal happiness, which fortune has bestowed ; if happiness is then confined to this life, it will follow, that afterwards mankind must be inevitably miserable. But if, as it is well known, many have not only run into the arms of death, but freely offered themselves to racks and tortures

tortures in pursuit of happiness ; how then can happiness depend on this life, since men are not unhappy afterwards ?

*“ Learn, wary architect, of me to raise
 “ A pile, that may endure to latest days ;
 “ May bear the fury of inclement skies,
 “ When winds in formidable tumults rise ;
 “ May stand unshaken when the billows roar,
 “ Swell o’er their banks and wash away the shore.
 “ Nor let it on the sands or mountains stand,
 “ The mountain bleak, deceitful is the sand ;
 “ There, winds untam’d provoke eternal war,
 “ Here, too unsound the base the pond’rous load to bear.
 “ These dangers shun’d, with prudent choice impale
 “ An humble spot upon a rocky vale :
 “ To trouble your repose, tho’ seas and wind
 “ Are all in one confed’rate war combin’d,
 “ Here undisturb’d as in a rampart lye,
 “ And brave the hostile tumults of the sky,
 “ Grow old in smiling peace, in blissful-raptures die.*

But I see these gentle efforts of my reasoning have had their desired effect, and made a due impression on your mind, and now I shall use stronger and more confirming arguments. Attend then : altho’ the blessings of fortune were not fading and transitory ; what is there in them, which by any appropriated right may become your own ? or which, when thoroughly examined and considered, will not appear worthless and of no estimation ? What merit do riches impart to you, or what intrinsic value have they of their own ? And what kind of riches is most valuable ? Gold, or a hoard of silver ? For since avarice exposes men to the contempt and ill will ; and

bounty

bounty recommends them to the applause and admiration of the world ; the value of these riches appears to greater advantage in expending than in heaping them together : and if that cannot be said to remain with any one, which is transferred to another, riches must needs be then of mighty worth, when a man's free bounty has altered the property of them, and they are out of his possession. Again : if all the riches in the world were engrossed by one alone, the rest of mankind would be in want of them. Now the sound of a voice is equally and alike heard by many, so that every ear perfectly and fully receives and apprehends the whole entire and undivided ; but riches, unless divided, cannot be possessed by more than one ; which done, they must of necessity leave those poor from whom they pass. How confined and weak than is their power ! of less efficacy even than empty sounds ; since more than one cannot possess the whole, and since none can obtain the possession of the minutest part but by dispossessing others.

Does the lustre of diamonds engage your admiration ? If there is any thing extraordinary in their splendor, it exists in and is the property of the jewels and not of the man who wears or possesses them : but indeed it seems very strange to me, that they should be by men so much admired ; for how can things inanimate, incapable of motion, and formed without any contexture of joints or members, appear justly fair to animate beings endowed with all the faculties of reason ? Which, tho' they are the works of the great maker, and distinguished by an inferior kind of beauty, yet are placed in a degree infinitely below your excellency, and by no means worthy of your admiration.

Are you charmed with the beautiful variety of the fields ? Why should I not, said I ? for surely they are a fair part of the fairest work : so do we sometimes behold with pleasure the calm surface of the ocean ; so do we admire the sky, the stars, the sun and moon.

Do

Do any of these, replied she, concern you? Dare you ascribe any of their beauties to yourself? Are you adorned by the flowers of the spring? Or is the summer-fruit your own production? Why are you transported with empty enjoyments? Why should you engraff exotic scions on your own stock! Fortune will never make those things yours, which have by nature no relation to you. The fruits of the earth are without doubt designed for the nourishment of man; and if you would be content to supply your necessity with no more than nature requires, you would not want an affluence of fortune; for nature is satisfied with a little: but if you overcharge her satiety with superfluities, what you over-add will become nauseous or noxious to her.

Perhaps you pride yourself in the ornaments of dress, and in variety of costly apparel; but if these should seem agreeable to view, either the matter of which they are made, or the ingenuity of the workman, would merit all the praise.

Do you think a numerous retinue of servants would compleat your happiness? If these are disorderly or dishonest, they are an incumbrance to your family, and a torment to yourself; but if sober and honest, how can their virtues be ascribed to you, or be accounted your own property?

From all which, it manifestly appears, that none of these things are really your own, which you incline to think so: and if there be no desirable beauty in them, why should you either grieve at the loss, or triumph in the possession of them? But supposing that nature has made them beautiful and engaging, what is that to you? For their beauty is intrinsic, and had been the same, tho' you had never possessed them. Neither are they valuable because you possess them; but you have coveted to possess them, because they seemed valuable.

What is it then, which you desire of fortune with so much clamour? I suppose you would exchange your indigence for plenty.

H

But

But this falls out directly contrary; for an infinite number of provisions are daily requisite for the preserving a great variety of costly furniture: and the truth is, that those want most, who possess most: and on the contrary, those want least, who measure their abundance by the necessities of nature, and not by the extravagance of their own roving desires.

But is there no peculiar good implanted within yourself, that you must seek for enjoyments among things foreign and heterogenous? Is the condition of things so changed, that man, who is exalted by reason to the likeness of the divine nature, cannot think himself sufficiently adorned without the addition of inanimate appendages? All other beings are contented with their own endowments; but you, who are the image of God, endeavour to improve the innate ornaments of your own excellent nature by the meanest trifles, without considering how great an indignity and affront you offer to your great maker. He has decreed that mankind shall excel all other earthly beings; but you debase your dignity below the lowest. For since the good possessed is evidently more valuable than the thing possessing; if you esteem the most despicable things to be your good, you are, by your own estimation, degraded and set below them; a disgrace your own folly manifestly deserves. Such is the condition of human nature, that he can then only be said to excel all other created beings, when he knows himself; but if this knowledge be neglected or forgotten, he is reduced below the condition of a brute: for in them self-ignorance is natural, but in man it is criminal. Yet how common, how general is this error grown among mankind, that they think themselves capable of being graced by ornaments not only foreign, but inferior to their nature! But it cannot be; for if any thing derives a lustre from its outward covering, that covering indeed is admired; but the thing covered and concealed by it, remains nevertheless in its own proper state of baseness.

Further,

Further, I deny, that to be good, which is hurtful to its possessor; in which you cannot say I am mistaken: but riches are very often hurtful to their possessors; since every miscreant is by so much the more greedy of another's property, whether it be gold or jewels, as he believes all worthiness and splendor to consist in the possession of them. Even you, who are now under daily apprehension of suffering by the sword of power, if you had entered on the stage of life unincumbered with wealth and riches, might have lived secure from rapine and oppression. Oh! the illustrious charms of worldly wealth, which once obtained, security is lost!

*" Happy those days! when early time began,
 " And nature's hand supply'd the wants of man;
 " With plenteous cheer renew'd his homely board,
 " The faithful slave of a contented lord;
 " E'er from luxurious meals diseases sprung,
 " But man continu'd many ages young;
 " When hunger drove him to the oaken shade,
 " And gather'd acorns were his daily bread,
 " Long liv'd, and vig'rous as the tree on which he fed.
 " He bow'd not yet to giddy Bacchus' shrine,
 " Nor sought for opiates in bowls of wine;
 " The Syrian fleece her native whiteness wore,
 " Nor lustre borrow'd from the Tyrian shore;
 " From beds of moss did downy slumbers rise,
 " Fountains and chrystal streams for drink suffice,
 " And shady pines afforded shelter from the skies:
 " Untry'd the dangers of th'inconstant main,
 " Nor distant regions were explor'd for gain:
 " Unheard as yet the martial trumpets sounds,
 " Nor purple streams had flow'd from gaping wounds;*

" For why should war lay waste the peaceful plain ?

" Or what should man provoke to prey on man ?

" When kingdoms there were none, nor sovereignties,

" But wounds and scars were all the guilty prize.

" Oh ! grant, good heav'n, to our degenerate race,

" The peace and innocence of former days ;

" But vain the Muse's hopes, alas ! in vain she prays :

" For lust of wealth inflames th' insatiate age,

" With greater far than ev'n Vesuvian rage :

" Yet may the Muse with pious tears bemoan

" The hour, in which these seeds of strife were sown ;

" May curse the wretch, who first explor'd the way

" To earth's dark caverns, where her treasures lay,

" Conscious of guilt, conceal'd, and wisely hid from day.

After what has been said, it may seem needless to speak of worldly dignity and power, which those who are ignorant of the true, prophanelly worship and adore like heaven ; and which, if vested in the hands of a tyrant, are more destructive than the eruptions of *Ætna* or a deluge. You have heard how your ancestors attempted to alter the *Consular* form of government, wherein the *Roman* liberty was founded, for the pride of the *Consuls* ; who had before abolished the *Monarchical* form, for the pride and tyranny of their *Kings* ; and if at any time it happens, which is rarely seen, that offices of authority are bestowed on virtuous men, there is nothing in them amiable, but the virtue of the possessors : so that the latter receive no lustre from the former, but the former are adorned by the latter.

But what is this power, which you so highly celebrate and so much desire ? Do you not, poor earth-worms ! consider, over whom and by whom your seeming authority is exercised ? How ridiculous would it appear, should you see a mouse challenging to herself a right

right to domineer over the rest of her species! And what can you find, with respect to his corporeal part, more feeble and defenceless than a man, whom even an insect or the smallest reptile, either by a venomous bite, or by insinuating itself thro' some unguarded avenue into the recesses of his body, may destroy? Yet no man can exercise authority over another, but with respect to his corporeal part alone; or, what is still inferior to it, his fortunes and possessions. You will never be able to controul a free spirit; nor remove a mind resolutely maintaining herself within the bulwarks of reason, from her proper centre of tranquillity. There has been an example of a * man endowed with this free and independent spirit, who, being condemned to torture by a tyrant, in order to extort a discovery of his accomplices in a pretended conspiracy against him, bit off his tongue, and spit it in the angry tyrant's face; making those very torments, which were the effect of another's cruelty, an occasion of exercising his own virtue.

But what is there, which any one man may do to another; that another may not in like manner do to him? We are told that *Busiris* used to sacrifice his guests to *Jupiter*; but at last his guest *Hercules* slew the royal butcher himself at his own abominable altars. The famous *Regulus* had bound in chains many *Carthaginians*, whom he had made prisoners of war; but ere long, was forced himself to wear the *Carthaginian* fetters, when they had conquered him in

* *Anaxarchus*, a philosopher of *Abdera*, and hearer of *Democritus*, who being seized by *Nicocreon*, tyrant of *Cyprus*, his mortal enemy, and by him pounded in a stone trough, with a fortitude inimitable cried out,—*Pound on, pound on the bag of Anaxarchus*, meaning his skin, *thou poundest not Anaxarchus*:—On which, the tyrant threatening to cut out his tongue,—*I'll prevent thee*, said he, biting it off himself, and spitting it in the tyrant's face. *Anaxarchus* was called happy and fortunate, because of the greatness of his spirit and intrepidity in time of danger.

DIOG. LAERTIUS.

their

their turn. What power then, do you think, ought to be ascribed to that man, who cannot prevent the same indignities from being offered to himself, which he has offered to another?

Besides, if there were any natural and intrinsic good in power and dominion, they could never fall to the share of the impious; for nothing uses to intermingle with its opposite; and the course of nature will not permit that contraries should be united. Since therefore it is manifest, that the highest offices of authority are often exercised by the most unworthy agents, it follows, that they have not in their own nature any thing of good, which will thus admit of a conjunction with evil. And indeed, the same may be truly observed of all the gifts and favours of fortune, who generally bestows them in the greatest plenty on the least deserving.

It ought likewise to be considered, that every one esteems that man valiant, in whom valour is eminently conspicuous; and this man swift, who is distinguished for his swiftness; that music makes musicians, physic physicians, and rhetoric rhetoricians; that, in short, the nature of every thing acts what is proper to itself, and hath its own peculiar tendencies; not blending its effects with, but necessarily repelling those of different and opposite principles. But neither riches can restrain the insatiable desires of avarice; nor power give him the mastery over himself, who is already become a slave to his passions: and those ensigns of dignity wherewith a dissolute man is invested, are so far from giving him any real worth, that his demerits are the sooner discovered by them, and the more effectually exposed. The reason why the notion of things is thus confounded, seems to be owing to the humour of mankind, who are pleased to distinguish them by names improper to their qualities, which nevertheless sufficiently distinguish themselves by their effects. Neither riches therefore, nor power, nor dignity so called, have any just claim to those denominations. To conclude; the same may be said of
of

of all the gifts of fortune, wherein there is manifestly nothing desirable, nor any native good; since they are not always bestowed on good men, nor make those men good on whom they are bestowed.

" *When NERO Rome's imperial scepter sway'd,*
 " *What desolation o'er her face was spread!*
 " *How flam'd her lofty tow'rs! How Roman blood*
 " *Polluted Tyber's streams and swell'd the flood!*
 " *His brother bled as freely as the rest,*
 " *Nor stopp'd his dagger at his mother's breast;*
 " *All stain'd and reeking with the impious flood;*
 " *O'er her extended coarse the butcher stood,*
 " *Not to bewail, but aggravate his shame,*
 " *And in unrival'd crimes record his name;*
 " *Explor'd each limb, each hidden beauty trac'd,*
 " *And censur'd ev'ry beauty as he gaz'd.*
 " *This was majestic Rome's imperial head,*
 " *This Savage govern'd, and the world obey'd;*
 " *Yet all his pow'r could not the brute reclaim,*
 " *Reform the tyrant, or the monster tame.*
 " *Unhappy they, whose minds are prone to ill,*
 " *But 'tis a lot far more unhappy still,*
 " *When boundless pow'r supports a boundless will.*

You are yourself, said I, my witness, that ambition was my least motive; and that I sought a share in public business and authority for no other reason, than for the exercise of my virtue, and that it might not rust in obscurity. This, replied she, is a specious bait, which may indeed allure minds naturally well disposed, but not yet arrived at the full perfection of virtue; I mean, the desire of glory and the reputation of having deserved well of the public. But how
inconsiderable:

inconsiderable and empty this is, may appear from hence: it is manifest, as you have learned from *astrological* demonstrations, that the whole circuit of the earth is but a point in proportion to that of the heavens; that is to say, if compared to the immensity of the celestial globe, it may be said to contain no space at all. Of this small spot, accordingly to *Ptolemy*, not more than a fourth part is inhabited and possessed by people known or heard of by us: and if from this fourth part we discount the seas and lakes, and burning sandy deserts, there will be but a very narrow remnant for men to inhabit. Can you then, thus bounded and cooped up within so small a spot of a spot, think of publishing your names and spreading your renown? What is there great or magnificent in glory so limited and confined? Besides, there are even within these narrow limits many nations, differing not only in language and manners, but every circumstance of life; to whose knowledge, by reason of the hazard of travelling, the diversity of speech, and the unfrequency of commerce, the renown of cities, much less particular men, can never reach. *Cicero* tells us, that in his time, the fame of the *Roman* commonwealth, which was then of vast extent and grown to maturity, whose arms were then formidable even to the *Parthian* and other neighbouring nations, had not yet past beyond the mountain *Caucasus*. So that you see within how small a compass that glory is confined, which you endeavour to propagate and extend. For it were ridiculous to imagine, that a *Roman* should be famous, where the *Roman* name was never known.

You are likewise to consider, that laws and customs are different in different countries; and that actions, which in some are laudable, are in others criminal. For which reason, a man, who is ambitious of fame, may by publishing his exploits too much abroad be disappointed of his purpose; and must then at last be contented with the honours paid him by his native country, and his so much
desired

desired immortality will be confined within the annals of one nation only.

But then how many heroes, illustrious in their times, hath the inadvertency of historians buried in oblivion? or what indeed have some histories availed, which are lost and buried in the ruins of time, with the memory even of the historians themselves? Nevertheless, you fancy the transmitting thus your names to future ages is enough to make yourselves immortal; which, if you consider the duration of time with the infinite progress of eternity, you will find but little cause to boast of. For, if the space of one moment be compared with that of ten thousand years, as they are both finite, it will bear some, tho' a very small proportion; but ten thousand years, and as many more as can be multiplied by numbers, will bear no proportion to interminate duration: between finite and finite there is some comparison; but between infinite and finite there is none: so that altho' your name may possibly be rendered durable as time itself, it will not only be as little, but as nothing in account of eternity.

The truth is, you know not how to do your duty without some ostentation, and a view to popular applause, desiring to be rewarded rather by the noisy praises of a giddy throng, than by the more silent, but infinitely more delightful approbation of the conscience. The vanity of this humour was once very pleasantly exposed on this occasion: a certain person reproached another, who pretended to be a great proficient in the study and practice of *Philosophy*, with his assuming that character more out of ostentation, than a truly virtuous disposition; adding, that he would soon make trial of his *Philosophy* by his patience: the pretended Philosopher falling immediately into the decoy, heard him rail till he was weary, without betraying the least concern; but thinking himself at last secure of victory, I hope, says he, you'll now acknowledge, that I

I

have

inconsiderable and empty this is, may appear from hence: it is manifest, as you have learned from *astrological* demonstrations, that the whole circuit of the earth is but a point in proportion to that of the heavens; that is to say, if compared to the immensity of the celestial globe, it may be said to contain no space at all. Of this small spot, accordingly to *Ptolemy*, not more than a fourth part is inhabited and possessed by people known or heard of by us: and if from this fourth part we discount the seas and lakes, and burning sandy deserts, there will be but a very narrow remnant for men to inhabit. Can you then, thus bounded and cooped up within so small a spot of a spot, think of publishing your names and spreading your renown? What is there great or magnificent in glory so limited and confined? Besides, there are even within these narrow limits many nations, differing not only in language and manners, but every circumstance of life; to whose knowledge, by reason of the hazard of travelling, the diversity of speech, and the unfrequency of commerce, the renown of cities, much less particular men, can never reach. *Cicero* tells us, that in his time, the fame of the *Roman* commonwealth, which was then of vast extent and grown to maturity, whose arms were then formidable even to the *Parthian* and other neighbouring nations, had not yet past beyond the mountain *Caucasus*. So that you see within how small a compass that glory is confined, which you endeavour to propagate and extend. For it were ridiculous to imagine, that a *Roman* should be famous, where the *Roman* name was never known.

You are likewise to consider, that laws and customs are different in different countries; and that actions, which in some are laudable, are in others criminal. For which reason, a man, who is ambitious of fame, may by publishing his exploits too much abroad be disappointed of his purpose; and must then at last be contented with the honours paid him by his native country, and his so much desired

desired immortality will be confined within the annals of one nation only.

But then how many heroes, illustrious in their times, hath the inadvertency of historians buried in oblivion? or what indeed have some histories availed, which are lost and buried in the ruins of time, with the memory even of the historians themselves? Nevertheless, you fancy the transmitting thus your names to future ages is enough to make yourselves immortal; which, if you consider the duration of time with the infinite progress of eternity, you will find but little cause to boast of. For, if the space of one moment be compared with that of ten thousand years, as they are both finite, it will bear some, tho' a very small proportion; but ten thousand years, and as many more as can be multiplied by numbers, will bear no proportion to interminate duration: between finite and finite there is some comparison; but between infinite and finite there is none: so that altho' your name may possibly be rendered durable as time itself, it will not only be as little, but as nothing in account of eternity:

The truth is, you know not how to do your duty without some ostentation, and a view to popular applause, desiring to be rewarded rather by the noisy praises of a giddy throng, than by the more silent, but infinitely more delightful approbation of the conscience. The vanity of this humour was once very pleasantly exposed on this occasion: a certain person reproached another, who pretended to be a great proficient in the study and practice of *Philosophy*, with his assuming that character more out of ostentation, than a truly virtuous disposition; adding, that he would soon make trial of his *Philosophy* by his patience: the pretended Philosopher falling immediately into the decoy, heard him rail till he was weary, without betraying the least concern; but thinking himself at last secure of victory, I hope, says he, you'll now acknowledge, that I

I

have

have proved myself to be a Philosopher : you had indeed, replied the other sharply, if you could have held your tongue.

But, after all, what can heroes, for of such I speak, who are inspired by virtue in the pursuit of glory ; what mighty advantages, I say, can they receive from the renown of all their actions, when their bodies are entombed and mouldered in the dust ? For if, which is repugnant to our reason, men wholly die, and perish with their bodies, there is then no glory ; since he, to whom it appertains, has no existence. But if the virtuous soul, which is conscious of her own deservings, as soon as she is released from this her earthly prison, pursues her flight without more interruption to the blessed mansion of the saints in heaven ; she will from thence look down with scorn on worldly honours, and in the fulness of divine fruition rejoice that she is removed above all sublunary considerations and concerns.

“ Must then applauding crouds repeat your name ?
 “ And fame’s loud voice your mighty deeds proclaim ?
 “ Vain man ! behold the spacious realms on high
 “ And this small spot, where all your glories lye,
 “ Upheld by wings of air, an atom of the sky.
 “ Yet, ere your fame these narrow bounds has cross’d,
 “ Her voice is silent, and her sound is lost.
 “ Is this the way t’escape the fatal dart,
 “ And from the pow’r of death defend your heart ?
 “ No, tho’ your name were heard the world around ;
 “ Tho’ to the skies had flown the mighty sound ;
 “ Tho’ all the wreaths and lawrels were your own,
 “ Which Alexander reap’d, or Cæsar won ;
 “ Yet know, it is your destiny to die,
 “ And with the vulgar undistinguish’d lie ;

“ The

"The base and noble fall in common heaps,
 "And with a slaughter'd host Æmilius sleeps:
 "Tell, where the antient heroes, men of war,
 "Where Brutus, Cato, and Fabricius are?
 "Dead are the men, alas! their names alone appear:
 "Their names, we know, in empty sounds remain;
 "But seek the great originals in vain.
 "Thus when the business of your life is o'er,
 "Within an urn enclos'd, you're known no more,
 "Nor can your mighty name your perish'd form restore.
 "But could it be, how fondly would you strive,
 "I' exist by fame, and by applauses live!
 "As bodies die, so will the names of men,
 "And you but wish to live to die again."

But, that you may not think me peevishly averse, or an irreconcilable enemy to fortune, I will own to you, that I do think there is a time, when this deceiver may be said to be not altogether without her merits towards mankind; that is to say, when she appears herself, without disguise, and in her proper colours: Perhaps you do not understand my meaning; it is indeed a seeming paradox which I advance, and therefore difficult to be explained; but I affirm, that men receive more advantages from adverse, than from prosperous fortune. The one, under a shew of favour and of friendship, always is deceitful; the other avows her inconstancy, and is ever undesigning and sincere: the one seduces; the other instructs: the one, by an empty shew of good, which is at best but counterfeit, imposes shackles on the mind; the other, by experience of such vain enjoyments, enlarges and restores her to her native freedom: the one is therefore, as you may observe, noisy, fluttering, and always ignorant of herself and her condition; the other sober, reserved, and prudent

in improving even adversity itself to wholesome uses : in short, the one entices men out of the way ; the other reconducts them into the way to true happiness. You have yourself no reason to esteem it a small benefit, that the frowns of fortune have proved the fidelity of your friends ; distinguished the sincere from the double-dealers ; and that when she thought fit to retreat, she took with her those who worshipped *her*, and left those who loved *you*. What would you have given for this test, when you were, as you then thought it, in the height of your prosperity ? Trouble yourself then no more for the wealth which you have lost, since you have found your friends, who are by infinite degrees more valuable.

" See ! nature her establish'd laws fulfil,
" Her changes various, but harmonious still ;
" How all the seeds of elemental war,
" Constrain'd to an eternal concord are :
" Behold the sun, how faithful to the day,
" He from the destin'd east pursues his way ;
" How, when the western clouds conceal his head,
" The star of ev'n attends him to his bed,
" And the ascending moon is monarch in his stead.
" Behold ! the swelling surges of the main,
" Within their well-known bounds themselves restrain,
" Nor drown the plowman's hopes, nor soil the verdant plain.
" Hail sacred love ! these praises all are thine,
" Divine the artist, and the works divine :
" To thee, and to thy sov'reign power we owe,
" All that is good above, or fair below :
" Thy reign dissolv'd, fair peace would smile no more,
" But bodies juggle, which embrac'd before ;

" The

" *The springs of motion would their aid deny,*
" *The spheres rebellious from their centres fly,*
" *And all their music turn to uproar in the sky.*
" *From thee, all harmony, all order springs ;*
" *The peace of nations, and the leagues of Kings ;*
" *The solemn vows at Hymen's altar made ;*
" *And all th' endearments of the nuptial bed :*
" *And oh ! what praise thy due ? whose laws excite,*
" *Men's hearts to sympathize, and soul's unite :*
" *Not all, alas !—for thus inspir'd by love,*
" *Mortality might e'en celestial prove,*
" *And you might taste below, the joys of those above."*

The End of the Second Book.

THE

T H E
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY.
B O O K I I I.

A R G U M E N T.

Philosophy in this Book proceeds to apply more certain and effectual remedies than had been before offered, against the anguish of a dejected mind, by demonstrating, that the perfection of happiness doth not consist in the things of this world, the enjoyment of which is ever attended with inquietude and sorrow; but in that eternal good alone, which has fixed such impressions of itself on every creature, that they have not only a general, but a natural, and even invincible propensity towards it.

TH O' my patroness had now finished her song, yet was I so charmed with the music of her voice, that I remained for some time eagerly attentive, in hopes she would proceed. But breaking silence at last, I cried: Thou matchless comforter of despairing minds! how wonderfully has either the force of your reasoning, or the soothing of your melody refreshed me! so that methinks I am henceforth not unable to bear up against the most invidious strokes of fortune; I find myself so far from dreading the application of those farther remedies, which even now you told were
more

more poignant and severe, that I earnestly desire to hear what they are, and undergo the trial.

Indeed, said she, I perceived this, from that silence and attention which you have hitherto paid to my discourse; and I have expected, or to say more truly, I myself have effected this happy change and disposition of your mind. The nature of my remaining remedies is such, that tho' they may be disagreeable to the taste, they will yet prove exceeding grateful to the stomach; that is to say; tho' my following lectures may sound harshly to the ear, yet when fully imbibed and understood, will become amiable and delightful. But if your desires are impatient to hear these things, to what an elevated pitch would your desires be raised, did you but know the glorious goal to which I am endeavouring to conduct you? What goal? said I: To true felicity, said she, of which, tho' you may already have a visionary kind of prospect, yet while your sight is in the least intercepted by any worldly appearances, you cannot behold her in her native charms, or in her own peculiar lustre. I beseech you then, said I, to shew me instantly this charming object. I will do it, said she, at your request most willingly: but I will first endeavour to give you the form and description of that mistaken notion of happiness, whereby you have been hitherto misguided; that by taking an impartial view of the reverse, you may be the better able to conceive the perfections of that true felicity to which I would conduct you.

*The painful hind, with prudent previous toil,
From weeds and briars frees th'incumbred soil;
Then Ceres aids the labour of the plough,
And on the furrows plenteous harvests grow.*

*When loathsome food has first displeas'd the taste,
Dainties are swallow'd with a glutton's haste,
And honey is a luscious, sweet repast.*

}
When

*When driving tempests cease their hideous roar,
And southern storms infest the skies no more,
The stars seems brighter than they did before.*

*And as the cheerless darkness fleets away,
Welcome is light, and joyful is the day.*

*So banish first th' imposters in disguise,
Which in enchanting forms delude your eyes,
Then you will clearly worthier objects view,
Despise false glory and adore the true,
And your enamour'd soul untir'd her charms pursue.*

Upon this, she fixed her eyes thoughtfully on the ground, and having retired, as it were, into the secret recesses of her soul, she thus began : All the endeavours and manifold care and study of mankind, tho' proceeding by different methods, yet aim at one and the same end of happiness : and this is that *good*, which being once obtained, there is nothing more to be desired : it is indeed the sum of all good things, including all things which are *good* within itself ; for if any one were wanting, it could not be the sum of all, something being still excluded, which may be desired : it is therefore manifest, that happiness is that state or condition, which is made perfect by a comprehension of all things good and desirable. To this state, all men, as I said, endeavour to attain, tho' by different means ; for there is a native bent interwoven in the minds of men towards the true *good*, but error misguides them to the false. Some, believing the *summum bonum* or *sovereign good* to consist in being indigent of nothing, labour for an affluence of riches : some, believing it to consist in reverence and esteem, hunt after honours, and popular applause : some place it in the arbitrary exercise of power ; and these, either grasp at crowns themselves, or aim at being the favourites and ministers of those who wear them : some think it is
renown ;

renown; and these are ambitious of obtaining an illustrious name, either by military achievements, or by studying and cultivating the arts of peace: a great many fancy that joy and pleasure is the only product of this *sovereign good*; and these think it the highest pitch of felicity, to gratify their senses, and dissolve in pleasure: while others interchangeably, as it were, endeavour to make these the effects and causes of each other: as those who covet riches, that they may purchase power and pleasure; or those who grasp at power for the sake of obtaining riches or renown. At these therefore, or the like, is the whole aim and intention of human actions and desires levelled; as nobility and popularity, which seem to give men a kind of excellency over others; or wives and children, which they desire for their pleasure. The happiness of friendship indeed, which is of the most sacred kind, is not in the power of fortune, but of virtue only to bestow; but all other things are desired, either for the sake of power or of pleasure.

As for the endowments of the body, they may very well be reduced under the foregoing observations: for strength and stature seem to bestow a superiority of power; beauty and swiftness gain renown: and health gives men a relish to their pleasures. In all which it is manifest, that happiness is the only thing desired; for whatever any one desires above any thing else, he esteems that to be the *summum bonum*: but we define the *summum bonum* to be happiness: therefore every one esteems that to be the only state of happiness, which he desires above all others.

You have now before your eyes, in a manner, the whole scheme of that happiness, which men propose to themselves, viz. riches, honours, power, renown and pleasure: the last of which, being only considered by *Epicurus*, he consequently placed his *summum bonum* there, esteeming all the rest as several means conducing towards the delight and pleasure of the mind. But I return to the general bent

and endeavours of mankind ; whose minds, tho' groping, as it were, in the dark, and like a drunken man at a loss to find his right way homewards, yet labour in the search of this same *sovereign good*.

For, do they seem to be in the wrong, who endeavour to be indigent of nothing ? Surely there cannot be any thing more conducive towards happiness, than that condition which is plentifully supplied with all things good and desirable, which stands in need of no assistance from others ; but is, of itself, sufficient to itself. Are those in the wrong, who think that what is best is also most worthy of reverence and esteem ? by no means : for certainly, that is not base and despicable, which men so generally labour to obtain. Is not power good ? Why not ? for surely, it cannot be esteemed a weak and feeble thing, which is so apparently mightier than all others. Is not renown too worthy of estimation ? It is a consequence most undeniable, that every thing which is most excellent, is also most renowned. And it were needless to inform you, that happiness is no sorrowful nor anxious thing ; not subject either to pain or trouble ; since even in matters of the smallest moment, that is most desired, which is in the possession and fruition most delectable. But these are the things which men desire, and for this reason they hunt after riches, dignities, kingdoms, glory and sensual delights, that by these means they may obtain sufficiency, reverence, power, renown and pleasure. The end is therefore good, which men so many different ways seek after ; wherein it plainly appears, how great the force of nature is ; since, tho' opinions vary and disagree about the means, yet all agree in the choice of one and the same end.

*Pleas'd is the Muse to sing in artless verse,
The pow'r of Nature, and her Laws rehearse ;
How the presiding Dame, with steady reins,
The giddy circles of the spheres restrains ;*

How

*How by her nod, as by à magic spell,
All things are aw'd nor dare nor can rebel.*

*The ranging monarch of the Lybian plains,
Tam'd by confinement and subdu'd by chains,
Seems all his brutal fierceness to forego,
Receives the food his keeper's hands bestow,
Beholds the lifted staff, and dreads the falling blow ;
But soon provok'd by wounds and flowing gore,
The monster rouses and begins to roar ;
Disdains his prison and contemns his chain,
With native pride disowns his tyrant's reign,
Devours the wretch, and seeks the savage wilds again.*

*The warbling chanter of the verdant grove,
That woo'd his mate in pleasing songs of love,
With costly art in gilded wire confin'd,
And gently courted to forget his kind,
Pleas'd with his lot, rejoices o'er his food,
Nor seems to crave the berries of the wood :
But if he scape his prison bars, he flies
To seek his freedom in the open skies ;
Essays with speed his wonted groves to find,
And leaves his dainties and his cage behind.*

*By force a sapling may be taught to bow,
Drawn from the skies to kiss the plain below ;
But unconstrain'd his top disdains the plain,
Springs upward to the skies, and stands erect again.*

*Tho' in the West, the Sun conceals his head,
And seems forever lost in Thetis' bed ;
Thro' paths unseen he still pursues his way,
And from the blushing East restores the day.*

*All beings their inverted order mourn,
 And to their Native bent with joy return ;
 Disown all Laws, but those of Nature's will,
 And sedulous the destin'd round fulfil,
 Which makes the world endure, the fair creation smile.*

}

Indeed, the clearest notion which the groveling minds of men are able to conceive concerning their original, are like the incorporeal shadows of a dream ; nor have they yet any clearer view towards their only true end, that of happiness : from whence it is, that their natural inclinations lead them to the true good, and errors of many kinds seduce them from it. For consider, whether the means by which men endeavour to arrive at happiness, are sufficient to conduct them to the port desired. If indeed, either riches, or honours, or any other favourite acquisition affords enjoyment so perfect, that there is nothing wanting to compleat it ; then I will own, the way to these to be the way to happiness. But, if they are not sufficient to effect the end expected from them, and they are found in many points defective ; it is plain, that all their promised happiness is counterfeit, and their pretences specious and deluding.

First then, since 'tis not long ago that you was possessed of wealth in great abundance, I appeal to yourself, whether in the midst of all that affluence, your mind was never discomposed by any casual injury or violence. I must own, said I, that I cannot remember, that my mind was ever so serene, but I had something still to trouble me. Was it not then, said she, either because something was away, which you wished present ; or that something was present, which you could have wished away ? I do confess it. You *desired* therefore to obtain the one, and be delivered from the other. Yes. Does not every one in reality *want* that which he *desires* ? Most certainly. Can he, who is in want of any thing, be said to have of his own sufficient

ficient for himself? No. Then you, said she, even in your greatest plenty, laboured under this very insufficiency; and must therefore be convinced, that riches are unable to supply all wants, and make man self-sufficient, which are the ends expected from them.

But it is further, and of the greatest moment to be considered; that riches in their own nature contain no defence against oppression, nor can preserve themselves from being seized and torn by violence from their possessors. It is not denied, said I. How can it be denied, said she, when every day you see the stronger preying on the weaker? From whence arise the daily suits and controversies in the courts of justice, but for the recovery of rights withheld or seized by fraud or violence? Every one therefore will stand in need of some other protection besides his own ability, to maintain the possession of that wealth, which he has acquired; but would want no such protection, had he no wealth to lose. Thus is the case reversed; for those very possessions, which were expected to supply men with all things sufficient of their own, make them in want of other assistance to preserve them.

But how does wealth prevent necessity? Cannot the rich be hungry? Can they not be thirsty? Or are their bodies proof against the rigour of the seasons? You'll say, indeed, they have wherewithall to eat and drink and warm them: Yet by these means their wants are but relieved and not prevented: for if these are ever craving and requiring something, which riches must supply; it is evident, that there are wants remaining which may be supplied. I forbear now to urge, that nature is very soon, but avarice is never satisfied. Wherefore, if wealth creates, rather than removes necessity, how can you believe it will afford sufficiency of all things?

*Tho' wealth was poured, like a rolling tide,
Within the misers grasp on every side,
His wishes still would rise too fast to be supply'd.*

}
Tho'

*Tho' countless rounds of orient pearls were strung,
 And down his breast the costly baubles hung;
 Tho' fifty yoke of oxen plow'd his soil,
 And the rich glutton fatten'd on their toil;
 Yet to a curse are all his blessings join'd,
 His days are cheerless, and enthrall'd his mind,
 And he must die at last, and leave his wealth behind.*

But those who are advanced to dignities, it seems, gain reverence and honour. Has magistracy then the power of reforming the morals of the magistrate, and transforming devils into saints? No, so unable is it to reform, that it exposes vice, and renders it the more conspicuous: insomuch, that the conferring of offices on unworthy persons, is beheld with indignation. Hence it was, that *Catullus* took the liberty of ridiculing *Nonius*, tho' sitting in his chair of office; taking occasion from his surname of *Struma*, which expresses a certain imperfection of the body, to hint at the imperfections of his mind, which rendered him unqualified for that high dignity to which he was advanced. You see then, how *bad* men appear still *worse* in office; but their faults would have been less observed, if the men had never been dignified. I am persuaded, that you would not even redeem yourself from your impending dangers, at the expence of being restored to your office in conjunction with *Decoratus*, whom you know to be a scandalous buffoon and villainous informer. For I cannot think men dignified by honours, of which I know they are unworthy. But if you see a man endowed with wisdom, you cannot but think him worthy of esteem, and of that wisdom wherewith he is adorned. For there is an innate dignity in virtue, which is immediately imparted to those by whom she is embraced: but since no officers or honours can bestow this dignity, it is evident, that they contain no portion of its lustre. And it is further and more especially

ally to be observed, that if a man becomes more and more abject, in proportion to the numbers by whom he is despised; and since advancement to an office cannot of itself procure esteem; it must, by setting an ill man up to public view and censure, render him the most contemptible, and consequently the most abject creature in the world. But still the wretch finds means to be revenged, by rendering of his office equally contemptible through his demerits.

And that you may be fully convinced, that this kind of transitory honour is not the way to obtain that reverence which is desired; consider, that if a *Roman* who had often born the office of Consul, were to travel into distant countries, the honour of his employments at home would not at all recommend him to the regard of foreigners: but if reverence and esteem were natural appendants to the office, they could never in any country, or by any means, be separated from it; as fire is the same in every place, and cannot be divested of its heat. It is therefore, because such kind of dignities derive these virtues, not from any innate power, but only from opinion, that they immediately loose them, as soon as they appear in countries where they are not acknowledged to be dignities. This however is the small esteem your office meets with, only among foreigners. Now let us examine, whether it is of long duration, among those very people by whom the office was at first created: The *Prætorship* was formerly an employment of great power and account; but is now become an empty name, and an expensive burthen to the *Senatorian* order. The *Clerk of the Markets*, who had heretofore the superintendancy of corn and other provisions for the city, was a considerable officer; but now there is nothing more contemptible: for, as I said before, that which has in it no intrinsic worth is valued or despised, according to the vicissitude of opinion, or the humour of the times. If then these honours cannot make men revered; if they are themselves scandalized by the unworthiness

thinness of those who wear them; if they lose their lustre by the length or change of time; and if they grow contemptible in the opinion or estimation of the people; they can have nothing amiable in themselves, much less adorn the men on whom they are bestowed.

*Tho' clad in all th' imperial robes of state,
High on the throne of power Nero sat;
What indignation rose in ev'ry breast;
To see a fidler, like a monarch, drest!
His crimes debas'd him, tho' his robes adorn'd,
Fear'd was the tyrant, but the man was scorn'd:
Yet this buffoon of royal pow'r could fill
The vacant offices of Rome at will:
How awful then a magistrate must be,
Who rose so worthily to high degree,
And delegated pow'r deriv'd from such a wretch as he.*

Will you then say, continued she, that Kings or favourites of Kings are rendered by their station powerful and mighty? Surely, said I, their happiness is lasting and substantial. Alas! said she, how many examples doth antiquity as well as the present age afford, of Kings dethroned and fallen from the height of their prosperity into the greatest misfortunes? And how can you esteem that power to be excellent, which wants the power to defend itself? If happiness consists in regal power, a defect in the one, must consequently make a breach in the other, and introduce a state of misery. For, tho' human empire be ever so extensive, many nations must escape; over which every King cannot obtain dominion; and wheresoever that power, on which their happiness depends, receives a check, there impotence begins, which must, by parity of reason, make them miserable.

miserable. Hence therefore it is evident, that Kings are destined to a larger share of misery than happiness. There is a famous example of a * tyrant, who once took occasion from his own experience, to express the cares and dangers which attend a crown, by hanging a naked sword over the head of one of his † flatterers whom he appointed to sit, for that purpose, in seeming grandeur at a royal feast. What a phantom then is power, which affords no remedy for care, nor preservation against terror? Men would enjoy their lives in peace and security; but they cannot;—yet they value themselves on the account of power: and how can he be called a powerful man, who is evidently desirous of doing something which he cannot effect; who goes surrounded with a guard; who terrifies those of whom he is himself afraid; and who is obliged to a retinue of officers and attendants for all the marks and ensigns of his power?

Thus having shewn the impotence of Kings themselves, I need say little of their favourites; who are as often ruined by, as with their masters. *Nero* imposed on *Seneca* his favourite and tutor, the fatal necessity of chusing the manner of his own death: and *Papinian*, who had long enjoyed the sunshine and favour of the court, fell at the command of *Caracalla* by the swords of his attendants: Both of them would gladly have divested themselves of their authority and laid down their offices; *Seneca* in particular offered all his wealth

* *Dionysius.*

† *Damocles.*—

Distictus ensis, &c. HOR. L. III. Carm. Od. I.

Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head,
Who views th' impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chaunt of birds, nor vocal lyre,
To him can sleep afford.

FRANCIS.
in

in ransom for his life, and to retire from public business: but their doom was irreverfible, their own weight funk them, and neither could obtain his defire. What kind then of authority or power is this, which is dreaded even by thofe who enjoy it; which you can neither fafely keep, nor poffibly part with? Nor are you to expect any protection in this extremity from thofe, who were induced by your prosperity, and not your virtues, to profefs themselves your friends: for he who loved you on account of your prosperity, will hate you in adverfity; and there is no instrument of deftruction fo effectual, as a confidant transformed into an enemy.

*He aims at power of the nobleft kind,
Who tames the stubborn paffions of his mind;
Who fmothers in his breast lascivious fires,
And reigns the monarch of his own defires.
Tho' fervile nations bow and own your pow'r,
From utmoft Thule to the Indian fhore;
One lawlefs rebel latent in your breast,
Will rob your days of peace, your nights of reft,
And all your boasted pow'r is impotence at beft.*

In the next place, if glory be impartially confidered, it will appear deceitful and contemptible; infomuch that the tragedian very juftly exclaimed:

*Oh glory, glory! thoufands are adorn'd
By thee, with trophies which they never toil'd for.*

And it is certainly true, that a great many derive their fame and reputation merely from the mistaken opinion of the people, an extraction of the meanest kind. For thofe who are undeservedly applauded,

plauded, must of necessity blush at the recital of their own praises ; which, if deserved, add nothing to a wise man's satisfaction, who regulates his conduct, not by the babbling of the vulgar, but by the unerring dictates of his conscience. If nevertheless, the propagating of a mighty name seems amiable, it follows, that the reverse is despicable ; and since, as I hinted once before, the fame of no one single man can possibly spread itself thro' every nation in the world, he is therefore glorious only where his name is known, and where it is unknown he is inglorious. But indeed, popular applause seems altogether unworthy of any farther mention, being often injudiciously bestowed, and never of long duration. And titles of nobility are no less vain and insignificant ; which, if relied upon, as means to gain renown, are foreign to the purpose : for nobility seems to be no more than a kind of glory which men obtain by the merits of their ancestors ; and if applause alone creates renown, they only are renowned, who are applauded ; if therefore you have it not in your own right, you have no title to that renown, which was the right and purchase of another. And indeed, I see no other advantage in nobility of birth, than that it seems to lay an obligation on persons so descended, to imitate the virtues of their ancestors.

*Howe'er distinguish'd now, the race of Kings,
From the same lineage as the peasant springs ;
One common father owns the care of all ;
Bids rain and sunshine with indiff'rence fall ;
Bedecks the sun with radiant beams of light,
And regulates th' inconstant queen of night ;
With men the regions of the earth supplies,
With glitt'ring stars the regions of the skies ;
And his celestial fire informs the mind,
Altho' in narrow bounds and sordid earth confin'd.*

*Noble this spring, by which all beings live !
 Noble the beings, which from thence derive !
 Of pedigrees how vain is then the pride !
 Since one great fire has human race supply'd,
 And none are basely born, but all are near ally'd.
 Yet if distinction be, if some are base,
 By their own crimes they purchase the disgrace,
 And disavow themselves the author of their race.
 So behind clouds retires the brightest sun ;
 And muddy rivers oft from chrystal fountains run.*

It seems unnecessary to say much of sensuality or corporal pleasures, the pursuit of which is attended with anxiety, and fruition with repentance. It is well known what loathsome distempers and intolerable pains are brought upon themselves by libertines, as the reward of their debaucheries ; but how pleasure and delight can any way become the motives to them, is what I am at a loss to conceive : for whoever will reflect on his libidinous excesses, must be convinced that they are miserable in their consequence. Besides, if sensuality can make men happy, there is as much reason to pronounce even brutes so too, who are incessantly by instinct prompted to gratify their sensual appetites. That pleasure which arises from the society of a wife and the production of children, would indeed be very justifiable and honourable ; but it has been said, however unnatural it may seem, that some have found their children to be their greatest torments : whatsoever they are, I need not tell you, that they are attended with uneasiness enough ; of which you may be sufficiently convinced by your former experience and present anxiety. So that in the main, *Euripides* seems to be in the right, in saying : *That whoever has no children is happy in his misfortune.*

*The sweetest pleasures have the shortest stay,
 Give but a taste of bliss, and fleet away;
 They fly, but oh! their cruel stings remain,
 And for a moment's joy, succeeds a life of pain.
 So bees within their balmy cells afford
 Of treasur'd honey a delicious hoard;
 But if th'unwary swain upon the booty flies;
 He feels their vengeance, and repents his dear bought prize.*

Thus it is manifest, that these are all the wrong ways to happiness, and that they are not in the least conducive to those ends which are expected from them: and now I shall very briefly shew you, that they are, on the contrary, interwoven with innumerable impediments.

Consider then, if you covet to amass great sums of wealth, others must be the poorer; and you will rob the owners of it. If you desire to be dignified with honours and adorned with ensigns of authority, you must petition for them to those who can bestow them; and while you affect a superior excellency over others, you debase yourself into an humble suitor. If you grasp at power, you must be exposed to the plots and rebellions of your subjects, and will lie under continual apprehensions of danger. If you are ambitious of glory, you must struggle with variety of thwarting accidents, and will never be at peace or in security. If you abandon yourself to a voluptuous course of living, you must be a slave to that most vile thing your body, and will become an object of contempt and scorn. Whoever likewise affects an ostentation of his bodily endowments, values himself on very inconsiderable and transitory perfections: inconsiderable; for that he cannot possibly surpass an elephant in bulk, a bull in strength, or a tyger in swiftness; and these and every other sublunary excellence will be unworthy of his admiration; when

when he beholds the extent, the firmness and velocity of the heaven's; which are still less to be admired on these accounts, than for that peculiar harmony and beautiful œconomy wherewith they are governed: transitory; for that the charms of beauty are but of a short duration, and more changeable and fading than the flowers of the spring. Besides, as *Aristotle* said of *Alcibiades*, if it were possible for the eyes of man to penetrate into the recesses of the mind, the fairest outside form would appear loathsome and deformed within. Your seeming beauty therefore is not so much owing to the perfections of your nature, as to an imperfection in the sight of your beholders. And consider lastly, that in three days time, a fever may destroy those bodily endowments which you so much admire, and then value yourself upon them as much as you please. From all which has been said, it may be therefore naturally concluded, that those things which cannot bestow the advantages which are expected from them, nor are in themselves rendered perfect by a comprehension of all things good and desirable, are neither conducive to happiness, nor able of themselves to make men happy.

*Alas! how wildly men their aims pursue,
Where paths are diff'rent, but unknown the true!
The lofty oak affords no golden mine,
Nor di'monds sparkle on the curling vine;
No fishes glide upon the mountain's brow,
Nor are the billows plow'd to chase the roe;
These things are known, and all the several shores,
Where the rich ocean hoards his different stores;
Where costly pearls in eastern rocks are found,
And where the purple shoals of Tyre abound;
Where spreading nets enclose the meaner fry,
And where the mighty whale, and porpus lie:*

But

*But oh! how listless or how blind are men,
For what they most desire to seek in vain,
Or in contented ignorance remain!
Or how perverse, in heaps of earthly toys,
To seek the fulness of celestial joys!*

*Say, pious Muse, for thou art just and wise,
What vengeance shall this stupid race chastise:
Riches and power shall delude 'em still,
Engage their passions and subdue their will;
And when their lives are spent in various toil,
Their measure of imagin'd joys to fill,
Their latest hour shall with impartial view,
Behold these counters in their native hue,
And they shall only know, but ne'er possess the true.*

Thus much may suffice to shew you the form of counterfeit felicity; which if you fully comprehend I shall proceed to describe the true. I see indeed, said I, that sufficiency does not consist in riches, nor power in kingdoms, nor reverence in dignities, nor renown in glory, nor pleasure in sensuality; and tho' I have already received some dawn of light into the reasons why these things are so; yet I could wish to hear them more particularly and at large explained by you.

The reason, said she, is obvious; for men mistake in separating that, which in its own nature is simple and inseparable, and degrade it from its natural state of truth and perfection into the reverse. For example: that which wants nothing, but contains plenty and sufficiency of all things, cannot be thought to want power; for if its power be in any one particular defective, it necessarily wants, in that particular, some foreign assistance to support and protect it; therefore sufficiency and power are in their own nature one and the same.

But

But further ; that which is thus self-sufficient and powerful, cannot be thought contemptible ; but must on the contrary be of all things the most worthy of reverence and esteem : so that we may add this attribute of reverence to those of sufficiency and power, and conclude them all three to be but one thing. The truth, said I, appears too plain to be denied. To proceed then : do you believe that any thing thus qualified can be ignoble and obscure, or must it not be universally celebrated and renowned ? For consider, that if it be destitute of renown, which it cannot bestow upon itself, and for that reason, may in some respect or other appear contemptible ; it cannot be said, which is already granted, to enjoy a state of full sufficiency, unlimited power, and superior reverence. I cannot but confess indeed, said I, that what is adorned, with all the former attributes, is likewise most renowned. Then, replied she ; the consequence is plain, that renown is the same with the former. But lastly, is not that which needs no supply or accession of plenty from another, and which is omnipotent, renowned and venerable, likewise manifestly most pleasant and delightful ? This state of perfection, said I, must certainly be inaccessible to sorrow and affliction. Then it is evident, said she, that fullness of joy must of necessity attend on all the former attributes ; and by the same rule it follows, that tho' they differ in their names, they are the same in substance : so that men perversely divide this which is in its own nature simple and entire ; and by grasping at part of a thing, which in reality has no parts, they are as far from obtaining that part, which is indeed nothing, as that of which they are less desirous. As thus : he, who to avoid indigence, amasses wealth together, neglects the pursuit of power, and chuses rather to live meanly and obscurely, and deny himself the enjoyment even of those pleasures to which his nature prompts him, than run the hazard of losing that wealth which he has acquired : but he can never by these means obtain that abundance and sufficiency of all things

things which he desires, who is thus destitute of power, subject to affliction, exposed to contempt, and buried in obscurity. Again; he, who only aims at power, is profuse of his riches, negligent of pleasure, regardless of honour which is not attended with power, and careless of renown: but you see how defective his condition is; for he must stand in need of many necessities, and be disquieted with cares, which if he cannot remedy, there is an end of that power which he so ardently pursued. And the same reasoning will hold good with relation to honour, renown and pleasure; for since every one of these are by nature individually the same with the rest, whoever aims at any one of them exclusive of the rest, will never be able to obtain the thing which he desires. What then, said I, if he should endeavour to obtain them all together? He would indeed, replied she, approve his desire of obtaining the sum of all felicity: but how can he expect to find it among these things which I have already proved unable to bestow those advantages which are expected from them? therefore happiness does by no means consist in those things, which men think capable, dividually considered, of supplying all their desires.

Having thus, continued she, at large explained not only the distinguishing marks, but also the reasons of mistaken happiness; it is now time to bend your attention towards the reverse, and there you will immediately behold that true felicity, which I have promised to discover. It is conspicuous, said I, already, and you have virtually discovered it, in explaining the reasons of the false; for, if I mistake not, that happiness is true and perfect, which bestows sufficiency, power, reverence, renown and joy without any imperfection, exception or alloy; and, to convince you of my attention, that which can truly and perfectly bestow any one of these attributes, for one is all, and they are all the same, is the sum of all felicity. Happy were you, my pupil, said she, in this opinion, had you but added, that

none of these mortal transitory enjoyments can possibly conduct you to this state of perfection, beyond which nothing can be desired. They seem indeed to afford some imaginary, or at best imperfect happiness, but cannot bestow it substantially and in perfection. Therefore as you are informed of the difference between true happiness and the false; you are in the next place to learn from whence the former is to be derived.

But since, as *Plato* says in his *Timæus*, the divine assistance ought to be implored even in affairs of the lightest moment; it will be highly becoming upon this occasion, that we may prove successful in our search after the source and fountain of this sovereign good, to invoke the aid of the *Almighty Being*, without which, no undertaking has a sure foundation. And then the pious *Matron* sung as follows:

Great pow'r, by whose perpetual reason sway'd,
 The world obeys, and owns its awful head;
 Who call'd forth Time his infant wings to try,
 And thro' a progress of succession fly!
 Permanent source, from whence all motion springs,
 And soul immoveable of moving things!
 That floating atoms in due concert join,
 And in the structure of the world combine,
 Stupendous is the fabrick, but the labour thine:
 Labour, by no coercive pow'r compell'd,
 But by the form of sovereign good fulfill'd,
 Which has in thy fair bosom fix'd her throne,
 And as by all unrivall'd, envies none;
 For how can envy harbour in thy breast,
 Who art supreme, and art supreme confest?
 Within thy mind compleat th' ideas lay
 Of future worlds and yet unmoulded clay;

Form'd

Form'd by this pattern, all are good and fair,
And thy productions thy perfections share :
The warring elements are tam'd by thee,
And contrarieties themselves agree ;
The hot and cold in sweet embraces lie,
And humid particles enfold the dry ;
The subtler spirits are forbid to rise,
Withheld from soaring to their native skies,
But on the mass their genial warmth bestow,
Nor leave the grosser parts to sink and fall below.
At thy command the world's capacious soul,
Thro' members apt infus'd, informs the whole ;
By social laws makes distant natures join,
Corporeal matter with the mind divine ;
Whilst two mysterious rounds divide her toil,
Like eddies whirl, and on themselves recoil :
Here, she partakes th' unerring mind profound,
Observes her circuit, and attends the round ;
There, rolls the planetary orbs on high,
And to the image of the mind conforms the sky.
Angelic Beings the same laws obey,
Nor men from this eternal order stray ;
Each to thy pow'r their diff'rent charges owe,
To people heav'n above, or earth below ;
And as they all proceed from thee alone,
Recoil to thee, from whom they first begun.
So streams derive their fountains from the main,
And thither bend their rapid course again.
Send, mighty father, thy assistance down,
And raise our minds to thy celestial throne ;
There let our ravish'd eyes the spring survey,
Of those substantial joys which ne'er decay ;

Behold

*Behold th' unerring beams of native light,
And feast forever on the pleasing sight :
Th' involving clouds of earthly cares remove,
And dart thy glories on us from above ;
For midst the wreck of nations thou art blest,
And persecuted saints in thee find rest :
To view the radiant beauties of thy face,
Is principle and end of human race,
Support and guide of each bewilder'd soul,
The beaten path, and the desired goal.*

Since then, you have beheld the form as well of the imperfect as the perfect *good* ; I shall, in the next place, shew you in what this perfection of happiness is placed. In order to which, it seems proper first to enquire, whether any such *good* as you have defined, can in the nature of things be possibly existing ; that we may not be precipitated by imaginary notions beyond the bounds of truth and merits of the subject. But that it doth exist, and is, as it were, the fountain of all good things, cannot be denied : for that which is said to be imperfect, is so termed from a defect or diminution of that which is perfect : so that whatsoever seems to be in any respect imperfect, must necessarily contain in it something also which is perfect ; and were there no such thing as perfection, nothing could be termed imperfect : nor is the nature of things derived from impaired or inconsummate principles, but proceeding from such as are entire and perfect, descends into the most minute and even unprofitable beings. If therefore there is, as I have before demonstrated, an imperfect happiness of a fading *good*, it cannot be doubted, but that there is also happiness which is perfect and substantial.

Now to prove the particular abode of this perfection, I reason thus : that *God*, who is the principle of all things, is *good*, is allowed by the
general

general voice and consent of mankind ; for that is doubtless *good*, than which nothing is better ; and nothing can be conceived to be better than *God*. And the same reason which demonstrates *God* to be *good*, evinces likewise that the perfect *good* is in him alone : for were it not so, he could not be the principle of all things ; and there would be something more excellent than he, wherein the perfect *good* would exist, and which would seem prior and senior to him : perfection being necessarily prior to imperfection. So that reason might search *ad infinitum* without this concession, that the supreme God most fully contains this supreme and perfect *good* : but it is already agreed, that the perfect *good* is true happiness : therefore true happiness must exist in God alone.

But I shall prove, continued she, beyond contradiction the truth of the foregoing proposition : that the supreme God most fully contains the supreme good. You cannot presume, that this Creator of the universe has either received this sovereign *good*, of which he is said to be possessed, from another ; or, that he is by nature in possession of it, in such manner, as that the God possessing, and the *good* possessed may be conceived to be distinct and different substances. For, if it were given by another, it would follow, that the being who bestowed it is more excellent than the being who received it ; which cannot be said of God, who is worthily confessed to be most excellent of all things : if it is in him by nature, and yet different in substance and conception, since God is the principle of all things, by whom could things thus differing have been united ? For, as that which is different from another thing, cannot be said to be that, from which it is understood to differ ; so, that which is in its nature different from the chief *good*, cannot be itself the chief *good* ; which is impious to affirm of God, than whom nothing is more manifestly excellent : and as the nature of nothing can excel the principle from which it was derived ; so, that which is the principle of all things, must

must be in its own individual substance the supreme sovereign *good*: but it is granted that this sovereign *good* is happiness: therefore it is a necessary consequence, that God is that very happiness itself.

But let us look a little farther, and see whether this may not be yet more clearly proved from hence; that there cannot be two sovereign *goods* distinct and different from each other: for it is certain, that if they differ, the one cannot be what the other is; and neither can be perfect, because each of them is defective of the other: but that which is not perfect cannot be supreme: therefore supreme *goods* cannot be different in substance or in nature: but it is concluded, that both God and happiness are the supreme *good*: therefore it follows, that the supreme Deity must be the supreme happiness.

Now as geometricians use, when they have demonstrated their propositions, to draw their consequences; I shall likewise add something by way of corollary. As thus: Men become happy by the attaining of happiness: but God is happiness: therefore men become happy by the attaining of God. And as men become just or wise by the attaining of justice or wisdom; so, by parity of reason, they must become Gods by their attaining of the divinity. Every happy man is therefore a God: for tho' by nature there is but one; yet by participation of his nature there may be many. This indeed is an amiable and precious consideration; but there is nothing more amiable than this, which is still farther offered by reason to be added, *viz.* since happiness seems to comprehend many things, it is to be considered, whether all these things do by connection of different parts compose one body of happiness; or whether there be any one of them, which compleats the substance of it, and to which all the rest may be referred. Now as happiness is concluded to be the *supreme good*; so is it esteemed to be the highest degree of sufficiency, power, reverence, renown and pleasure; are then all these things as so many parts or members of happiness, or are they all to
be

be referred to *good* as the principle? I understand, said I, the purpose of your enquiry, but desire to hear your own decision. Observe then, said she, how this matter is discussed. If all these things were members of happiness, they would also be distinct and different from each other; for it is the nature of parts to be distinct which compose one body: but all these things are before proved to be the same: therefore they are not parts; for if they were, happiness would seem to be composed of one part, which cannot be: but it is plain, that all the rest have reference to *good*; for men desire sufficiency, because it is thought to be *good*, and for the same reason do they desire power, reverence, renown and pleasure: therefore *good* is the sum and cause of all desires; for that which hath neither the reality nor likeness of *good* in it, cannot be desired; and on the contrary, things, tho' not in their nature *good*, yet seeming as if they were so, are the objects of desire: therefore this *good* may be rightly esteemed to be the sum, hinge, and true cause of all desires. Now this cause itself is the thing, which in reality seems most to be desired; as if a man should desire to ride abroad for the sake of his health, it is not so much the exercise of riding, as the effect of his health, which is the motive of his desires. Since therefore all things are sought after for the sake of *good*, none can be said to desire those things so much as the good *itself*: but it is granted, that happiness is the cause why all things else are desired; so that happiness is also the only thing sought after: from whence it is manifest, that *good* and happiness are one and the same in substance: but I have demonstrated, that God and true happiness are individually the same: therefore we may safely conclude, that the substance of God exists in that very *good*, and no where else.

*Approach, ye miserable servile train,
 Whom pow'r or wealth in golden bonds enchain;*

Who

*Who in the flatt'ring sounds of fame rejoice,
 And listen to the faithless Syren's voice ;
 Who in pursuit of pleasure vainly toil,
 And for substantial joys, embrace their foil :
 Here end your chace, and give your labours o'er,
 And for mistaken pleasure toil no more ;
 An open port invites the wretched in,
 All charms without, and everlasting peace within.
 Not all the golden sands which Hermus yields,
 Or Tagus washes from th' Hesperian fields ;
 Not all the wealth which Indus's caverns hide,
 Or sleep obscure beneath the rolling tide,
 Can to the mind a spark of light convey,
 But shrowd her rather from eternal day,
 And sink her down as deep and dark as they.
 Yet men perversely fond, those charms pursue,
 Which lie in earth conceal'd and hid from view ;
 Whilst the celestial beams of sacred light,
 Demand attention and provoke the sight ;
 Woo them with lustre of a nobler kind,
 To mount the spheres and leave the earth behind ;
 Not e'en the spheres or glorious lamp of day,
 Are half so permanent or bright as they.*

Your arguments, said I, are supported by reasons too strong to be denied. What then, replied she, would you give to know, what this *sovereign good* is ? It would be, said I, of inestimable worth ; could I at the same time arrive at the knowledge of *God*, who is the *good*. I will discover it clearly to you, said she, upon the foot of those conclusions which I have already made. I have proved, you know, that those things which most men covet are not true and perfect

perfect *goods*, because they are different from each other; and that, if one be defective of the other, it cannot possibly bestow such a *good* as is compleat and absolute: but that the true *good* is then only such, when all are so collectively comprehended under one form and effiience, that the same thing which is sufficiency, is likewise power, reverence, renown and pleasure; and that, unless they are all one and the same, they are not objects worthy of desire. Those things then, which when they are different are not *good*, and when united are *good*, become *good* by their obtaining of unity: but every thing, which is *good*, becomes so by participation of the *good*: therefore unity and *good* are by parity of reason the same: for those things must be the same in substance, which are not naturally different in their effects. Now every Being endures and subsists, so long as it continues in a state of unity; but dies and is dissolved, as soon as ever it ceases to be united: as animals are so called, so long as their souls and bodies are united and remain together; but when this unity is broken by their separation, it is manifest that the animal is no longer such, but dies. While the body, likewise, itself continues uniform and in a due conjunction of all its parts, the human shape is visible; but if, by dividing and separating the parts, its unity is discomposed, it immediately ceases to be what it was before. And the same holds true of every other being, which subsists, so long as it continues in a state of unity; but when the one ceases, the other must inevitably perish. Nor is there any thing, acting merely by the dictates of nature, which abandons the desire of subsistence, and seeks annihilation and corruption.

Among animal beings, said I, which have by nature some power to will or to refuse, I can instance none indeed, which, urged by no extraneous motive, renounces the desire of subsisting, and wilfully hastens to its dissolution; for all aim at self-preservation, and as much as in them lies, avoid death and fly destruction; but I cannot readily

discover how vegetables, as herbs and trees or any other inanimate beings, can be included within the same rule, or be supposed to act in the same manner.

This doubt, said she, is easily reconciled ; since herbs and trees are observed to grow in such places as are most kindly for them, where, as far as nature can prevent, they may not suddenly wither and decay : for some are produced in valleys, others in the mountains ; some grow in marshes, others upon rocks ; while others flourish on the barren sands, which if transplanted into other places would immediately wither : and nature supplies every thing with that which is convenient for its nourishment, and preserves it as long as possible from decay. I might add likewise, that all plants have their mouths, as it were, buried in the ground, drawing up that nourishment by the roots, which is diffused and circulates thro' the pith, the body, and the bark ; and that their tenderest part, as is the pith, lies always in the inmost and securest place ; first covered by a solid coat of wood, and lastly by the bark, as being most able to endure the inclemencies of the air : nor can I omit to mention, how much the activity of nature is to be admired, in propagating all things by a multiplicity of seeds, whereby they seem like buildings raised not only for a temporary duration, but, as it were, by a succession of their species to endure for ever.

But further, those beings which are esteemed altogether inanimate, may be, with equal reason, said to desire that which appertains peculiarly to themselves : for why should flames rise upwards thro' their levity, or earth sink downwards thro' its gravity, unless these different places and motions were most agreeable to their different natures ? And every thing is preserved by that which is consentaneous to it, as it is destroyed by the reverse. All solid bodies, as stones for instance, most tenaciously adhere to all their parts, and resist that force by which they are attempted to be broken ; all fluid bodies, as
air

air and water, though easily divided yet immediately re-unite; and fire cannot be at all divided. I am not now speaking of the operation of the will in rational creatures, but the bent of nature, whereby we swallow our meat without premeditation, and draw our breath in sleep without perceiving it: for animate beings do not derive their desire of duration from the will of their mind, but from the principles of nature; the will being very often urged by various causes to embrace that death which nature abhors: and on the contrary, the will sometimes restrains the very act of generation, by which alone the existence of all mortal beings must continue, and which nature always earnestly desires. So that self-preservation is not owing to the operation of the soul, but to the propensity of nature. Providence has bestowed on all its creatures the most powerful means of subsisting, in giving them a natural desire and endeavour to subsist. Therefore, you can no longer doubt but that all beings naturally desire to endure and to avoid destruction.

To proceed then, whatsoever desires to subsist and endure, desires to be undivided and united, since without this, its being can by no means endure; so that all things desire unity: but this unity, I have proved to be the same with the *good*: therefore all things desire the *good*: which you may thus define; that is the *good*, which all desire. Nothing, said I, can be more truly concluded; for either there is nothing to which all beings have a tendency, and they by being destitute of some one head must fluctuate at random; or, if there is any one thing, to which all beings have propensity, it must be the *sovereign good*. Oh! how glad am I, said she, my pupil, that you so perfectly conceive the very principle of common truth, whereby you have arrived at the knowledge of that, of which you were so lately ignorant, the *end of all things*; for it is, undoubtedly, that which is desired by all things: but all things desire the *good*: therefore it must be concluded, that the *end of all things* is the *good*.

Learn hence, the deep recess of truth to find,
 Howe'er mysteriously her mazes wind :
 Close let the mind within herself retire,
 And of herself herself her doubts inquire ;
 Revolve the principle and cause of things,
 Their various motions and their secret springs ;
 In her own cell the universe is seen,
 And what is done without recorded all within.
 So shall the clouds of error fleet away,
 And precious truths which long unheeded lay,
 Break forth, like beams of light, conspicuous as the day.
 Tho' dark oblivion's shades obscure the mind,
 The light of reason lies conceal'd behind ;
 And there the pregnant seeds of truth take root,
 Which learning rears, and mellows into fruit :
 How is it else conceiv'd in human thought,
 To answer clearly to a question sought ?
 Glow'd not within the breast celestial fire,
 Which tho' the embers sleep, can ne'er expire.
 Nor more the Muse presumes than Plato taught :
 To learn, is but remem'ring things forgot.

I have great reason, said I, to acknowledge the truth of Plato's opinion ; since you have now, a second time, revived within me the remembrance of these important things, forgotten, first, by the contagious conjunction of my soul with this incumbering body, and afterwards thro' the weight of my afflictions. If then, said she, you will reflect a little on the conclusions I have made, you will easily recollect the knowledge of another thing, of which you said that you were likewise ignorant ; that is to say, by what means the world is governed ; seeming only to remember this in general : *that it was*
beyond

beyond doubt governed by God. This neither is, said I, nor ever will be doubted of by me, for the following reasons: the different and indeed repugnant particles, of which this world is composed, could never have met together in this uniform shape; nor could this diversity and contrariety of natures have so harmoniously subsisted, without disuniting and dissolving the whole fabric; nor could the order and course of nature proceed so regularly, and conform its motions so punctually to places, times, and distances, efficiency and qualities; had there not been a permanent and sovereign principle of unity, which joined these differing particles together; which preserved the body, when composed, from dissolution; and which disposed and regulated the variety of its motions: and to this mighty being, whatsoever it is, by whose power this great fabric is preserved and governed, I assign the known appellation of God. Since then, said she, you are thus far right in your opinion, you seem to have little more to do, to become a partaker of felicity, and return in safety to your native country. But to proceed in my purpose.

I have proved, that happiness contains abundance and sufficiency of all things; and also that God is happiness; therefore he will need no foreign assistance in the government of the world; for if he should, he could not be possessed of full sufficiency. So that God disposes all things by himself alone: but he is already proved to be the *sovereign good*: therefore he disposes all things by that *good*, since he governs by himself, who is concluded to be the *good*; which is, as it were, the helm or instrument of government, whereby the fabric of the world is preserved without discomposure or decay. I am, said I, entirely of your opinion, and was in part apprized of what you have said, before you spoke. I believe it, said she, for I perceive your eyes are now more open to behold the truth: but what I have yet further to say is no less conspicuous.

Since

Since God is most truly believed to govern all things by the helm, as it were, of *Goodness*; and since all things, as I have told you, have a natural bent and propensity to the *good*; it cannot be doubted, but that they are under a voluntary regulation, and spontaneously resign themselves to the commands of their disposer, as if their wills and dispositions were entirely adapted to his own: for that government cannot be happy, which consists in restraining the refractory and not in the preservation of the obedient. There is nothing then, while it pursues the dictates of nature, which endeavours to oppose the will of God; but if it should, it never could prevail against him, whom, by being most happy, I have already proved to be most powerful: nor is there any thing which will or can resist this *sovereign good*: it is therefore the *sovereign good*, which powerfully governs and harmoniously disposes all things.

How charming, said I, is the method of your reasoning! but how much more the sweetness of your discourse! inasmuch, that even folly itself might be silenced, and ashamed of her own boasting. You have heard, said she, the fable of the giants rebelling against heaven, and of their being destroyed by the divine power according to their demerits. But give me leave to endeavour, by a collision of the foregoing arguments themselves to give you some farther sparks of light into the mysteries of truth. It is beyond all doubt, that God is omnipotent; there is nothing then, which he who is omnipotent cannot do: but God cannot do evil: therefore evil is nothing; since he cannot do that, who can do all things. Do you play upon me, said I, in forming such an inextricable labyrinth of arguments, sometimes beginning where you ended, and sometimes ending where you began? Or do you endeavour to perplex plain truths, by describing a kind of mysterious circle of the divine simplicity? for beginning at happiness, you said it was the *sovereign good*, and that it existed in the *sovereign God*: and you disputed

puted likewise, that God himself was the *sovereign good* and the fullness of happiness: from whence you drew this favourable inference, that he who was happy was also a God. Again, you said, that the very *form of good*, was the substance of God and happiness; and that the unity itself, which all things naturally seek after, was the very *good*. You have maintained likewise, that God governs all things by the means or helm, as it were, of *goodness*; that all things spontaneously obey him; and that evil hath no existence in nature: and these points you have explained by no extraneous illustrations, but only verifying one by another, supported them by evidence merely intrinsic and of their own production. Very far, said she, are all ludicrous intentions from my heart, having been enabled by God himself, whose assistance we just now invoked, to examine into matters of the greatest moment: for such is the form of the divine substance, that it neither intermingles itself with extraneous things, nor suffers them to be intermingled with it: but is as *Parmenides* calls it:

Essence of sphere-like form, self-poised, and perfect;

being the spring, which moves the whole creation but remains itself immoveable. And if I have not sought for arguments from things without; but have produced those only, which lie within the compass of the subject of which I have treated; you have no reason to be surprized, it being *Plato's* rule: that expressions ought to bear an affinity with the matter in debate.

*Happy the lot! to view with ravish'd eyes,
The fountains whence eternal joys arise.
Happy the flight! on angel's wings to soar,
And scorn the earth, and wear her chains no more.*

*In Fable this was taught by Bards of old;
Tho' feign'd, instructive is the story told.*

*When the inspired Thracian lost his mate,
And mourn'd Eurydice's untimely fate;
Tho' his melodious notes the groves obey'd,
And danc'd in tuneful measures as he play'd;
Tho' rapid streams awhile forgot to run,
And in his warbling accents lost their own;
Tho' as his strings the mighty artist ply'd,
The Hind stood list'ning by the Lion's side;
The Dog no more pursu'd the trembling Hare;
And Savages no longer savage were:
Yet all his art too feeble was to prove,
A charm for sorrow, or a cure for love.
Great was his pow'r, his anguish greater still,
And his disease superior to his skill;
His skill was fruitless on himself alone,
And he subdu'd all passions but his own.
To mighty Jove his suppliant hands he rear'd,
But Jove was deaf, nor his petitions heard:
To the infernal powers he next apply'd,
And there the prevalence of music try'd;
Invok'd Calliope his mother's aid,
And the melodious strains she taught, he play'd;
He pray'd and sung what artless woe could do,
Or love inspire, which e'en imbitter'd woe:
King of the shades! restore my ravish'd bride;
Oh! give me my Eurydice he cry'd:
Eurydice aloud the gloomy shades reply'd,
The wakeful Cerb'rus ceas'd his hideous roar,
Amaz'd at soothing sounds unheard before;*

The

*The restless vengeance of the Furies slept,
 And the inexorable Sisters wept ;
 Ixion stopt, and list'ning o'er his wheel,
 His doom suspended for a while stood still ;
 Tantalus crav'd the running stream no more,
 But sought with greedy eyes th' enchanting shore ;
 The Vultur respited the Giants pain,
 And while he feasted on th' harmonious strain,
 The wounds, forever doom'd to bleed, were heal'd again.
 It is enough : the yielding monarch cry'd :
 Music has vanquish'd Me, redeem'd thy Bride ;
 Yet know, if, e'er you've pass'd the bounds of night,
 Tow'rd the lov'd prize thou cast thy 'mpatient fight,
 She's lost forever ; and her dear-bought charms
 Irrevocably vanish from thy arms.
 But oh ! what sov'reign pow'r can lovers awe ?
 Love takes no dictates, but his own, for law :
 Away he flew, yet ere the limits cross'd,
 One glance, he cry'd, kind pow'rs ! for all my cost,
 And thus Eurydice was won, beheld—and lost.
 The Fables moral to yourselves apply,
 Who look tow'rd heav'n with an unsteady eye ;
 If meaner objects shall the sight profane,
 You seek the lustre of the skies in vain,
 Which like Eurydice is lost, nor found again.*

The End of the Third Book.

T H E
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY.
B O O K IV.

A R G U M E N T.

Philosophy demonstrates, that wicked men are really unhappy and impotent, and the good assuredly both happy and powerful; God who is the fountain of all goodness, happiness and power, being not only the Creator, but disposer of the universe, and the sole dispenser, in his own good time, of rewards and punishments to his creatures, according to their deserts or demerits: Hence Philosophy proceeds to define Providence, and to shew the difference between her and Fate; as also that her dispensations, however they may thwart our hopes, being always regular and just, there can be no such thing as ill fortune.

NO sooner had PHILOSOPHY, who even in the gaiety of music preserved her wonted dignity of aspect and gravity of utterance, finished her melodious strains; but I, who could not yet entirely forget my trouble, interrupted her as she was preparing to continue her discourse. Kind harbinger, said I, of true and perfect light! what you have hitherto said, is as undeniably evident from its own divine testimony, as it has been invincibly supported by your arguments: and I was formerly myself not altogether ignorant

ignorant of what you have told me, tho' excess of grief had lately driven it from my remembrance. But the chief reason of my grief is this: that since the Governor of all is good, there should be any such thing as evil; or that it should escape with impunity: And I think I may appeal to yourself, that this alone is a surprising paradox: but it is a greater still, that wickedness should triumph as well as flourish; and that virtue should not only go unrewarded, but also be trampled on by the dissolute, and bear the punishment of their demerits. That these things should therefore be permitted under the government of God, who knows and can do all things, and will do nothing but that which is good, is just reason not only of my wonder but complaint:

It would indeed, said she, be most amazing and absurd, if, as you imagine, in the family of so great a master and so finely regulated, the worthless vessels should be cleansed and polished, and the more valuable be neglected. But it is not so: for if those conclusions, which I have made already, cannot be denied; I shall from thence convince you that God, of whose government we speak, has ordained that good men shall be always powerful, but the wicked contemptible and impotent; that vices never go unpunished, nor virtue unrewarded; that happiness shall always attend on innocence, and misery on offences; with many other things of this kind, which will pacify your complaints and settle your mind on a firm and solid basis. So that having already shewn you the form of true happiness, and where it dwells, I will, when all things necessary are premised, reconduct you to your native home. I will furnish your mind with wings, by the help of which she may soar aloft; and be assured, that by observing my directions, following my track, and confiding in my convoy, you shall surmount all difficulties and return in safety.

*Strong are my wings to soar, and swift to fly,
Up to the chrystal-regions of the sky;
The mind thus plum'd will higher worlds explore,
And grovel on the humble dust no more;
Now views high mounted on the verge of air,
The fighting clouds below, nor dreads the war;
The rolling air tho' warm, she yet aspires
To warmer regions, and more hallow'd fires;
Sees how the stars their various courses run,
And contemplates the glories of the sun;
Or slack's her sail to Saturn's solemn pace;
Or stretches on with Mars a swifter race;
With each revolving star pursues her way,
And shines herself a star as bright as they:
These regions known, she wings a loftier flight,
And seeks beyond the spheres for native light,
Than stars or sun more pure, more prevalently bright:
Here reigns the mighty King, whom Kings obey,
And o'er the universe extends his sway;
Unmov'd, he travels his creation o'er,
And lights and rolls the orbs, she visited before.
This glorious height to climb, the wand'rer taught,
Which now forgotten, must afresh be sought;
Hail to my native soil! all hail! she cries:
Thou well-known object of my longing eyes!
Receive an exile, exile now no more,
And I will ne'er again forsake thy shore.
If downwards thence she looks, and seeks to find
The realms of night she 'scap'd and left behind;
She smiles to see the scepter'd tyrants frown,
And claim their terrors from the skies alone,
Yet barr'd forever thence, and to the skies unknown.*

Oh!

Oh! Patroness, said I, what mighty things you teach me to expect! nor do I doubt, but that you will enable me to obtain them: let me not therefore be delayed a moment from pursuing that glorious object, to which you have raised my hopes. Come on, said she, and in the first place, you are to be informed, that good men are always powerful, and the wicked altogether impotent; propositions, that are easily demonstrated by each other: for since good and evil are contraries; that which proves the power of the one, will likewise prove the impotency of the other; and if the weakness of the one appears, the strength of the other is by consequence apparent: but for your more abundant satisfaction, I shall proceed both ways, and both ways confirm my propositions.

All human actions depend on the will and power; and if either of these are wanting, nothing can be accomplished: for if there be no will, no action is attempted; and if there be no power, the will is fruitless: so that, if you see any one desirous of obtaining that which he does not obtain, you cannot doubt but that he wanted the power of obtaining that of which he was so desirous: and on the contrary, whenever you see any one accomplish that which he has a mind to do, it is evident that he had the power of so doing: therefore every one is to be esteemed powerful on account of that which he can do, and impotent in that which he cannot do. Now I have already proved, that it is the universal bent of men's will, to seek after happiness, tho' by different ways: and that happiness is the true and perfect *good*; so that all who seek the one, desire the other: therefore all men, good as well as bad, without distinction endeavour to obtain this good: but it is certain, that by the obtaining of good, men become good: therefore good men obtain that which they desire. For if evil men were to obtain that good which they desire, they could not be evil. So that since both are desirous of this good, which is obtained by the one, and not by the other, there

there is no doubt, but that the good are powerful and the evil impotent.

Again, if one and the same natural office is proposed to be performed by two several men, of whom the one performs it by the common natural method, but the other not being able so to do, makes use of other means than those which nature has appointed, yet cannot effect, but only counterfeits the performance; which of the two must be esteemed the man of most ability? altho' I guess, said I, at what you aim; yet I could wish to hear it more particularly explained. For instance then, said she; Walking is a motion appointed by nature to mankind, and this office is to be performed by the feet; now if one man be able to perform this motion regularly by his feet, and another whose feet are unable to perform their natural office, endeavours to walk upon his hands; which of these ought to be esteemed the ablest man? I beseech you, said I, proceed; for no one doubts but that he who can perform the natural office has more ability than he who cannot. So, said she, the *sovereign good* is the common aim and desire both of bad and good men; which the good pursue by the natural means of virtue only, but the wicked endeavour after by all the different ways which their fantastic appetites suggest, and which are not the natural methods of obtaining it. 'Tis very true, said I, and hence it plainly follows, that the former must be powerful, and the latter impotent. You have well prevented me, said she, which, as physicians use to observe, is a hopeful symptom of the elasticity and vigour of your constitution: and since I find your apprehension is so apt and lively, I shall continue the method of my discourse and form of my conclusions.

And now you may observe how apparent the impotency of the wicked is, who are unable even to arrive at that condition, to which they are not only prompted, but in a manner compelled by their own natural propensity. And how wretched were their lot, should

should they be deprived of this great, this almost invincible assistance of preventing nature! Consider too, of what unhappy consequence this impotency is: since they are not mean or trivial prizes which they aim at, and cannot obtain; but they are defective even in the fundamental point and sum of all felicity: nor do the wretches gather any of that fruit, for which they labour night and day; whilst good men are eminently powerful in obtaining what they desire: and as you would esteem him the ablest walker, whose feet have carried him to the goal beyond which there is no possibility of passing; so must it be concluded, that he is the mightiest man, who has obtained the ultimate end of all his wishes, beyond which there is nothing to be desired: from whence it follows, by way of reverse, that wicked men have no ability or power at all. For if they turn aside out of the paths of virtue and follow vicious courses, because they know not that which is good; there is nothing more weak and helpless than the blindness of ignorance: if they know what they ought to follow but are diverted from pursuing it by the allurements of sensuality; their impotence is manifestly proved by their intemperance, in not being able to resist the temptations of vice: but if knowingly and wilfully they desert the good, and turn aside to evil; they lose not only their power, but their being: since those, who relinquish and disclaim the common end of all beings, at the same time cease to be.

It may perhaps seem incredible to some, that wicked men, who are the majority of mankind, should have no being; but nevertheless it is really so. That evil men are evil is not denied; but I deny, purely and simply, that they *are*: for, as a carcass may be called a dead man, but not simply a man; so I will readily own, that vicious men are evil, but not absolutely that they *are*: since that only can be said to *be*, which perseveres in the design and intention of its being, and preserves its nature; and that which deviates
from

from these purposes, abdicates that being, which by nature it is entitled to. But, you will say, that evil men have power to act ; it is not denied ; their power however is not derived from their ability, but from the reverse ; for they have power to do evil, which they would not have been able to do, could they have persevered in doing good : and this power is an evident proof that they have no power at all ; for since evil is already demonstrated to be nothing, it is manifest, that if wicked men can do only evil, they can do nothing.

And that you may have a clear view of the extent of this power, I argue thus : There is nothing more powerful than the *sovereign good*, as has been proved already : but the *sovereign good* cannot do evil : will any one therefore in his wits believe that men can do all things ? But they can do evil : therefore, since that which can do only good, can do all things, and such as have the power also of doing evil cannot do all things, the power of the latter is manifestly inferior to that of the former. And this is still further illustrated by what I have already shewn you, that all power is to be reckoned among the things desirable ; and that all things which are desirable, are to be ranked under the notion of good, as the very principle of their nature : but the power of committing sin cannot be ranked under the notion of good : therefore it is not desirable : but all power is desirable : therefore it is manifest, that the power of doing evil is not power. So that from all which has been said, the power of good men and the imbecillity of evil is undoubtedly apparent. And the opinion of *Plato* is likewise fully verified : that wise men alone are able to obtain what they desire ; but that the wicked, altho' they may indeed do what they please, yet cannot accomplish that which they desire ; for they are doing then what they please, when by those actions which gratify their their appetites, they imagine they shall obtain that *sovereign good*, which is the object of their desire ; yet can they not accomplish it, since impiety is not the way to happiness.

T'unwary

*T'unwary minds it seems a glorious thing,
 To mount the throne of pow'r and be a King :
 Divinely bright his purple robes appear,
 And his arm'd guards a thousand terrors wear ;
 Affrighted nations tremble at his frown,
 And he has priv'lege to be mad alone :
 But if aside be drawn the enchanting skreen,
 And were the man without the monarch seen ;
 Not shackled slaves wear heavier chains than he,
 Nor is th' oppressor from oppression free :
 Now lust usurps the empire of his heart,
 And sends her deadly bane thro' every part ;
 Now is his soul to headstrong rage resign'd,
 Loud and tumultuous as the waves or wind ;
 Now troubles his distracted bosom rend,
 And now deceitful hopes his swelling breast distend.
 So many tyrants are oppos'd in vain,
 Nor can a single arm their power restrain ;
 Too weak to perfect what he wishes done,
 The royal slave to these resigns his throne,
 And to their arbitrary will submits his own.*

Seeing vice is then so loathsome and deforming, and virtue so illustrious and ornamental ; it is manifest, that good men never go unrewarded, nor the impious escape unpunished. For the motive or end of every action may very truly be said to be its reward ; as a crown, which is the prize of a race, is the reward of him that wins it : but happiness has been proved to be that *sovereign good*, which is the end of all men's actions : therefore that *sovereign good* is no other than their reward. It is indeed inseparable from good men : for he cannot properly be called so, who wants this good ; which is a

further demonstration, that virtue cannot lose its reward, but maugre all the rage and envy of the wicked, shall inherit a never-failing crown of never-fading lustre; and no violence shall deprive a virtuous mind of her own peculiar honours. If indeed she sets her heart on any foreign acquisitions, she may be deprived of these by any other, or even by the hand which gave them: but since virtue is its own reward, no man can lose it but by ceasing to be virtuous. Lastly, since every reward is desired for no other reason than because it is good; how can it be, that he who is partaker of the good, shall not be likewise partaker of the reward? A reward, by far the greatest and most amiable of all; for if you remember that corollary which I lately gave you, you will consider, that since the *sovereign good* is happiness, all good men, because they are good, are therefore happy: but those who are happy are as gods: therefore to become gods is such a reward to good men, as cannot be impaired by time, diminished by power, or depreciated by all the art or malice of the wicked.

Now since these things are so, no wise man can doubt but that punishment likewise inseparably attends on wicked men. For as good and evil, so rewards and punishments are directly opposites, the one being as necessarily punished, as the other is rewarded; and as virtue is herself the reward of the virtuous, so vice is itself the punishment of the vicious. Now every one who is subject to punishment, will readily own that he is subject to evil; if men would therefore behold their condition in this light, they cannot think themselves in any wise exempt from punishment, when impiety, which of all evils is the greatest, is that to which they are not only subject, but wholly abandoned.

But by taking a view of the opposite state of good men, you will see in what manner the impious are punished: for I have told you, that every thing which exists is one; and that this one is good; the
consequence

consequence of which is, that every thing which hath existence is likewise good. By this means therefore whatsoever deviates from good, ceases to be; so that evil men cease to be what they were: but their human shape which remains shews that they were men: therefore, as they have abandoned themselves to the practice of evil, they have abandoned human nature. And since virtue alone is able to raise men above the state of humanity, it must of necessity be, that when that state is altered by their vices, they are debased below its dignity. Hence it is, that when you see a man thus transformed by his vices, you do not think he deserves the appellation of a man. If he is covetous and violently rapacious of other men's properties, you compare him to a Wolf; if brawling and litigious, to a Dog; if wily and deceitful, to a Fox; if furiously passionate and boisterous, to a Lion; if timorous and frightened by imaginary dangers, to a Hart; if slothful and stupid, to an Ass; if wavering and inconstant to his purposes, to a Bird; and if libidinous and riotous, to a Swine. In fine, since he who by abandoning his virtue abandons his humanity, can never partake of the divine nature; he must necessarily assume that of a brute.

* *When winds and fate the Grecian Wand'rer bore
To Circe's arms, and her enchanted shore,*

P 2

The

* According to *Hesiod*, *Circe* was the daughter of *Sol*, and the nymph *Perse*, and sister to *Pasiphae*, wife of *Minos* the Second. *Homer*, who delivers a great number of Fables concerning her, makes her sister to *Aeta*, King of *Colchis*. She had studied the nature of simples thoroughly, and knew their uses; but having often employed her art in making up poisonous draughts, she commonly passed for a sorceress. *Apollonius*, in his poem on the *Argonauts*, says, this Princess had poisoned the King of the *Sarmatians*, her own husband; and that her father *Apollo*, had rescued her from the enraged multitude, by transporting her in his chariot into *Italy*. *Virgil* and *Ovid*, following this tradition, say, she inhabited one of the promontories of *Italy*, which afterwards

*The wanton Dame her cheerful goblets brought
Before her guests, with generous juices fraught,
But secret incantations curst the fatal draught.*

They

afterwards bore her name. But is there any probability she should come from so remote a country, and at a time, when navigation was imperfect, and so full of dangers? or shall we fall in with some Mythologists, who make her perform that voyage in a ship with sails; and pretended it was only for fable-sake, that *Apollonius* made the Sun carry her off?—Let us rather conclude, that *Circe* never was either in *Colchis* or *Thrace*; that she only passed for *Medea's* sister, because of the likeness of their characters; that they both passed for the daughters of the Sun, because they understood simples; that the bad use they made of their skill, got them the name of forceresses; and that all their pretended enchantments, were rather the effects of their beauty, which drew numbers of suitors to their courts, who lost themselves in a voluptuous life, than of any magical operations. I must add here a remark of *Strabo*, which I think very judicious.—He alledges that *Homer* having heard people talk of *Jason's* expedition to *Colchis*, and knowing all the Fables which had been vended concerning *Medea* and *Circe*, took occasion from the resemblance of their characters, to say that they were sisters, tho' they lived in very distant countries: the one on the borders of the *Euxine Sea*; and the other on the coast of *Italy*. And the same poet speaking of the *Phœnicians*, an ignorant, indolent people, in order to give a marvellous air to his narration, made them dwell together in the middle of the ocean. In a word, *Circe* was a beautiful woman, who had some intrigues on the coasts of *Italy*, about the time of the *Trojan* war; and having revenged herself on her rivals, and others that despised her, was afterwards called an inchantress.

ABBE BAMIER.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the *Tuscan* mariners transform'd,
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
On *Circe's* island fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,

Had

*They drink, and monsters from the mixture flow,
 A strange variety of comic woe:
 Here, vanishes a mighty warrior's face,
 And a long swinish snout supplies its place;
 There, a grim Lion's fiery eye-balls roll,
 And shaggy paws embrace the pois'nous bowl,
 This mourns his fate, while neighb'ring shepherds fly,
 And to his howl the mountain Wolves reply;
 Another in a Tyger's form appears,
 And all the savage but his fierceness, shares;
 The wary chief alone escapes the spell,
 By heav'n protected from th' assaults of hell;*

Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields;
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbow'r'd,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Off'ring to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before.

MILTON.

But

*But the mean crew drink deep th' infected wine,
 And wallow in the mire, a herd of Swine;
 Root up the soil, despise their wonted food,
 And range for acorns in the neighb'ring wood;
 Quite lost to manhood, very swine they seem
 In shape and voice, and act, and grunt like them;
 Yet still the mind maintains her station well,
 Tho' mourns retir'd within her homely cell,
 The ruin'd mansion where she's doom'd to dwell.
 Weak is the forc'refs's pow'r and vain her art,
 To raise the fortrefs of the noblest part,
 Subdues the limbs, but leaves impregnable the heart.
 But oh! th' insinuating bane beware,
 Poisons more potent, and more deadly far,
 That to the souls recess their stings convey,
 And scorn th' unheeded trunk, a bootless prey;
 And while the mortal live, th' immortal parts decay.*

I must indeed confess, said I, that impious men, tho' they retain their human shape, do nevertheless become mere brutes in nature; but think it ought not to be in their power to pursue the virtuous to destruction. Nor is it in reality so, said she, as I will shew you in its proper place. But if this seeming power was taken from them, they would escape no inconsiderable part of their punishment; and incredible as it may seem, ill men must of necessity be more unhappy when they can, than when they cannot accomplish their desires: for if it is a miserable thing to be willing, it is much more so, to be able to perpetrate their crimes; will without power being wholly ineffectual: so that as every man's misery is proportioned to his demerits, he must undergo a triple share, who not only will and can, but doth commit offences. I grant all this, said I, but yet cannot restrain

strain my earnest desires, that they may be speedily relieved from this unhappiness by being deprived of the power of doing mischief. They will, said she, be relieved from it sooner perhaps than either you can wish, or they themselves believe; there being nothing of so slow a course within the narrow limits of this mortal life, that the soul especially, which is immortal, can think to wait for long: the mightiest hopes and subtlest schemes of machination being often disappointed by a sudden death, which puts an end at once to all the misery which attends them. For if wickedness makes men miserable, the longer they continue in it the more miserable they are; and I should think them so in the superlative degree, were not death to put a period to their crimes; it being manifest, that those miseries are infinitely beyond comparison, which appear to be eternal.

Although, said I, this inference is very wonderful and difficult to be allowed, yet I must acknowledge, that it is but too plain a consequence from the premises already granted. You are in the right, said she, but whoever thinks a conclusion too rigid and unpalatable for his consent, ought to prove some of the premises false, or that they are not, as they are stated, productive of a necessary consequence: there being no room to cavil at the latter, when the former are granted and allowed. For tho' what I am now further about to affirm may seem no less surprising; yet it is as necessarily the consequence of what hath been premised: *viz.* That wicked men are happier in their punishment, than if they were to escape with impunity. I speak not of punishment in a sense obvious to all, as it tends to the correction and reformation of themselves, and to the terror and example of others; but I think their impunity is an addition to their misery, without any regard either to reformation or example. For it is granted, that good men are happy and bad men miserable; if then any good befalls a miserable man, he must be happier than another whose misery is not relieved by any such accession:

sion : and if any additional evil befalls a man who is already miserable in the want of all good things, he must be more unhappy than another whose misery is relieved by some accession of good. Therefore when wicked men are punished, some good befalls them in their very punishment, which is good because it is just ; and when they escape unpunished, an additional evil befalls them in their very impunity, which is evil because unjust. So that they are much more unhappy in unjustly escaping, than in justly suffering punishment. For it is manifestly just, that vice should be punished, and unjust that it should go unpunished : but it is an undeniable truth, that what is just is good, and that what is unjust is evil : the plain consequence of this, said I, is what has been before concluded : but do you reserve no punishment for souls after their separation from this mortal body ? Doubtless, replied she, they will be very great, tho' I incline to think them differing in their degree : some irreversably tormenting ; and others purgatorial, * from which the

* ————— Nor can the groveling mind,

In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind.

Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains ;
But long contracted filth, ev'n in the soul remains.

The reliques of inveterate vice they wear ;
And spots of sin obscene, in ev'ry face appear.

For this are various penances injoin'd,

And some are hung to bleach upon the wind ;

Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,

Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rest expires :

All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear ;

The few so cleans'd, to those abodes repair,

And breathe in ample fields, the soft *Elysian* air.

Then are they happy, when by length of time

The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime.

No speck is left of their habitual stains ;

But the pure æther of the soul remains.

DRYDEN'S VIRG. EN. VI. l. 995, &c.

divine

divine mercy will in time relieve them: but of these it is not our present purpose to debate.

I have only endeavoured to convince you, that the power which you thought unworthily bestowed on ill men, is indeed none at all; and that their crimes, notwithstanding your complaints of the contrary, never go unpunished: that the licence they have of oppression, which you wished they might be soon deprived of, is of no long duration; that the longer it lasts, the more miserable it is; and that it would be the most miserable circumstance which could attend them, were it to last forever: that they become more miserable by unjustly escaping than by justly suffering; and that by consequence, impunity is to them the greatest and severest punishment.

Upon a due consideration of your arguments, said I, your inferences all are undeniable; but few are to be found among the race of men who will either give credit or attention to them. 'Tis very true, said she; for the beams of truth are too dazzling to be surveyed by those, whose eyes have been long blinded and accustomed to the dark; who resemble those birds who fly abroad and see by night, but are not able to behold the day; and who ascribe happiness to the power and impunity of the wicked, because they do not consider the general course and order of things, so much as their own corrupt affections. But observe what is established by the eternal law; that if you set your heart upon virtue, you will stand in need of no rewarder; for you have bestowed upon yourself the greatest happiness: if you pursue the paths of vice, you will stand in need of no avenger; for you have plunged yourself into the greatest misery: and that as fully and effectually by your own free agency, as if you were by turns surveying the fordid earth and the exalted sky, you should without any exterior constraint, but by the force of your sight alone, seem while you beheld the one to be groveling in the dust, and while you gazed on the other to be conversant with the stars.

Q

But

But these, said I, are not the objects of vulgar contemplation. No matter, said she, we are not to enlist ourselves with those, who are proved to have debased themselves into the resemblance of brutes. What if one man has lost his sight, and forgetting that he ever had it, should think he wanted no part of human perfection; are we to think all others blind who really see? For to such a one it will likewise appear incongruous, tho' supported by reasons equally valid and undeniable, that those who offer injuries are more unhappy than those who suffer them. For example, it cannot be denied, that every wicked man deserves punishment: but those who are wicked are unhappy: therefore those who deserve punishment are unhappy. If then you were yourself presiding in the seat of judgment, on whom would you incline to pass your sentence; on him who did, or who received the wrong? Doubtless, said I, I should give satisfaction to the offended by punishing the offender. Therefore, replied she, you are convinced, that he who offered the injury is more miserable than he to whom it was offered. So that for this and other reasons depending on the same principle, for that impiety of its own nature necessarily makes men miserable, it is apparent, that every injury proves a misfortune to him who offers, and not to him who suffers it.

But on the contrary, orators now-a-days endeavour to excite the pity and compassion of the judges in the behalf of such as have suffered some great and crying injury, which is much more justly due to those who committed it; who ought to be brought to judgment by their accusers, not out of anger and revenge, but with all the tender circumstances of pity and compassion, like sick men to their physician, that by punishment they may be duly purged of their criminal infection: thus would the oratory of the bar be either wholly silent, or if they would render it beneficial to mankind, be wholly confined to accusation. Even the offenders themselves, if they could recover the smallest ray of that heavenly virtue from
whose

whose guidance they had strayed, would see and know, that by suffering punishment, they should wipe off the stains of their offences; and for the sake of such a compensation would not look upon themselves as sufferers, but refuse the assistance of their advocates, and submit themselves entirely to the charge of their accusers, and decision of their judges. Hence it is, that wise men harbour no hatred in their breasts; for none but fools can hate the good, and no reasonable man will hate the wicked; the mind being, as it were, distempered by vice, as the body is by sickness: and since bodily distempers engage our pity, not provoke our hatred; there is much stronger reason that impiety, a disease by far the most malignant, should be an object of the former rather than the latter.

*What cruel motives can revenge excite?
Or to the guilty scene of blood invite?
If death you seek, behold his fatal darts
Are ever ready to transfix your hearts.
Are Tygers satiated with human gore?
And savage Lions savage now no more?
That human vengeance must the steel employ,
And man, with more than brutal rage, destroy.
Is it that one is not like others good,
That with infernal hate he is pursu'd?
Happy were all in virtue's paths agreed!
But must a victim for the difference bleed?
Not that all deeds are set at equal price,
But here alone the partial difference lies,
Virtue behold with fond, offence with piteous eyes.*

By all this, said I, I plainly see what happiness or misery ought to be ascrib'd to the particular merits of good or bad men; but yet

upon the strictest examination, I cannot but think that some portion of each depends upon the will of fortune. For there is none, even of the wisest, would chuse poverty, contempt and banishment, rather than to live in plenty and authority under the protection of his native country: and wisdom never exerts herself to greater advantage or more conspicuously, than when the happiness of governors in some measure circulates among the people, and when especially the iron hand of the law is employed only in the punishment of offenders, for whose correction it was at first designed. As I cannot therefore but very much admire why these things are diverted from their intended course; and why the innocent are condemned to undergo the punishment ordained for guilt, whilst the guilty enjoy the rewards and favour due to innocence; I desire you will explain the reason of this partial dealing and unjust confusion. My wonder indeed would cease, could I imagine that the world was governed by fortuitous causes; but I am the more astonished, as it is under the disposal and government of God himself: for though the virtuous often share his blessings, and the wicked feel his vengeance; yet he often likewise resigns the former to affliction, and permits the latter to obtain the full extent and scope of their desires: and unless the reason why these things are so appears, what difference is there between fortuitous and divine dispensations? It is no wonder, replied she, that those who know not the reason of his proceedings, should think them sometimes inadvertent and undistinguishing. But though it is not given you to know the reason of his mysterious counsels; yet since he is good as well as great who rules the world, you need not doubt but that all things are disposed and regulated as they ought.

*A stranger to the starry worlds on high,
And to the beauteous order of the sky;*

Who

Who knows not, that Bootes' axles roll
 Near the high summit of the northern pole;
 Nor why the clown retards his lazy wain,
 Nor seeks refreshment in the cooling main,
 But e'er his journey ends, resumes his stage again;
 May justly wonder how these things can be,
 And stand astonish'd at the mystery;
 So, when the gloom of earth o'erveil'd the moon,
 And screen'd her borrow'd lustre from the Sun;
 When pale her cheeks, extinguish'd all her light,
 And the inferior stars usurp'd the night;
 Th' astonish'd croud ran shouting to her aid,
 And with a peal of medley sounds essay'd,
 From the imagin'd spell to free th' enchanted maid.
 But if the briny foam insults the shore,
 When winds provoke the war, and tempests roar;
 Or rocks of ice in silver currents run,
 Before the beams of the approaching sun;
 The heedless vulgar unamaz'd look on
 Events so common and so thoroughly known.
 The stream's mysterious when the spring's conceal'd:
 And rare events for miracles are held;
 But when the cause is found, the mystery's reveal'd.

It is very true indeed, said I, but as you alone are able to discover these secret causes, and unfold their intricacies; and as they are mysteries which very much perplex me; I beg that you will be distinct and particular in the explication of them. You require, said she smiling, a disquisition which is indeed of the highest importance, but a task to which I am scarcely equal; it being matter of such a nature, that one doubt is no sooner cleared, than others innumerable,

like

like *Hydra's* heads, arise, and would indeed be endless if not encountered by a strong and vigorous understanding. For questions concerning the simplicity of *providence*, the course and order of *fate*, *chance*, *divine knowledge* or *predestination*, and *free-will*, naturally arise in this debate; and of how great moment these are, you are not insensible. But, as the knowledge of these matters will conduce to the performing that cure upon you which I have undertaken, I will endeavour to treat as largely of them as my compass will permit me: and how entertaining soever the *Muse's* interludes may have been, you must be contented with her silence for awhile, till I have finished the course of this dissertation.

Use your pleasure, said I: and then laying her foundation, as it were, on a new principle, she thus begun: the generation of all things, and every progression of mutable beings, and whatsoever is by any means subject to motion, receive their causes, order and forms from the stability of the divine mind; which being collected, as it were, within the fortress of its own purity and simplicity appoints a various mode of dispensation; which mode, beheld in the purity of the divine understanding, is called *Providence*; but when applied to those things which are moved and disposed by it, was by the ancients called *Fate*. And the difference of these will manifestly appear to any one, who examines the power and efficacy of both. For *Providence* is that divine mind, seated in the supreme governor and creator of the world, which disposes all things; and *Fate* is the disposition inherent to all moveable things, by which *Providence* frames them in their proper orders. *Providence* comprehends all things alike, tho' different and infinite; but *Fate* puts each particular into motion; according as it is distributed and assigned to places, forms and time: so that the assigning and appointing of all temporal order, as comprehended in the conception of the divine mind, may be termed *Providence*; and this comprehension, being distributed and appointed

appointed to times, may be called *Fate*. And tho' they are different, yet the one has a dependence on the other. For the order of *fate* proceeds from the simplicity of *Providence*; and as an artificer having first conceived in his mind the fashion of the thing he intends to make, goes on to effect his work, and brings that thro' several series and courses of time to perfection, of which he had before only conceived a pure and simple idea; so God disposeth and appoints all things that are to be done, singly and immoveably by *Providence*; but administers those things which he has so disposed and appointed, with regard to forms and times, by *Fate*. Therefore, whether *Fate* be actuated by certain divine spirits which are the instruments of *Providence*, or whether it owes its course and motions to a soul, or to the general consent of nature, or to the influence of the stars, or to the ministration of angels, or to diabolic arts, or some or all of these; it is nevertheless manifest, that *Providence* is the immoveable and simple form of things appointed to be done; and *Fate* the moveable frame and temporal order of those things which the divine simplicity hath so appointed. So that all things which are subject to *Fate*, are subject likewise to *Providence*, because *Fate* itself is so: but there are some things, which tho' subject to *Providence*, are yet above the degree and jurisdiction of *Fate*; which, being immoveably seated near the sovereign and divine presence, are superior to the order of mobility over which *Fate* presides. For, as in several circles turning round the same centre, the inmost partakes the most of the simplicity of the central point, being in a manner the pole round which all the other circles turn; and the outmost, rolling round a greater compass, is so much the more dilated, as it is distant from the middle and indivisible point; but whatsoever connects and unites itself to that point, is constrained to participate of its simplicity, and cannot be dilated or removed: so, the farther any thing separates itself from the divine mind, the more it is entangled

gled in the bonds of *Fate*; and the nearer it approaches to that centre of the universe, the less it is embarrassed by them; but if it unites himself to the stability of the former, it becomes immoveable and superior to the controul of the latter. So that the moveable order of *Fate* is in comparison to the immoveable simplicity of *Providence*, as ratiocination is to the intellect, as that which is procreated to that which is self-existent, as time to eternity, or as a circle to its centre.

It is this order of *Fate* which gives motion to the heavens and planets; which tempers the disagreeing elements together, and by a commutation of each others parts, transforms them into a variety of beings; which carries on a succession of plants and animals by a similar progression of seeds and sexes; and which constrains the actions and fortunes of men by an indissoluble chain of causes, which as they derive their first source from that *Providence* which is immoveable, must of necessity likewise be themselves immutable. For the world cannot be better governed, than if that purity which exists in the divine mind may ordain an unavoidable series of causes, which may restrain things otherwise fluctuating and given to change by its own immutability: and by this means, how universally soever things may seem confused and perplexed to men who are not capable of comprehending this order; every thing is by its own nature directed and disposed to good: there being nothing done for the sake of evil, even by the most flagitious, which are proved to be misled by error in their pursuit of good; much less can this order, which proceeds from the centre of the *sovereign good*, seduce any one from its own principle.

But you will say, what confusion can be greater, or more unjust than this, that good men shall share in afflictions as well as blessings; and that wicked men shall as often triumph in prosperity, as suffer in adversity? Are men then now adays endowed with so much integrity of judgment, that all must of necessity be good or bad, whom

whom they are pleased to think so? Yet even in this opinions differ; and such as appear meritorious to some, are often thought by others criminal. But supposing opinion to be decisive, and capable of distinguishing between the good and bad: is it possible therefore to survey the inward state and temper of the mind, and judge of it as clearly as of the body? It is matter of wonder to the unskilful, why in healthy bodies, sweet things should be most grateful to some palates, and bitter to others; and why in sickness, some are only to be restored by gentle, and others again by sharper remedies: but it is none to a physician who discerns the different temperaments of the health, and kinds of maladies. As virtue therefore is the health, and vice the sickness of the soul, God, who is its guide and great physician, can alone preserve the one and expel the other; who from the high observatory of his *Providence* beholds and knows the necessities of all, and provides for each accordingly. And hence it is, that the order and course of *Fate* is so amazing; it being natural for the ignorant to wonder at the operations of the skilful.

But that I may, so far as human reason is capable of comprehending, touch a little upon the unfathomable depth of the divine knowledge; I must tell you, that the man who seems most upright and just in your eyes, may appear quite otherwise to the omniscient Being.

"Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

said *Lucan.*

"Victorious Cesar by the Gods was crown'd;

"The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd:

Rowe's Transl.

So that whatever dispensations thwart your hopes, their course is certainly regular and just, however ruinous and confused they may seem in your opinion. But though a man may have behaved himself so well, that both heaven and earth approve his conduct; he may yet want sufficient fortitude of mind to support him through any adversity which might befall him, and might perhaps chuse to forfeit his innocence rather than his fortunes: *Providence* may therefore in her wisdom spare him, whose integrity might be endangered by affliction, and guard him from sufferings which he is not able to bear. Another may be so perfect in all virtues, so holy and so far improved into the likeness of God himself, that *Providence* may think it unjust that any afflictions, so much even as bodily diseases should befall him; for as one, more excellent than I, has said:

* *Virtue builds up the bodies of the just.*

It likewise often happens that the reins of government are entrusted in the hands of just men, in order to check the growth of immorality and prophaneness. Others may have mixed allotments of prosperity and adversity, according to the disposition of their minds; for some would surfeit on uninterrupted pleasure, and others by exercising their patience are the more confirmed in virtue. Some are too diffident of, and others too presuming upon their own

* It is supposed that our author meaneth here *Hermes*, surnamed *Trismegistus*, or three times great, an *Egyptian* Philosopher, who lived in the year of the world 2076, in the reign of *Ninus*.—He was the first that began to leave off astrology, to admire the other wonders of nature. He proved there was but one God, Creator of all things. He divided the day into twelve hours, from his observation of a certain animal consecrated to *Serapis* by the *Egyptians*, which made water twelve times a day at a certain interval. He is also thought to be the first who divided the zodiac into twelve signs.

POLYDORE VIRGIL.

patience;

patience; and such perhaps may be afflicted that they may know themselves. Some have been celebrated by posterity for their gallant sufferings, and rewarded with the crown of martyrdom; others impregnable to the severest tortures, have afforded glorious examples, that virtue is not to be conquered by oppression. And there is no doubt but that all these dispensations are just and regular, and for the good of those to whose lot they seem to fall.

In the same manner, we may account for the different portions of prosperity and adversity which befall the wicked. Adversity indeed befalls them without surprize to any, since all allow it to be just, as well for the example of others, as for their own correction: but their prosperity affords an instructive lesson to a virtuous man, how lightly he ought to esteem worldly happiness, which he so often sees prostituting her service to such unworthy masters. Not that I believe blessings are bestowed upon them but for wise and weighty reasons: the nature of some perhaps may be so headstrong and importunate, that poverty would encrease their guilt, and precipitate them into greater crimes; for the prevention of which *Providence* may indulge them in the enjoyment of wealth and plenty. Others may be conscious of their vices, and finding their merits so unequal to their fortunes, may perhaps be awed with the apprehension of losing that wealth wherein they have placed their happiness, and by this means frightened into a reformation of their manners, and an abhorrence of their crimes. Others, by the unworthy use they make of their prosperity, are the sooner brought to that punishment which is due to their demerits. Others may have the sword of power committed to them, that they may be the instruments as well of trial to the good, as terror to the evil: for ill men are not at greater variance with the good, than they are with one another: and it may well be so, when as often as such deeds are done, as they know ought not to have been done, their own vices rend their con-

sciences, and set each one at variance with himself. So that the wisdom and power of *Providence* very often miraculously makes some ill men the instruments of reforming others : for such as think themselves injured by oppression, will out of mere hatred to their oppressors, return into their paths of virtue, that they may differ, as much as possibly they can, from those in their practice, from whom they have alienated their affections : and no power surely but that of God alone can extract good out of evil.

Every thing indeed is so necessarily confined to order, that if it deviates from that to which it was at first assigned, it must revert into some, altho' another order ; there being no disorder within the realm of *Providence*. But,

*Hard 'tis to speak of Providence, or bring
Her boundless pow'r within the bounds of language.*

Nor is it either within the compass or liberty of human thought, to conceive the reasons or methods of the divine proceeding ; much less within the power of language to explain them. Let it suffice to know, that God who is the author of all beings, directs and disposes them to good ; and as he assiduously endeavours to preserve his creatures in his own likeness, he banishes all evil by the course of destiny out of his dominions. So that if you consider *Providence* as the great disposer of all things, you must be thoroughly convinced, that none of those evils which are imagined to abound, are in reality to be found upon the face of the earth. But I see you are now so oppressed with the importance of the subject, and tired with the length of my discourse, that you require the *Muse's* numbers to refresh you, and to awaken your attention for that which yet remains.

*Pry not, fond man, too near th' eternal throne,
Nor search for mysteries to all unknown ;*

Enough

Enough is known, beheld with pious eyes,
 T' approve the great Creator just and wise.
 On heav'n's high arch unnumber'd planets ride,
 Yet an eternal law their bounds divide,
 And unimpeded all, and unimpeding glide.
 The radiant glories of the scorching sun,
 Do not extinguish but adorn the moon.
 From the steep northern brow the wakeful Bear,
 Declining ever bends her swift career ;
 Yet her refulgent orbs the summit keep,
 Light all the weary'd host of heav'n to sleep,
 But plunge not down themselves nor slumber in the deep.
 The Ev'ning Star foretels her drowsy sway,
 And Phosphor warns th' approach of cheerful day,
 By turns they flourish, and by turns decay.
 No planetary wars affright the skies,
 By mutual love inspir'd to fall and rise.
 E'en elements compose their dreadful war,
 And to the pow'r of love obedient are ;
 The moist and dry alternate sway divide,
 And heat and cold by stated laws preside ;
 The subtle fire in curling spires ascends,
 While earth subsides and to her center tends.
 Hence flow'rs adorn the fields as spring comes on,
 And harvests ripen in the summer's sun ;
 Hence fruitful autumn lavishes her store,
 And winter rains the balmy juice restore,
 That spring may smile again as gayly as before.
 Hence all the purple streams of life derive,
 And strength and vigour as they run receive ;

And

*And hence toward the gulph of death they speed,
 And hide their currents in his silent bed,
 That fresher streams may fill the channels in their stead.
 Wise the Creator who o'er all presides,
 Who forms all beings and their motion guides,
 Thus to constrain them by the pow'r of love,
 Their rapid course in circling rounds to move;
 Vain else were order, and its fences vain,
 No fences would their headlong course restrain,
 Till like barks driv'n by tempests on the shore,
 Torn from their spring, they gave their charges o'er,
 And all benumb'd in chaos mov'd no more.
 But sovereign goodness is the only end,
 To which they are inspir'd by love to bend;
 Hence, great Creator, all revert to thee,
 The sacred fountain of their entity,
 And by thy love endure, which gav'em first to be.*

The consequence then, continued she, of what I have said, is this: that all fortune is good. For be it prosperous or adverse, since it all tends either to the rewarding or exercising the virtuous, or to the punishing or reforming the wicked, it must be good, as it is apparently either just or profitable: Your argument, said I, is very just; and when I consider what you have said with relation to *Providence* and *Fate*, it seems a maxim founded on the strongest basis: but yet I hope you will allow it a place among those positions which are contrary to the received opinion; since no expression is more frequent in discourse than that of saying this or that man's fortune is very bad.

Let us then, replied she, conform a little to the common style, that we may not be thought to have receded too far from the usage of mankind. To proceed then: that which is profitable must be allowed

to be good : but those dispensations of fortune which either exercise or reform, are profitable : it cannot be denied. Therefore they are good. These indeed are the portions either of such as , having been confirmed in virtue, are proof against the assaults of adversity ; or such as, by abandoning their evil courses, return into the paths of virtue. But does the common opinion term that prosperous state of fortune *evil*, which is bestowed on good men as a reward of their virtues ? By no means , said I ; for it is unanimously esteemed the best and happiest condition in life. Or do men, continued she, think that other state of adversity good, which is allotted to incorrigible offenders as the just punishment of their crimes ? So far from that, said I, it is looked upon as the most miserable condition in the world. Be judge yourself then, said she, if we have not, even by following the common opinion, made some conclusions very different from it. For it is evident from your own concessions, that all the dispensations of fortune, whatever they may be, which are allotted to such as are either confirmed in virtue, or advancing towards it, or in pursuit of it, must be good ; but that all her evil portions are allotted to such only as are obstinate in their impiety.

It is an apparent truth, said I, though no one dares confess it. Why so ? said she, since it is as much the wise man's duty to be unmoved at the assaults of fortune, as it is the hero's to be undaunted in the day of battle : for the greater the conflict is, so much the greater means has the one of spreading and establishing his fame, and the other of exercising and confirming his wisdom : and virtue is so called, because its own proper strength alone is invincible to opposition. Neither are you, who are proficient in virtue, to suffer yourselves on the other hand to be captivated with enjoyments and dissolved in pleasure ; but to maintain your ground as resolutely against prosperity as adversity ; and with invincible obstinacy adhere to that golden mean , that you may be no more corrupted

rupted by the one, than oppressed by the other. Whoever sinks below or soars above this mark, either despises happiness, or is disappointed of it: so that it is in every one's power to make his fortune what he pleases; for all which seems adverse, if it neither exercises men's virtue, nor reforms their vices, is the just punishment of their impenitence.

*Ten summers of laborious toil it cost
The fam'd Atrides, and the Grecian host,
T'avenge the stains of Meneläus' bed,
Ere ruin'd Troy the injury repay'd.
And when his vengeance for awhile was crost,
And winds detain'd him from the hostile coast,
To bribe the pow'rs celestial to his aid,
His dearest hopes to sacrifice were led,
And his devoted daughter as a victim bled.*

*Distress'd Ulysses saw with weeping eyes,
His friends become the hungry Cyclop's prize;
But when the blinded monster rag'd with pain,
And sought for vengeance and the day in vain,
The hero's grief was into triumph turn'd,
Th' oppress'd was joyful and th' oppressor mourn'd.*

*Alcides' labours will record his name,
To latest ages in the rolls of fame:
The Centaur's arms too weak, their hoofs too slow,
To cope in fight, or scape the warrior's bow.
From Nemea's shades how dreadful he return'd
In the dead monster's shaggy spoils adorn'd!
He saw Arcadia's waste and heard her cries,
And of the ravenous Harpies clear'd the skies;
And from the wakeful Dragon seiz'd the golden prize:*

Sought

*Sought Theseus in th' infernal shades detain'd,
 Left Cerberus in chains, and freed his friend:
 The Thracian King to his own mangers bore,
 Defil'd with dire repasts and human gore:
 Lopp'd Hydra's num'rous heads, as bards have sung,
 And seer'd the teeming poisons e'er they sprung:
 Th' unequal fight when Achelöus fled,
 In vain all arts he try'd, and forms essay'd,
 Till in the stream he plung'd his shameful head.
 He pois'd Antæus in his warlike hand,
 And threw him dead upon the Libian sand.
 Cacus he slew, by his own fraud betray'd,
 Reveng'd Evander's wrongs, his awn repair'd.
 On Erimanthus' brow he seiz'd the boar,
 And stain'd his shoulders with the savage gore;
 The foaming boar upon his shoulders rode,
 But they sustain'd the last and noblest load,
 When he upheld the spheres, and so became a God.
 Let these examples ev'ry soul inspire,
 With fortitude divine, celestial fire:
 The frowns and flatt'ries of the world defy,
 Nor cease the struggle, nor the combat fly,
 But triumph o'er the earth, and triumph in the sky.*

The End of the Fourth Book.

T H E
COMFORTS of PHILOSOPHY.

B O O K V.

A R G U M E N T.

This Book, which compleats the work, treats of Chance and Free-will; and, by a chain of solid reasoning, reconciles the doctrine of the latter with the divine prescience; thereby fully justifying the equity and wisdom of a Providence in the distribution of rewards and punishments, as most effectually tending to redeem despairing minds from the terrors of being predestined to sin and misery by an unavoidable necessity.

UPON this, she was about to turn the bent of her discourse to other matters, when I interrupted her: your exhortation, said I, is very just, and highly becoming your authority: but I find by experience, that the question concerning *Providence* is, as you say, entangled with many others: therefore I desire to know, whether there be any such thing as *Chance*, and what it is. I am hastening, replied she, to fulfil my promise of shewing you the way which leads you to your native home; and though the things which you enquire after are very worthy of your knowledge, yet as they are a little out of the road to that mark at which we aim, I am apprehensive you will be too much tired with digressions, to hold out to the

the end of your journey. So far from being tiresome, said I, that it will be as refreshing to me as rest, to be informed of those things which are so delightfully instructing: besides, when every part of your discourse is founded on the basis of unquestionable truth and certainty, and every scruple is removed, there will be no room left to doubt of that which follows.

Your desires, replied she, shall then be gratified, and thus proceeded: whoever should define *Chance* to be an event produced by unadvised motion, and not by any connection or chain of causes, I should then affirm it to be nothing but an empty name, in no degree significative of the subject matter: for how can any thing be unadvised, when every thing is under the regulation of the omnipotent being? and *that from nothing nothing can proceed*, is a maxim, the truth of which none of the antients ever called in question; although they argued not from hence to prove an operating principle, but made it the foundation of a material subject, that is, the nature of all reason. But if any thing should proceed from no cause, it would proceed from nothing; which being impossible, therefore *Chance* is no such thing, as is asserted in the foregoing definition.

Is there nothing then, said I, which we may properly call *Chance* or fortuitous; or is there any thing, though concealed from common knowledge to which these appellations may be applied? *Aristotle*, replied she, in his *Physicks*, has given a short definition of it, and very near the truth. When any thing, says he, is done for a particular purpose or intent, and a certain conflux of causes produces some other thing than that which was intended, it is called *chance*. As if a man should break up ground on the account of tillage, and find a hoard of hidden treasure: this is said to happen by *chance*; but it is not from nothing, since it hath its proper causes, which by an unexpected and unforeseen conjunction produced this *chance*; for if the husbandman had not plowed the ground, and he

that hid the treasure had not likewise buried it in that very place, it had not been found. So that these are the causes of this fortuitous acquisition, it being owing to their concurrence, and not to the intention or design of any agent : for neither he who plowed the ground, nor he who hid the treasure, expected or designed it should be found : but as I said, it combined and concurred that the one should plow in that place where it was buried by the other. We may therefore define *chance* to be an unforeseen event arising from a combination of causes, in the prosecution of such things as are done for some other purpose or design. But this conflux and combination of causes is produced by that order, which is derived from the fountain of *providence*, and proceeding by inevitable connexion, disposes every thing in its proper place and season.

*Where routed squadrons vanquish as they fly,
And victors in the pride of conquest die ;
Forth from the rocky foot of Taurus' brow,
Alike Euphrates and the Tigris flow ;
Thence the divided streams pursue their way,
And o'er the plains in diff'rent channels stray ;
But as in one the meeting currents slide,
So meet the floating sails that with them glide,
And all are blended with the blending tide.
Ships then, and trunks of fallen cedars seem,
By Chance t'encounter in the mingled stream ;
Yet these to causes their conjunction owe,
To the long slope down which the waters flow,
And to their destin'd course towards the gulph below.
Tho' Chance a seeming royal scepter sways,
She reigns not lawless, nor at random strays,
But a superior pow'r commands, and she obeys.*

I under-

I understand you perfectly, said I, and allow what you say to be very true ; but in this chain of cohering-causes, is there any *freedom* of our *will* ? or does the bent of men's minds also necessarily submit to the compulsion of *fate* ? There is doubtless, said she, a *freedom* of the *will*, with which every rational being is endowed : for such as have by nature the use of reason, have likewise judgment, by which the difference of things is discerned ; and are therefore self-sufficient to distinguish between those which are to be avoided or desired : but they chuse that which seems desirable, and refuse the other : therefore all rational beings have the liberty of chusing or refusing. Not that I affirm all to have this liberty in an equal degree ; for angels and celestial beings have an unerring judgment, an incorrupt will, and power ever at command and efficacious to the obtaining their desires ; and human souls must of necessity be more free, when in the moment of creation they are solely employed in the contemplation of the divine mind, than when they fall into corporeal substances, and there become imprisoned and confined within the narrow bounds of joints and members ; but sink into the lowest state of servitude, when they become abandoned to vices and disclaim their reason. For they no sooner turn their eyes from that eternal lamp of truth which shines above, to the dark regions of the world below, than they are encumbered in a cloud of ignorance, assaulted by corrupt affections, and by yielding and surrendering to them aggravate the slavery which they had brought upon themselves, and are in some measure fettered by their own liberty. Yet the eye of *Providence* which sees all things from eternity, sees this, and disposes every thing as predestined according to its merits. As *Homer* said of the *Sun*, *He seeth and heareth all things.*

*To Phœbus, shrine the Bard address'd his lays,
And to his lustre gave mistaken praise ;*

Whose

*Whose pointleſs beams but o'er the ſurface ſweep,
 Nor pry what ſtores beneath in darkneſs ſleep,
 Within the womb of earth and boſom of the deep.
 More radiant beams are darted from on high,
 And all lies open to the Almighty's eye;
 Not hills on hills reſiſt his piercing ſight,
 Nor all the folding mantles of the night;
 The paſt, the preſent, and the future too,
 Are comprehended in his boundleſs view.
 The fountain then of ſuch reſiſtleſs rays,
 Should be the object of the Muſe's lays,
 Her ſun of adoration, ſong of praiſe.*

Now, ſaid I, a doubt ariſes, which confounds me more than ever. What is that? ſaid ſhe; but I already gueſs the cauſe of your perplexity. It ſeems to me, ſaid I, to be too great a contradiction, that God ſhould *foreſee* all things, and yet that there ſhould be any ſuch thing as *free-will*. For if he hath the *preſcience* of all things, and cannot err or be deceived; that which he *foreſees* muſt of neceſſity happen: if therefore he from eternity *foreknows* not only the actions but the deſigns and wills of men, there can be no *freedom* of the *will*; ſince no other action can be done, nor any other will ariſe, but ſuch as the divine *Providence* hath *foreſeen*, which is infallible. For if the courſe of things *foreſeen* could be diverted, there would be no certain *preſcience* of, but rather an uncertain gueſs at things to come; which would be impious to believe of God. Nor am I at all ſatisfied with the reaſoning of ſome, who have endeavoured to clear this knotty point. They ſay, that events do not therefore come to paſs, becauſe *Providence* *foreſees* that they will do ſo; but that on the contrary they muſt be *foreſeen* by *Providence*, becauſe they are to come to paſs; ſo that the neceſſity falls on the oppoſite ſide; it being not

neceſſary

necessary that those events should happen which are *foreseen*; but that those should be *foreseen* which are to happen: as if the question was, which was the cause of the other, whether *prescience* of the necessity of future events, or the necessity of future events the cause of *Providence*.

But give me leave to demonstrate, that be the chain of causes woven how it will, the event of things *foreseen* is necessary, altho' this necessity doth not seem to be imposed by their being *foreseen*. For example, if a man sits, the opinion or conjecture that he does so, must of necessity be true; and on the other hand, if this opinion be true, because he sits, he must of necessity do so: there is therefore a necessity on both sides, on the one of sitting, and on the other of truth; yet the man doth not sit because the opinion is true, but that is rather true because his sitting was antecedent to it: so that altho' the cause of the truth arises from the other side, the necessity is nevertheless common to both. In the same manner, I think, we ought to reason concerning *Providence* and future events. For allowing it to be true, that events are *foreseen* because they are to happen, and that they do not happen because they are *foreseen*; they must nevertheless be necessarily *foreseen* by God, and things *foreseen* must necessarily happen; which is alone sufficient to destroy the *freedom* of the *will*. But it is a preposterous thing to say, that temporal events are the cause of *prescience*; and to believe that God for that reason *foresees* future events because they are to happen, is no other than to think, that his high *Providence* is the effect of events which have already happened. Besides, as a thing necessarily *is*, when I know it *is*; so it will necessarily be, when I know it will be: the event therefore of a thing *foreseen* cannot be avoided.

Lastly, if I think otherwise of a thing than it really is, this is so far from being knowledge, that it is only a false opinion widely different from the truth of knowledge. For which reason, if an event

is

is not certainly and of necessity to happen, there can be no *foreknowledge* that it will do so; for as pure knowledge is free from error, so that which is conceived by it cannot be otherwise than as it is conceived: and hence it is, that knowledge cannot err; because every thing must necessarily be, as it is comprehended by her.

What then is the consequence? And how does God *foreknow* events that are uncertain? For if he imagines those things will inevitably happen, which possibly may not do so, he is deceived; which is too blasphemous to be uttered, much more to be believed. But if he judges that things shall be according to their casual circumstances, so that he knows they either may or may not happen; what manner of *prescience* is this, which is of such uncertain, such unsteady comprehension? too nearly resembling the ridiculous divination of *Tiresias*, who said: "Whatever I say, either shall or shall not be." Or how is divine *Providence* better than humane opinion, if like men, she judges doubtfully of things, the event of which is altogether uncertain? But if there can be no uncertainty in him, who is the unerring source of all things; the event of those things must be certain, which he assuredly *foreknows*. Therefore men have no *freedom* of their *wills*, or actions, since the divine mind, which has an unerring *fore-sight* of every thing, obliges and constrains them to one certain event.

And if they have not this *freedom*, what manifest confusion follows! In vain are rewards or punishments proposed to the good and evil, when neither the one can be deserved nor the other incurred by any free and voluntary motion of the soul: and that which now is thought most just, will appear to be the greatest injustice; since they are not prompted by their own *free will*, but compelled by the necessity of what must be, either to be punished or rewarded: nor will there be any such thing as virtue or vice, but rather a confused and undistinguished medley of deserts.

Hence

Hence too it follows, that as the course of every thing proceeds from *Providence*, and human *will* hath not the power of choice, our crimes must be ascribed to him who is the fountain of goodness; than which nothing can be conceived more impious and prophane: Thus will there be no reason either for hope or prayer; for why should men do either, when all they can desire is irreversibly *predestined*? So that this only commerce between God and man will be entirely broke off. And although by a due course of humility we should be thought deserving of that inestimable portion of the divine grace, which is the only means of qualifying us to converse with God, and to associate ourselves by prayer to that inaccessible source of light, before we can obtain our desires; yet if all this is believed to be unavailing, on account of the necessity of things to come; no other means are left us of uniting with and cleaving to our great Creator, but, as your Muse observed, mankind must of necessity be disjoined and separated from their principle, and be reduced to nothing.

*Can divine causes inconsistent be,
And concord from the laws of concord free?
Is such a mystic war of truths ordain'd,
That firm on seperate bases only stand,
But from coherence mutually restrain'd?
Or are they in mysterious league combin'd,
A web, for human reason too refin'd,
Involv'd in clouds, and to the fine contexture blind?
Why pants she then, for that which is decreed,
From her pursuit to lye forever hid?
Knows she the secret, which she would obtain?
Needless is then her search, her labour vain:
If wholly ignorant she knows it not,
Why gropes she thus, to find she knows not what?*

T

None

None ever wish'd for what he never knew,
 Nor can the wisest, things unknown pursue:
 Where find? tho' found, the tokens are untaught,
 By which to know the mighty prize he sought.
 Say we, the soul (e'er clogg'd with cumbrous clay)
 Basks in the beams of the celestial ray,
 And not the sum alone of myst'ry knows,
 But the dividuals which the sum compose?
 So when corporeal clouds involve her thought,
 The fair impresson is not all a blot,
 The sum's retain'd, dividuals though forgot.
 Hence truth, nor hid, nor is she fully shewn,
 Known not the whole, yet not the whole unknown:
 But we survey the sum which we retain,
 And what our souls once knew, collect again,
 And by remembrance grow as learned as we can.

This, said she, is the old complaint against *Providence*, which was the subject of much debate in *Tully's* book of *Divination*; as it has been likewise of your own particular enquiries; but by neither of you yet fully examined, or finally determined. And the cause of this difficulty is, that human reasoning is incapable of approaching the simplicity of the divine *prescience*; for if this could by any means be comprehended, there would be no room left to doubt. I shall therefore, in the first place, consider those points which give you so much uneasiness, and then endeavour to explain this difficulty and decide the question.

I would ask then, what objection you can have to that solution of this matter, which by supposing *prescience* to impose no necessity on future events, allows the *freedom* of the *will* to be altogether un-
 ob-

obstructed and unimpeded by it? For you draw no argument of this necessity from any other proposition than this; that those things which are *foreseen*, cannot but come to pass: but if *foreknowledge* imposes no such necessity, as even you yourself was inclined to confess, the issue of things must be voluntary, and is not compelled to any certain event.

Now observe what is the consequence, upon a supposition only that there is no *prescience*. Must then those events which proceed from *free will*, exclusive I mean of any other motive, be subject to necessity? By no means. Again, let us allow that there is a *prescience*, but that it imposes no necessity on future events; then must the *freedom* of the *will*, for ought I can see to the contrary, remain as entire and absolute as if there was no *prescience*.

But you will say, that though *prescience* is not the necessary cause of future events; yet it is a sign, that they shall necessarily come to pass. By this means then, things to come would be manifestly subject to necessity, even although they were not *foreseen*: for every sign shows only what a thing may be, but does not effect that of which it is a sign. Wherefore it must first be proved, that every thing happens by necessity, before it can appear that *foreknowledge* is a sign of this necessity: since if there be no such thing as the one, the other can be no sign of that which is not. Besides, a proof which is built on solid reason, is not to be drawn from signs or far-fetched arguments, but from causes apt and necessary.

But how is it possible, that things should not come to pass, when it is *foreseen* that they will happen? I do not say, we ought to think those things will not happen, which *Providence foresees* will do so; but we are rather to think, that although they happen, yet have they no necessity in their nature, which compells them to it; which I shall thus illustrate; we behold many things while they are doing within our view, such as a charioteer is seen to do in

guiding and managing a sett of horses, and the like: but these things are under no compulsion of necessity to be so done; since if they moved by compulsion, the rules of art would be in vain: such things therefore as, while doing, are under no present necessity of being done, cannot before they are set about, be under any future necessity that they shall be done. So that some things will come to pass, the event of which is altogether unconstrained by necessity: and though none will say that such things as are at present done, before they were so done, were not to happen; yet were they ever so clearly *foreseen*, their event is *free*. For as the knowledge of the present lays no necessity on things now done, so neither does the *foreknowledge* of the future on things to be done.

But you doubt whether there can be any *foreknowledge* of those things, which have no necessary event, as being a seeming contradiction; and therefore you think that if they are *foreseen*, they must of necessity happen; and if this necessity fail, they cannot be *foreseen*; for that nothing but what is certain can possibly be comprehended by knowledge: but that if things are *foreseen* as certain, which are nevertheless uncertain in their events; it would be only a blind guess, and not true knowledge, with the integrity of which it is altogether inconsistent, to think otherwise of things than they really are. To this I answer, that men are drawn into this mistake, by imagining that the knowledge of things is derived merely from the power and nature of the things known; which is directly contrary: for they are not comprehended according to their own power, but rather according to the faculties and abilities of those who know them. For example, the sight and touch perceive the same globular form of a body by different means: the former, by darting its rays upon it at a distance, at once beholds and comprehends the whole together; but the latter, by a close conjunction with the body, and by a progress round the circuit, perceives the roundness
but

but by parts and piecemeal. Even man himself is surveyed in one manner by *sense*, in another by the *imagination*, in another by *reason*, and in another by the *understanding*. The *sense* judges of the figure as it is moulded and fashioned in the subject matter; and the *imagination* of the figure only, exclusive of the matter: *reason* goes farther, and considers universally the species which is in every particular man: but the eye of *understanding* rises to yet a higher pitch, and surpassing the bounds and compass of universality, surveys the simple form itself by the pure energy of the mind. Wherein you are especially to observe, that the superior power of comprehending includes the inferior, but that the latter can by no means attain to the power of the former: for neither can the *sense* perceive any thing exclusive of matter, nor the *imagination* comprehend the universal species, nor *reason* conceive the simple form; but the *understanding* looking down, as it were, from above, and having conceived the form, discerns distinctly every thing below it, by the same means nevertheless, as those whereby she comprehends the form itself, which cannot possibly be known to any of the other. For she comprehends the universal scope of *reason*, the immaterial figure of the *imagination*, and the matter perceivable by *sense*, and that without the assistance either of *reason*, *imagination*, or *sense*, but formally, as I may say, beholding every thing by that one effort of the mind. And *reason* likewise, when she considers any thing universally, comprehends both that which is conceived by the *imagination*, and perceived by the *sense*, without assistance either of the one or the other. For instance, she defines the universality of her conception thus: a man is a rational creature with two feet; which though an universal notion, yet every one knows that the thing thus defined is conceivable by the *imagination*, and perceivable by *sense*: she however considers it not by the *imagination* or *sense*, but by her own rational conception. And although *imagination* be at first instructed

structed by *sense* in the conceiving and in forming figures, yet she surveys all things perceivable by *sense*, exclusive of her; not judging by the rules of *sense*, but by her own. Thus you see that in knowing, all employ their own proper faculties, and owe it not to the power or efficacy of the thing known: nor without reason, for as all judgment is the act of the person judging, it is necessary that all should perform their own work by their own power, and not by that of another.

*No less obscure than vain the Stoick's creed;
That Knowledge should from Sense alone proceed,
And ev'ry image which the mind receiv'd,
From some external matter be deriv'd;
As the pen runs the virgin pages o'er,
And makes impressions where were none before.*

*If nothing then to th' active mind is known,
By any pow'r or motive of her own;
But wholly passive (as the Stoicks said)
T' impressions, by material objects made,
She by reflection judges as she's taught,
Like empty shadows in a mirror sought;
Whence is that strong conception giv'n to you,
Which comprehends not in its partial view
Material things alone, but immaterial too?
How judge of each particular? or how
Can you distinguish upon all you know?
Or when the different parts distinguish'd are,
How recollect, and this with that compare;
The mind to heav'nly things now soaring high,
Now grov'ling where corporeal objects lye,
Now re-ascending to her native light,
Reproving what is wrong, by what is right?*

This

*This cause is stronger, more efficient far,
 Than if impressions made by matter were :
 Yet living bodies, not impassive quite,
 From Sense feel motives which the Mind excite ;
 When light, for instance, flashes in the eye,
 Or thro' the ears when tingling voices fly,
 Th' awaken'd Mind calls forth her faculties,
 And to th' exterior images applies,
 Th' according species that within her lies.
 And thus by Sense convey'd, th' impressions join
 With the pure forms which treasur'd are within.*

Notwithstanding then, that in perceiving material objects, their qualities may so outwardly affect the *Senses*, as to make them the instruments of this perception ; and that some corporal passion may precede the activity of the *Mind*, not only rousing her into action, but in the mean time awakening those forms which rest within her : yet if the *Mind* receives no impression of knowledge from hence, but judges purely by her own power of that passion to which the *Body* is only subject ; how much rather shall those things which are entirely free from all corporal passions and affections, not be guided in their perceptions by exterior objects, but judge by the force and purity of their own *Mind* ? So that different degrees and kinds of substances have different proportions and degrees of knowledge : for *Sense* alone, wholly destitute of all other means of knowing, is allotted to animals which have no motion, such as are oysters or any other kind of shell-fish, which stick motionless to the rocks, and there receive their nourishment : *Imagination* is given to brutes, which are capable of motion, and seem naturally prone to desire some things and avoid others : but mankind alone is endowed with *reason*, as *intelligence* solely appertains to the divine nature :

ture : that degree of knowledge being most excellent, which by its own nature not only comprehends those things which are proper to it, but those likewise which are comprehended by the inferior kinds.

Supposing then, that *sense* and *imagination*, should oppose the *reasoning faculty*, and to prove that this universality is nothing, which *reason* thinks she comprehends, should object : that what is within the compass of *sense* or *imagination*, cannot be universal ; and therefore that either the judgment of *reason* is true, and *sense* knows nothing ; or, since both *sense* and *imagination* know that many things are within their capacity, the conception of *reason* must be vain, which considers that which may be perceived by *sense*, and is consequently singular and particular, as if it was universal. To this if *reason* answers, that she indeed comprehends those things which are subject both to *sense* and *imagination* in the consideration of universality, to which knowledge they cannot possibly aspire, since their perception cannot reach beyond corporeal figures ; but that as to the knowledge of things, the greatest credit is to be given to that judgment which is most strong and perfect. In this controversy, I say, we who have in us as well the faculty of *reasoning* as of *imagination* and *sense*, ought surely to espouse the cause of *reason*. And the case is the same, when human *reason* thinks the divine *understanding* cannot behold future events, in any other manner than she herself is capable of comprehending them. For this is your argument, that there cannot be any certain *foreknowledge* that those things shall happen, which do not seem to have any certain and necessary event : therefore they are not *foreknown* ; for if they are, every thing must fall out of mere necessity. But if we, who are only endowed with *reason*, could possibly judge according to the divine *understanding* ; as we have judged it fit for *imagination* and *sense* to submit to the former, so likewise should we think it highly fit for even that also to submit to the latter.

Let

Let us then, if we can, raise ourselves up to the exalted pitch of that supreme *Intelligence*; for there *reason* shall behold that, which in herself she cannot find; I mean, how those things which have no certain events, are nevertheless certainly and determinately *foreseen*; and that this is not conjecture only, but the simplicity rather of supreme *knowledge* which is confined within no bounds.

Of living forms behold the various store,
That range at will the wide creation o'er;
Some stretch'd at length, upon their bellies slide,
And plough the dust in furrows as they glide;
Some beat the wind with nimble wings, and seem
Thro' spacious seas of floating air to swim;
Some on their feet, with statelier paces tread,
Or range the verdant plains, or seek the shade;
Tho' different motions different forms bestow,
All bend to earth their eyes, to which they owe
Their growling sense, confin'd to things below.
But man alone erect, with lifted eyes,
Regardless of the earth, surveys the skies;
Hence may he learn (if not bewildered quite
In wilful follies and the dregs of night)
That as his aspect, so his mind must rise,
Nor basely dwell on what his looks despise.

Since every thing then which is known, is not, as I have before demonstrated, perceived by virtue of its own nature, but of that which comprehends it; let us now examine, so far as we may, what the state and condition of the divine substance is, that we may have the clearer conception of his *knowledge*.

That God is *eternal*, is unanimously agreed by all rational beings; so that a true definition of *eternity* will at the same time explain his

knowledge and his *nature*. *Eternity* then is a full and perfect possession of the whole of everlasting life at once and altogether; which will more evidently appear by a comparison of temporal things. For every temporal being proceeds only in the *present* tense from what is *past*, to that which is to *come*; and there is no temporal constitution which can possibly at once enjoy the whole space and duration of its life: as it has lost yesterday, it has not yet attained to-morrow; and of to-day, it possesses no more than the *present* flying transitory moment. Even though a temporal being had, as *Aristotle's* opinion was of the world, never begun, nor would ever cease to be; and though its life was extended to an infinity of time; it is not yet of such a nature, as to be truly deemed *eternal*: for though it contains an infinite space of life, it does not comprize it altogether; not being in possession either of what is not yet *come*, or of what is now *past*. That which therefore wholly comprehends and possesses at once the fullness of everlasting life, to which the *future* is not wanting, and from which the *past* is not escaped, is truly said to be *eternal*; and being thus in nothing defective must necessarily be as well self-sufficient and consequently always *present* to itself, as have the infinity of fleeting time at once *present* in its view.

From hence it appears, how much *Plato's* opinion, that this world had never any beginning in point of time, nor would ever have an end, was misunderstood, when it was thought to mean, that the creation was coeternal with the creator. For a gradual progression through a life of infinite duration, which *Plato* attributed to the world, is one thing; but a *present* comprehension of the whole of everlasting life together, which is the manifest property of the divine *mind*, is another. Nor ought we to think God prior to created beings, so much in measure of time, as in the propriety of his simple nature. For this *infinite* progress of temporal things, aims at a resemblance of that *ever present* state of life, which is *immoveable*; which being neither able to copy nor to equal, from *im-*
mobility





MARRIAGE,

A

THEATRICAL DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

PAMELA and Lady BRUTE.

By Mr. BELLAMY.

THERE IS NO MAKING LIFE EASY, BUT WHERE POWER AND OBE-
DIENCE ARE AS WILLING TO GIVE AS TO TAKE.

Cibber's Ladies Lecture.

IF THIS TRANSACTION WERE SENT ABROAD INTO THE WORLD, IT MIGHT
PROVE A VERY USEFUL LESSON. THE LADIES WOULD LEARN, THAT
AFTER THE MARRIAGE RITES, THEY SHOULD NOT SUFFER THEIR
POWERS OF PLEASING TO LANGUISH AWAY, BUT SHOULD STILL RE-
MEMBER TO SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES.

Murphy's Way to keep him.

M A R I A C E

A

THEATRICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

PAULINE and Lady BRUTE

P. M. DEBAMPT

There is no more to be said, and I will go to my room.

DIAMOND: I am willing to wait for you.

PAULINE: I am sorry.

If this is the case, I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

PAULINE: I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

PAULINE: I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

PAULINE: I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

PAULINE: I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

PAULINE: I am sorry to hear it, and I will go to my room.

MARRIAGE,

A

THEATRICAL DIALOGUE.

SCENE, A dressing Room.

PAMELA and Lady BRUTE.

Pamela.

GOOD morrow, my dear lady *Brute*.

Lady Brute. The like to you, dear *Pamela*. Bless me! how you're alter'd! I protest you're a perfect Beauty!

Pamela. Fie, Fie, lady *Brute*, you should not rally your friends.

L. B. I speak my real sentiments I assure you.

Pam. Perhaps my new gown becomes me. You like the fancy then? 'Tis the newest fashion.

L. B. 'Tis extreamly neat and pretty, and the colour charms me. If I may be so free, *Pamela*, who made you this noble present?

Pam. From whom should a virtuous wife receive her presents but her husband?

L. B. You are happy, *Pamela*! Fortune has not so smil'd on me. Had I bestow'd myself on any thing but Sir *John*. —

Pam. You don't repent, I hope, already?

L. B. How should I do otherwise? *Pamela*, do but survey me. Is this a dress for a lady? I am perfectly ashamed, my dear, to appear in public. Every tradesman's daughter makes a better figure.

Pam. The true ornament of a wife does not consist, lady *Brute*,

in gaudy drefs; but in a modest behaviour, and the embellishments of the mind. The loose town-ladies indeed may study every art to attract the admiration of fools: but a virtuous, married woman is gay enough, if she can please her husband.

L. B. But my ungrateful wretch, though so very saving at home, is lavish enough abroad. Drinking, gaming, and wenching are the sum total of his account.

Pam. Hush; good words lady *Brute*!

L. B. 'Tis no better nor worse, *Pamela*, when after a long, tedious expectation on my part, he reels home between one and two in the morning, drunk as a beast, he flings himself on the bed, and entertains me either with the musick of his snoring, or drowns me with a flood of claret; not to say more.

Pam. Hold, hold! you have been too open already, and said too much. Give me leave to tell you, you degrade yourself in exposing your husband's frailties:

L. B. Oh, *Pamela*, he is a most intolerable bed-fellow!

Pam. And what reception do you give him, when he comes home in this disguise? You scold, I presume.

L. B. Ay, you may depend on't. He finds I have not lost my tongue.

Pam. And is he silent at the same time?

L. B. No, no, he swears like a drunken trooper.

Pam. And does this tongue-battle never advance to blows?

L. B. Once the storm grew so high, that I did expect them.

Pam. Indeed!

L. B. He brandish'd his cane, and threatened me most violently.

Pam. Didn't you dread the thunder?

L. B. Not I truly! I snatch'd up a chair in my own defence, and had he offer'd to touch me, he should have felt the weight of it.

Pam. A very pretty shield I'll assure you, had you had but a broom for a lance!

X

L. B.

L. B. He should have found me as stout as an *Amazon*.

Pam. After all, lady *Brute*, there is no conduct in all this.

L. B. Don't tell me of conduct. While he ceases to act as a man, I shall never be persuaded to regard him as a husband.

Pam. Ay, but remember what St. Paul says, *Wives be subject to your husbands with all reverence*. St. Peter too proposes Sarah, who called her husband LORD, as a perfect pattern of obedience.

L. B. You say right. But then that same Paul says, *Husbands love your wives*. In short, Pamela, let him play his part as he ought, I won't be deficient in mine.

Pam. But where things are so circumstantiated, that both cannot bear the sway, the wife ought doubtless to submit. But tell me, did he with-hold his hand; or did he really strike you?

L. B. No; the coward's fears prevented him.

Pam. But still I presume you scolded on.

L. B. I did, you may take my word for't.

Pam. And how did he behave himself in the mean time?

L. B. Why, sometimes he'd seem to be asleep; sometimes pass by me with a careless air, and disregard what I had said to him. Then again he would take down his old Bass Viol, with scarce a whole string to it, and make such a hideous noise.—

Pam. At which you grew impatient.

L. B. So far, that I could tear his eyes out.

Pam. Lady *Brute*, shall I be free with you?

L. B. As free as you please.

Pam. You shall take the same liberty with me. And this right I think we may justly claim, from the strict friendship which has from our infancy been preserved inviolable between us.

L. B. 'Tis very true. And there is no one of my acquaintance, I'll assure you, that I so sincerely love and respect as yourself.

Pam. Know then, though your husband proves never so unkind

or indiscreet, your state is unalterable. Formerly, indeed, upon a matrimonial distaste, the thing call'd a divorce was easily procured, and all was in *statu quo*. But authority has long ago abrogated that custom. *For better for worse, till death us do part*, is now the fatal sentence,

L. B. Our wise masters took a wrong step when they abolish'd that law.

Pam. Fie, lady *Brute*, fie, it was the will of heav'n.

L. B. I can never believe it.

Pam. It is true though: The best expedient therefore that can at present be found, is to endeavour after a mutual peace and harmony; to contend which shall be most conformable.

L. B. But shoud'nd't I endeavour to bring him to my bow, if I can?

Pam. I can't tell what you call bringing him to your bow; but I am fully persuaded, the husband's extravagance is too often owing to the wife's indiscretion.

L. B. It seems then, all things go smoothly on between you and yours.

Pam. A perfect calm.

L. B. But was it always fair weather from the beginning?

Pam. I can't say so. Some little clouds have hung over our heads; though we never had what you may call a storm. All men have their humours, and every woman, lady *Brute*, has her failings; which though they deserve our observation, should never be the objects of our contempt.

L. B. Very true.

Pam. It often happens that affections grow cold between man and wife before they well know one another. Be very circumspect therefore in your conduct at first. If once there is a mutual distaste, 'tis a difficult matter to make up the breach, especially where the quarrel arises to reflections. A broken china cup must never be moved

moved when first 'tis glu'd. Let it stand 'till it is well dry'd, and it will be as strong as any of the set. All possible care therefore ought to be taken by the married couple, to confirm their first union, and make it fix and settle; and the best means to attain this end, is respectful deportment, and complacent endearments; for the good opinion men have of us, when founded only on our beauty is seldom lasting.

L. B. Pray oblige me with your art of management?

Pam. I will; and let me recommend my method to your practice.

L. B. Do so: and I'll pursue it, if possibly I can.

Pam. There is no great difficulty, if you are but willing. You're both young, and in a manner newly married; so that it is not too late to begin.

L. B. That's very true.

Pam. I'll tell you then. But pray mind me.

L. B. Most attentively.

Pam. My first care was always to appear before my husband innocently gay, and perfectly good-humour'd. I studied his temper and inclinations; watch'd all his motions, and observ'd what most pleased, and most offended him. In short, I took the same methods as your keepers do with your elephants, and lions, and other wild creatures, committed to their care, that are not to be tamed by force.

L. B. My hopeful bargain is one of those wild animals.

Pam. Why will you interrupt me; pray let me go on. No man of common prudence will appear before an elephant in white, or a bull in red, because those colours are said to be their natural aversion, and make them outrageous. The sound of a drum or a trumpet, I have heard, will so exasperate the tyger, that he'll tear himself to pieces. Your Jockies, when they break their horses, speak them fair, stroke down their manes, clap them on their necks, and
practise

practise several little arts to make them gentle, and correct their vicious habits. How much rather ought we to study the art of pleasing our husbands, to whose constant society, good or bad, we are fatally confin'd for life?

L. B. Proceed.

Pam. These things premis'd, I insinuated myself into his favour, by avoiding every thing that I thought would give him the least distaste.

L. B. As how, pray?

Pam. First, in the oeconomy of my family, which indeed is a wife's peculiar province, I took care to have things done according to his fancy, even in the most minute circumstances. For example, suppose my husband lov'd one dish more than another, dress'd after this or that manner, or his furniture ranged after this or that order, his will was always my law.

L. B. But could you be thus indulgent, *Pamela*, to a husband like mine, that's for-ever at the tavern?

Pam. Give me leave to speak, and I'll tell you. If I found my husband indisposed, or out of temper, I never offered to divert him with wanton smiles, or idle jests, but put on a grave and serious look, suitable to his own. As a true glass always reflects the image of the person that looks in it; so should a discreet wife that of her husband, whether exalted with joy, or depress'd with sorrow. If he happened to be angry, I either answer'd him in the softest terms I could possibly conceive, or sat down in silence 'till reason had resum'd her seat and waited for a more favourable opportunity for the vindication of my conduct. The same methods I always took in case he came home elevated with wine. I entertain'd him with no discourse but what was gay and pleasant, and by all the little innocent arts of love and fond endearments decoy'd him to his bed.

L. B. Passive

L. B. Passive-obedience and non-resistance to every wayward humour, *Pamela*, is a hard doctrine for us wives who have fottish husbands.

Pam. As if there were not faults on both sides, and your submissions were not mutual. We women can put on our airs sometimes, and our husbands are forc'd to give way to them. There are proper opportunities however for a wife in a serious way to expostulate with her husband, in affairs of moment and importance; but she ought not, in my opinion, to dispute with him about trifles. When she finds him cool'd, and free from all perplexing thoughts, then is the time, in the most endearing language, and with all the calmness imaginable, to argue the case with him, or rather to beg of him, that he would make his health, fortune, and character, the objects of his more serious consideration. Tho', as I said before, such admonitions as these must be deliver'd in the softest terms, or they'll never answer the end propos'd. I have often made a previous apology to introduce such a discourse. I have asked mine, if he would not take it amiss, should one so unfit to direct as I am, presume to offer my advice, and think myself concern'd for his honour and interest. But in all these cases I contrive to be as short as possible; and as soon as I have declar'd my mind, drop the discourse of my own accord, and find out a subject more entertaining. Our sex, my dear, are very apt to dwell too long upon such tender topics, which most undoubtedly is a great fault. But take this caution along with you, that you never engage in any controversial points with your husband before company, or complain abroad of what's transacted at home. A quarrel, where there is no eye-witness to it, is presently decided: but in cases of extremity, where the provocations rise too high, and are of too heinous a nature for a woman to conceal, or bear with patience, prudence will oblige her to disclose the unhappy secret to his friends or relations, rather than her

own.

own, and shew by her modest complaint, that her husband's vice, and not his person, is the object of her grief and resentment.

L. B. There are but few women, *Pamela*, now adays, such stoic philosophers.

Pam. By such a prudent conduct, we lay our husbands under an indispensable obligation to treat us with equal civility and complaisance.

L. B. But all the indulgence in the world will have no influence over some men.

Pam. I cannot think so. But suppose 'tis matter of fact; consider, child, you are ty'd for life, and let your husband be as chagrin as he will, 'tis better to comply with his ill usage, or by fair means to make it tolerable, than to live in one perpetual storm. Suppose I should produce examples of some husbands, who have reclaim'd their wives by this gentle method.

L. B. My spouse won't make one of the number I am sure.

Pam. There is an intimate friend of mine, a very ingenious and accomplish'd gentleman, who marry'd, some few years ago, a young lady about sixteen years of age: she had a rural education only, and never saw the town. My friend was mighty fond of one, bred up in artless innocence, thinking he should be able with less trouble to form her to his fancy. As soon as they were marry'd, he recommended music and dancing to her, as accomplishments absolutely necessary, and very serviceable to her in her future conduct. As Miss had been always indulg'd in ease, was a stranger to all refin'd conversation, and had no taste for any other amusement than romping, she soon grew tir'd with her new master, prov'd very obstinate and perverse; and when reminded of her duty, would wish herself dead, and weep to excess. When my young gentleman found she was not to be prevail'd on by reason, and that she had an aversion

to

to all improvements, concealing his dissatisfaction, he kindly invites her to spend a summer at her father's. This motion, you may suppose, was very chearfully comply'd with. Soon after their arrival, my friend takes an opportunity to ride out with the old gentleman, leaving his wife with her mother and sisters. When they were in the fields, and alone, he tells him the whole story, and the real occasion of his visit: That he hop'd to have been perfectly happy in the possession of his daughter, but that he met with an unexpected disappointment; that she was deaf to all persuasions, forever in tears, very restless, and making all that were round about her as uneasy as herself; desires him to interpose his fatherly authority, and lend a helping hand to her speedy reformation. Sir, says the father, I have wholly resign'd her to your government; and if, after all your tenderest endearments, you still find her undutiful, you are welcome to take such other methods as you think fit, to insure her obedience. Sir, replies the son-in-law, I am not ignorant of my power, but am very unwilling to exert it. I love your daughter, and desire to have her brought to a sense of her duty by your parental admonitions and authority, and not by frowns and severe treatment. About a day or two afterwards, the father takes his daughter into his closet, and with a stern countenance charges her with ingratitude; tells her, that tho' she had so little merit, he had procur'd her, with the greatest difficulty, one of the best of husbands; that she wasn't conscious of her own happiness, and was absolutely unworthy to be his servant; that if she persisted in her rebellion, she should never see his face again. Not to be tedious, the old gentleman grew so warm that my lady begg'd pardon for her past offences, and faithfully promis'd a future amendment. Hereupon the father cools again, accepts of her submission, and assures her, as she comply'd with her promise, she might depend on his favour and indulgence.

Y

L. B.

L. B. I long methinks to hear the conclusion.

Pam. On this they parted. The girl returns to her husband's chamber, finds him alone, asks pardon in the most submissive manner, and gives him repeated assurances never to offend again. He takes her in his arms, salutes her, and engages to bury her ill conduct in oblivion on those conditions.

L. B. But did she observe them?

Pam. With all the punctilio imaginable. Never was woman more humble, during the remainder of life: her husband's least request was obey'd with all the readiness and pleasure imaginable. Some years after this she publicly acknowledged her good fortune in a husband, and declar'd that of all women she had been most miserable without him.

L. B. Such husbands as these, *Pamela*, I presume are like your comets, seen but once in a century.

Pam. I'll give you now another instance of an adventure that happen'd but lately here in town.—But I have dwelt too long upon this subject already. I fear I have been tedious.

L. B. Not in the least, my dear; I could really listen to your stories all day long, I'll assure you, I think them extremely entertaining.

Pam. You are very obliging lady *Brute*—There is a young gentleman, of birth and fortune, (excuse my concealing his name) whose favourite diversion was hunting. One day, as he was warm in pursuit of his game, by accident he met with a country girl, very poor, but a perfect beauty. The God of love shot all his fires into our Sportsman's bosom at first sight. He frequently paid his visits at her mother's homely cottage, which he preferr'd to a palace. DIANA was the goddess he still paid his public court to, but VENUS was the secret object of his adoration. His wife, a very discreet and accomplish'd lady, jealous of her husband's

band's frequent absence, in a short time discovers the whole intrigue. She takes a proper opportunity to survey the citadel of love; tastes of their drink, examines into their daily diet, and finds no tolerable furniture, no conveniencies of life, but all the visible marks of the lowest poverty. She returns home, and in a day or two after (under pretext of compassionating their unhappy circumstances) equips them with a silk-quilt, a down bed, a silver tankard, silver spoons, knives and forks, and other useful materials, and a curious cold collation. These she delivers to the poor old woman, with a small purse of guineas, to enable her, when she saw the young gentleman again, to give him a more genteel reception. She pretends to be the lover's sister, and under that notion leaves her. Some few days after this transaction, the husband steals out, and pays his country beauty another visit. He gazes round about him, is surpriz'd at the metamorphosis, and enquires with solicitude into the cause of his unexpected, and formal entertainment. A young lady of quality, they tell him, a sister of his, whose name they knew not, had supply'd them with those extraordinary accommodations, and given express orders to treat him after a more respectful fashion. He says little, but, upon mature deliberation, concludes his wife the person he stands indebted to for all these undeserved favours. At his return home, he endeavours by artful, and seemingly careless questions, to sift out this important truth. She ingenuously confesses all, and assures him she thought it her duty, when his inclination led him to such humble amusements to take care that his reception should be decent at least, tho' not suitable to his character or fortune.

L. B. A mere patient *Grizzel*!—Had he been my husband, I should have thought a bed of nettles too soft for him.

Pam. Hear however the conclusion. The young rover, reflecting on his wife's generosity, and his own ingratitude, resolves on an immediate reformation, and becomes the most indulgent, most constant husband breathing.—I presume you know Sir *George Airy*.

L. B. Perfectly well.

Pam. He, you may remember, tho' a gay, fine young gentleman, marry'd my lady *Autumn*.

L. B. Her estate you mean.

Pam. Well, you love to rally.—Soon after consummation, his passion for my lady, as she was past her bloom, began visibly to abate, and the blooming *Belinda* became a formidable rival. He made her frequent and open visits. In short, he seldom supp'd, or slept at home. Let's hear, *Lady Brute*, how you would have shewn your resentment on this occasion.

L. B. Why, I'd have torn all the hair off the young gipsy's head, and have box'd my false Knight's ears into the bargain.

Pam. Her conduct, however, was just the reverse. She gives this beauty an invitation to her house, and entertains her as her bosom friend and faithful companion. Thus, without any other magic charms, she attracts her husband from roving.

L. B. Nay, I vow I'd die before I'd be my husband's pandar.

Pam. But of two evils chuse the least, lady *Brute*. Is it not more prudent, think you, to be thus submissive, than, by opprobrious language, to provoke him to be more extravagant, and lay the foundation of an everlasting quarrel?

L. B. Patience, *Pamela*, is a virtue, I own; but on such an occasion, I should never be endu'd with it.

Pam. I'll trouble you but with one instance more; and then have done. There's a next-door neighbour of ours, one Sir *Toby Hasty*, as honest, good natur'd a gentleman as lives, but a little too indis-

creet

creet in his passion. Last week, on some trivial distaste, he carry'd his resentment so high as to cane my lady, a gentlewoman of the most mild, most sweet disposition I ever knew. Unable to bear with patience so gross an affront, she immediately retire into her closet, and vents her sorrow in a flood of tears. Her husband soon after follows her, and finding her in that disconsolate posture; Madam, says he, can't you bear to be spoken to, without crying like a baby? Sir, she replies very discreetly, your treatment has been very unmanly, and deserves a higher resentment: But I think 'tis more consistent with your honour and my love, to bemoan my unhappy fate in silence, than expose you to the world by noisy, tho' just complaints. This she uttered with such an air of modesty and concern, as quite melted down her husband's heart. He clasps her in his arms, with ten thousand endearing protestations never to disoblige her more. Nor did he to his dying day.

L. B. My husband can promise, indeed, as well as the best of them all.—

Pam. But not perform, lady *Brute*, ha!—What then you are still up in arms?

L. B. Ay, and ever shall be, I believe. Pr'ythee, *Pamela*, what would'st thou advise me to do?

Pam. Follow but my advice, and if you prove unsuccessful, I'll be silent for ever. Take care that your house be neat and clean, and fit for his reception. Let your deportment be courteous and free, yet always within the limits of that respect and esteem which is a husband's undoubted right. Be not too talkative, nor yet too reserved; too fond, nor yet too coy. Let his diet be well chosen, and well dress'd, and provide that for the generality which you think will gratify his appetite most. Be frequent in your invitations of such friends as you find he most regards. Receive them with freedom and good humour, and never be sparing in your entertainments.

ments. If he play you a tune on his Viol, do you return the obligation with a song. By such easy and innocent methods as these, you'll soon reclaim him, make him take delight in his own house, and considerably retrench your expences.

L. B. Should I follow your scheme, I fear I shall never make a convert of him.

Pam. Try but the experiment, and if it fails, then let me bear the blame for ever.—I'll go find your husband out, and give him his lesson.

L. B. You'll oblige me extremely. But I would not for the world be known to have a hand in the plot. Should he discover it, the house would be too hot to hold us.

Pam. I'll play my cards to the best advantage, never fear. I'll order it so, if possible, that he shall introduce the discourse himself, and give me the detail of your unhappy quarrels. I'll seem desirous to wave the unwelcome subject, and in a manner apparently undesigned, let him know with what tenderness and affection I have heard you mention his name.

L. B. Success attend you!

Pam. I don't question it in the least, if you'll but play your part. Till to-morrow, lady *Brute*, adieu!

L. B. Your servant, dear *Pamela*: ADIEU!

COURT REPORTS

STUDY COMMITTEE of the U.S.

THE
COURT of BEAUTY;
OR
JUDGMENT of VENUS.



After DE LA MOTTE.

The brightest forms thro' *affectation* fade
To strange, new things, which nature never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts which take you from our eyes.
In *Albacinda's* native grace is seen,
What you, who labour at perfection, mean; —
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.

YOUNG.

F A B L E I.

BRIGHT *Venus*, sole Empress of Love and of Beauty.

Had three Maids of Honour attending on duty;
They were sisters, as *Seneca* proves from the register*,
And attended the Goddess, like so many pages t'her:
Wherever she mov'd, there you saw their three faces—
Euphros'ne, *Aglaia*, *Thalia*,—the graces.

They ne'er went to Court, but new conquests they boasted;
No God of *Bon Ton*, but one of them toasted.

“ Sweet creatures, by *Styx*, as I e'er set my eyes on;

“ How fond of each other! *immensely surprising!*”

As Prologue or Chorus, thus much we've descanted,

With the folks of our *Drama* to bring you acquainted.

But Discord now — inexorable fiend,

To friendship, sympathy, fororal love,

And all the blessed charities of life,

Sworn everlasting foe — high o'er their heads,

Shook her infernal torch; as erst on top

Of that fam'd mountain †, where the seed of *you*

Challeng'd the palm of Grace. The Sisters now,

(Such ire in spirits celestial may be rais'd)

With mutual envy, jealousy, distrust,

Each other view, indignant — arrogate

Superior deference; and all propos'd,

Unanimous, secure in conscious worth,

Venus' own judgement should decide the strife; —

Precedency in Beauty.

* De Benef. 2, 3.

† Ida.

Z

Imagine

Imagine now, my gentle reader,
 Each against each a furious pleader,
 Resolv'd, like plaintiff and defendant,
 By *course of law* to make an end on't;
 Think you the solemn court behold,
 And *Venus* in her chair of gold,—
 Lady *Chief Justice*. Hear the cryer,
 His deep-ton'd voice exalting higher,
 Make proclamation for strict silence,
 With *O yes!* to be heard a mile hence.

“ Ye several parties in this cause,
 “ Obedient to the queen and laws
 “ Save your recognizance, and all
 “ Make due appearance as we call.
 “ *Thalia Spinster!* Here. *PASITHEA*,
 “ *Alias AGLAIA!* Here. *LÆTITIA*,
 “ *Alias EUPHROS'NE!* Here. Ye *Graces*,
 “ Come into court, and take your places;
 “ Declare your claims, and, ere ye go forth,
 “ Hear the *Queen's* charge, decree, and so forth.”

The ceremonies duly guided
 By statutes in that case provided,
Euphros'ne thus the cause began:

“ May't please your Majesty to *sear*
 “ What, in all humbleness, I shew t'ye;
 “ We plead for sov'reignty in *Beauty*.—
 “ This is our several claim. Between us,
 “ Who but the all-accomplish'd *Venus*,
 “ Has skill to judge? We come prepar'd
 “ To hear your Majesty's award;
 “ And, having pray'd a short inspection,
 “ Submit us to the court's direction.”

Thus

Thus ended she her brief oration :

Slow rose, and court'ey'd approbation,

Her rival sisters ; each believing,

The Palm reserv'd for her receiving—

So big with confidence, they wonder'd

Why the sagacious Goddess ponder'd.

She speaks ; but ah ! what words can reach

The nectar'd sweetness of her speech ?

What flow of song (tho' wildly free

As swells the lark's loud extacy)

When silence first the Goddess broke,

Tell how she look'd, as well as spoke.

" Children, stand forth ; let each discover

" Her several pow'rs to form the lover ;—

" Her own peculiar excellence,

" That steals the heart thro' every sense,

" And ev'n the frozen bosom warms—

" The utmost effort of her charms :

" These having duly weigh'd, our trust is

" To do unblam'd, impartial justice."

Scarce had she spoke — in tears the Muse

The sequel of her fate pursues —

But each forgot her native ease,

Too, too solicitous to please ;

Distortion sat on every feature,

And faded all the bloom of nature.

They limp, they amble ; now the head

On this side, now on that is laid,

Like some unanimated things,

Mov'd but by artificial springs.

The causeless smile, or laughter weak,
 Now flutters upon every cheek,—
 Dilates each mouth from ear to ear,
 To let the pearly teeth appear;
 Now they're all gloom — a change still worse—
 The lips contracted to a purse,
 Or, screw'd precise, whene'er they speak,
 Shoot forth, and sharpen to a beak.
 Anon with diligence they ply
 The *hocus pocus* of the eye:
 See in deep black revolves the sight;
 Hey! pass, begone! now all is white—
 Sleepy — half-clos'd; and now they glare
 The broad effulgence of a stare;
 Then round and round their orbits roll,
 As if a frenzy fir'd the soul;
 The body's twist, convulsion, fidge and all;
 Compleat the wonderful original.

Such were the arts to which they trusted,—
 Ev'n *Cupid*, tho' a boy, disgusted,
 Or frighten'd by their idiot sport,
 Wav'd his light wings, and left the court.

Confus'd, enrag'd, arose the stately queen,
 And wore unusual terror in her mein,
 " Cease your mad mummary! she cry'd, and hear
 " My just remonstrance, with a patient ear:
 " O lost to reason! blind to every art
 " That wakes ingenuous passion in the heart;
 " Was it for you, great *Venus*', handmaids born,
 " T' expose yourselves, your sex, your queen to scorn?

" Instructed

- " Instructed now, the latent cause I find,
 " Why shrink love's votaries among mankind ;
 " Why, from our altars scar'd, the sacred pow'r
 " Of marriage lights the frequent torch no more.
 " Dare to be wise again, and this behest
 " Lock in the living casket of your breast ;
 " Be these your arts alone — all art to hide,
 " And take unerring nature for your guide ;
 " Her once forgot, you lose your winning ease,
 " Not pleasing, from an over care to please.
 " Nay suffer not, e'en in your looks or air,
 " The consciousness of Beauty to appear,
 " In souls refin'd — to wise experience trust, —
 " It raises no emotion but disgust.
 " With gods and men one general maxim lasts,
 " That affectation every Beauty blasts ;
 " More ruin spreads than age with sickness join'd,
 " Nor leaves the remnant of a *Grace* behind."

VIRTUE, GENIUS and REPUTATION;

OR THE

FAMILY PARTY.



After DE LA MOTTE.

Unhappy Sex! who only claim
A Being in the breath of fame;
Which tainted: — not the quick'ning gales
That sweep *Sabæa's* spicy vales: —
Nor all the healing sweets — restore —
That breathe along *Arabia's* shore.

MORE.

Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

HUDIBRASS.

[175]
F A B L E II.

THE * Sage suppos'd, that VIRTUE might
Be visible to mortal fight.
This happen'd once ; how long a while hence,
The records — pass it o'er in silence :
But positive is each memorial,
She really took a form corporeal ; —
Was not too light, nor what you'd call grave,
But something like the Lady *W—lgr—ye* ; —
Appear'd so charming, her relation
GENIUS, and cousin REPUTATION,
Provok'd, it seems, by her example, —
Study'd awhile *Hogarth's* † line,
And of the human face divine
Both took a reasonable sample. —

Their scheme was only to bestow
Some time with mortals here below, —
Make the *grand tour*, and see the world :
Think them on board, their sails uncurl'd,
Plowing the extra-mundane ocean,
Their journey holding thus discourse on.

“ Dear girls (says GENIUS) tho' agreed,
Together we will still proceed,
And, like those *Graces* we resemble,
Make our appearance *tout ensemble* ;
Yet should or chance, or choice divide us,
Methinks 'twere prudent to provide us
Some previous, general rule to guide us.”

* Plato. vid. Tull. Offic.

† Analysis of Beauty.

"Why ay, that's true indeed, cry'd VIRTUE,
Ere disembark'd, it cannot hurt you
To think upon't. Do cousin-Rep,
Advise us to the safest step;
You know, my dear, with what delight,
We always keep your rules in sight."

"If we *should* part, says REPUTATION,
This is the wisest regulation
I can suggest: — Let each declare,
Ingenuously, with whom, and where,
Her taste, she thinks, will most detain her,
And we shall easily regain her:
That for our clue, we must discover,
Thro' all her labyrinths, the rover."

"Of *Prudence* safe, thou child and essence!
True both to *verum* *atque* *decens*,
The wise man's aim, the brave's reward,
The female's glory, friend and guard!
GENIUS reply'd, hear me impart
The genuine dictates of my heart:
Should poor eccentric I desert you,
Be this the guide to you and VIRTUE.

Wherever sun-bright *Science* can
(First friend of liberty and man)
Assert her throne, and put to flight
The sons of ignorance, and night; —
Where'er the Muse, at her request,
Shall deign to fill some hallow'd breast,
Give the fine frenzy of the soul —
From earth to heav'n resistless roll,

And in immortal volumes feature
The face of universal nature,
And Truth eternal ; — wherefoe'er
Or *Taste* or *Judgement* shall appear,
And, with unenvious heart-felt gust,
Point out the *beautiful* and *just* ; —
Bestow on each, with manly spirit,
The palm of literary merit : —
Where *Painting's* glowing hand be found
To spread the living canvas round, —
Tells to the eye heroic lives,
And all the mighty dead revives,
To plead the cause of truth again ;
Or opens some ideal plain,
On which, in all their bloom, arise
Perennial springs of Paradise,
Hanging, at once, on many a bower,
The fruit, the foliage, and the flower,
Beneath whose shade the lowing herd
Repose, and each harmonious bird
Speaks gratitude to fancy's ear,
That seeing, we believe we hear,
And blest, indulge the mild deceit,
'Till nature seems to fear defeat ; —
Where *sculpture's* animated brass,
Or breathing stone, adorns the place,
Peopling the venerable shrines
With *Georges*, or with *Antonines* :
There seek for me, 'midst such a train
GENIUS was never sought in vain."

" You'll find, says VIRTUE, to your cost,
I'm not so soon regain'd, when lost.

A a

In

In towns my fav'rites are but few,
 In courts, perhaps, — but one or two.
 I find the best (don't think me rude)
 Society in solitude ;
 I speak of mortals, — they're as shy
 Of me, as of an enemy ;
 Not yet convinc'd (you'll scarce believe)
 Without me 'tis not life to live.
 The man of business, or of pleasure,
 Will find but little joy, or leisure
 To entertain me. I shall fly
 To regions of obscurity ;
 There with *Religion*, whom you know
 My safest partner here below ;
 Or with true *Honour*, her relation,
 May chuse, perhaps, some humble station,
 Sworn to no party, prince or church.
 Should this discourage your research,
 Yet know, in whatsoever state,
 The great man's good, the good man great ; —
 Where'er the Rich shall joy to dry
 The sorrow from Affliction's eye,
 Think all deserve, who want his aid, —
 Bring modest Merit from her shade ; —
 Can relish high the mental feast ; —
 Hope but in blessing to be blest ; —
 The approbation shall regard
 Of conscience, as his best reward ;
 Where *Friendship* shews her generous plan,
 And proves the dignity of man ;
 Where Love shall wave his purple pinions
 O'er happy *Hymen's* chaste dominions ;

Nor

Nor mourn the mutual fault divulg'd,
 Or with disloyal once indulg'd ;
 Where *Judges* to their holy trust
 Are seen inexorably just,
 Save that to *Mercy's* mild controul
 They sometimes give the melting soul ;
 Where *Patriotism*, — much injur'd found !
 Without Self-int'rest shall be found ;
 Where *Senates* dare not to apply
 The sacred name of *Liberty*
 To *Faction's* aim ; where soldiers fight
 But for their king and country's right,
 Content for that to bleed or die :
 There search for me, for there am I."

She ceas'd ; when *REPUTATION* took
 Her turn, and thus her caution spoke :

" Tho' with the best, I boast my line
 To be of origin divine,

That all who know, of me must speak well,

My dignity, importance equal

With your's, or your's ; yet I must own

My rules amount to this alone :

" If you expect to keep me near,

" Watch with a jealous lover's care.

" No moment trust me from your sight ;

" For if I once should take my flight,

" Vain will be found your best endeavour ;

I'm lost for ever and for ever.

THE
EAGLES and CROWS.



After M. LE NOBLE.

How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows?
For without art the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate to weeds.
How dull and rugged e'er 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond!
Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has confer'd;
This does but rough hew and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.

HUDIBRAS.

F A B L E III.

AR T and assiduous Care must join
To make the Works of Nature shine;

The richest ground, most fertile field,

No crop if unmanur'd will yield.

Too sure th' inactive Peasant spies

Brambles instead and Thistles rise;

Whilst the most stony, barren soil,

By artful management and toil,

Becomes a pleasant plenteous plain,

And crowns the labours of the Swain.

Th' ambitious Bird, we often find,

If nature in its birth proves kind,

Above her native sphere will rise,

And mount, well taught, the azure skies.

On the neglect or care of friends,

Our future good or ill depends :

This Proposition I'll maintain,

And by an Apologue explain.

• IN a wide forest, on a rock,

An Eagle built her nest;

There laid six eggs of beauteous form,

Which their high birth confest.

Within the shade of a tall oak,

Which to the rock adjoin'd,

A Crow too laid six homely eggs

According to her kind.

By magic art some envious fiend,

Unseen, these eggs had laid

Into the Eagle's nest, and hers

Beneath the Crow convey'd.

Un-

Unthought of *Chance*!—*Both* hatch'd their young,

And rear'd them as their own :

No wonder Birds might be deceived !

What *Father* knows his *Son*?

The new-born Crows, with Pheasants fill'd,

Soon fatten, and grow gay ;

The Eaglets, fed with putrid worms,

Dejected pine away.

Their very natures thus transform'd,

As bred, they sink and rise ;

These downwards gaze upon the plains,

Whilst these survey the skies.

All fledged at length, and fully plum'd,

For their first flight prepare ;

Each party steers a various course,

Under their Guardian's care.

Boldly the Eagle soars aloft,

With pride the young ones rise ;

Prove their descent ; on *Phæbus* gaze

Unhurt, with stedfast eyes.

Pleas'd with th' essay, she thus address'd,

Her brave, tho' spurious race :—

“ My dearest Offspring, mark me well,

“ And all my footsteps trace .

“ Behold my active, bold exploits !

“ My arbitrary sway !

“ How the birds tremble at my sight,

“ With ease become my prey !

“ See !

- " See ! how, to gratify your taste,
" I sink into the plain !
" Undaunted, sieze the bounding Doe,
" Which struggles but in vain.
" The call of nature thus obey'd,
" From thence to heav'n I rove ;
" Mix with the gods, and by command,
" Dart down the bolts of Jove."

The Crows, with great ambition fir'd,
Range all around the skies ;
As Eaglets taught, as Eaglets act,
And make the birds their prize.

Whilst the poor Eaglets cow'r their wings,
And lodge within the dales,
Void of the least ambitious thought :—
So ill advice prevails !

- " Feed (quoth the old Crow) and be content
" On what you here can find ;
" But what requires great pains to reach,
" Leave prudently behind.
" Ne'er aim to mount the skies, — or break,
" For distant joys, your rest :—
" Indulge yourselves :— Fools only toil :—
" What's got with ease is best."

By these vile principles misled,
Under their slothful guide,
The Eaglets, like inactive drones,
Lost all their native pride.

This the Effects of Education shows :
The Crows grew Eagles, and the Eagles, Crows.

T A F F Y's T R I U M P H.



————— Inhuman men,
Skilful in guile and mischief, have contriv'd
A DIRE MACHINE, full of insidious fraud,
They call a TRAP,— a mortal foe to M I C'E.

HOMER's Battle, Book II.

THE
P R O J E C T O R,
AN
H E R O I C O M I C P O E M.

SING heav'nly Muse, in lays harmonious sing,
The *Cambro-Briton*, whose prolifick brain
First form'd an Engine to the jovial Mice
Ill-boding, menacing destruction dire,
And thou, all-pow'rful *Phæbus*, deign to aid
Her flight audacious: Erst (as Poets sing)
Thou once profess'd thyself to Mice a foe,
Dreadful, implacable: nor scorn to own
Some lofty *Cambrian Mount*, which lifts its head
High as *Parnassus*; but from thence dart down
Thy influence, while she pursues her theme,
Tho' trivial, in sublime, *Miltonic* verse.

To plunder, and to rapine giv'n, a Mouse,
Horrible Monster! wander'd from dish to dish,
And knew no danger, for she knew no gin:
Long exercis'd the sly, mercurial art,
Unpunish'd, uncontroul'd; nor left untouch'd
Brown Bread or white, or Milk or Bacon rough,
Or fragrant Cheese, delicious in decay.
And, tho' unwelcome, came a constant Guest,
Daring, audacious, nor would bear repulse.

In vain with walls and bars, and folded doors,
 They strove to stop her entrance ; for with teeth,
 As razors keen, she'd gnaw her passage thro',
 And taste of food delicious without cost.

But whilst this *Pest malevolent* spread o'er
 The gloomy face of this terrestrial globe,
 In thee, O *Cambria* ! chief she tyranniz'd ;
 For Cheese, thy choicest product, tempting smells,
 And odorous, which the Mice, meer epicures,
 Not, as all other viands, only taste,
 Or lightly nibble, curious delicate.
 Dainty, not liking, but with greedy eyes
 And greedier teeth voracious, from the morn
 To even, excavate the solid mass,
 And 'midst their eatables prepare their dome.

At this the *Cambro-Britons*, vex'd, with fury burn,
 And indignation ; madness and deep revenge
 Tear their swoln breasts. Their eye-balls fiery red
 Appear, with glowing vengeance and despair.
 They fret, they fume, from cliff to cliff they rove
 Wandring, impatient ; for these passions, Hate,
 Malice, and Discord naturally shake
 Their state of mind ; and Reason never rules,
 But sensual Appetite claims constant sway.
 Thus, prompted by their rage, they doom their Foe,
 With one consent, to punishment condign :
 But by what means to apprehend this Foe,
 And put in execution their design,
 They know not, dubious : — for *Grimalkin* stern,
 But trivial aid (if any) could afford.
 Vain were her ambuscades, her narrow watch,

And

And fly, and subtle motions tow'rd's the mouth
 Of the small concave dome; the Mouse secure,
 Fearless within the narrow compass lies,
 Nor dreads her hostile paws, greater than she
 By being less. If haply he espies
 His watchful Guardian at his narrow port,
 He soon sculks in, and thro' the dark recess
 Runs winding, to *Grimalkin's* bulky paths
 Unpassable, impervious; yet nor dares
 To peep abroad, or new excursions make,
 'Till his dire Enemy removes her camp,
 And Danger, with her person, disappears.

Thus whilom *Cambria* (pardon the compare)
 Baffled victorious *Cæsar*; when to his arms
 Invincible *Britannia* yielded, and
 Confest him Lord supreme, him homage paid.
 For thus each *Cambro-Briton* strait repair'd
 To craggy Hill, or lofty Mountain, safe retreat,
 Impregnable by nature, not by art.
 Thus, in the conclave Cliffs they sculk'd, they hid;
 Midst of destructive ruin safe, secure,
 And tho' of conq'ring thoughtless, yet disdain'd
 To be o'ercome; nor were, tho' fled, o'ercome.
 At this puff'd up, their Genealogies
 In length prodigious they produce, and boast
 Their Land unconquer'd, and their Tongue antique.

Thus when the *Mouse* long time *Grimalkin* 'scap'd
 Watchful, death menacing, and no relief,
 No consolation from her care was found;
 Two Heralds, by the Nation's strict command,
 With awful ceremony, and with trumpets sound,

Proclaim a Council forthwith to be held
 In the remotest part of all their land,
 Where now *Menevia* (once in high renown)
 Her title to a Bishoprick deplores
 Deficient, shadow of what once she was.
 The Summons heard, the Senate hither came,
 With hundreds and with thousands on their way
 Attended, who with sulph'rous scent the place perfum'd.

When strait a Senator, with conic beard,
 In length prodigious, philosophic, and
 With hands by dire Disease scab'd o'er, all rough,
 To fight ungrateful, stammering in his speech,
 Midst of the grand Assembly thus began.

" 'Tis not that open War, or foreign Pow'r
 " Infests us, that we're here in Council met ;
 " But what's more dangerous, a domestic Foe.——
 " Shall then, my Friends, my Countrymen, shall then
 " A haughty, insolent *Moufe* the tyrant play
 " For ever unoppos'd, to *Cambria's* shame,
 " And constant obloquy & Let Us, on whom
 " Our Country's future woe or bliss depends,
 " With Force united, and with Arms essay
 " To disenthroned this proud Usurper, and
 " Compose our present evils ; then, while the Name
 " Of Great CADWALLADER on *Cambrian* hills
 " In lays harmonious is sung, or pip'd,
 " Shall this Day's Work be trumpeted by Fame."

He ended frowning, and before their eyes
 Producing various Fragments, the remains
 Of an old mouldy Cheese the *Moufe* had eat,
 Added new fewel to their flames ; and now

Desire

Desire of quick revenge, and pleasing praise,
 Mov'd 'em alternately: Each does devise
 Unheard-of torments; of all terms of peace
 Thoughtless, should terms of peace be sought.

But one ycliped *Taffy*, soon up rose,
 Great *Cambria*'s chiefest pride who seem'd alone
 For Dignity compos'd, and high exploit;
 Both Vulcan and a Senator, whose tongue
 Dropping down Manna, charming to the ear,
 With soft, persuasive accent thus began.

" If CHEESE, most Noble Peers, our Nation's boast,
 " Should be by this intestine Foe destroy'd,
 " I dread the consequence; the poorer sort
 " Inevitably must one meal forego,
 " And you one dainty course (affliction great)
 " Which, O ye Gods avert!" (Then here he paus'd;
 For grief had stopp'd the organs of his speech)
 But soon recovering, his Discourse renew'd.

" Since therefore, nor the dint of *Cambrian* arms,
 " Nor sharp *Grimalkin*'s paws avail, I'll try
 " What my Right-hand, my Art can do, t'expel
 " Mine, and, to me what's more, my Country's Foe."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The crowd, as when the woods and rocks retain
 The sound of blust'ring Boreas; such applause
 Was heard as *Taffy* ended: All demand
 To know this new invention, instrument
 Of promis'd joy to them, to *Mice* of woe.

Taffy some time deliberating sat,
 Scratching his Pericranium (custom old,
 Approv'd expedient, when in pensive Mood

The

The *Cambro-Briton* sits, and deep in thought)
Smiling majestic, full as *Delphian* priest, —
To all the Peers on either hand thus spake.

“ Last night, when tir’d with work and thought, I lay,

“ Couch’d on my matted bed, and gentle sleep

“ With soft oppression seiz’d my drowzed sense;

“ A bold, presumptuous *Mause*, by frequent scent;

“ Of toasted Cheese invited, strait approach’d

“ My mouth wide-gaping, and with agile leap

“ Rush’d down my throat impetuous, and within,

“ Plund’ring my Magazine of all her store.

“ Alarm’d, I suddenly awoke; mean while

“ The *Mause*, conscious of guilt, with equal speed

“ Retir’d, and passing by those hostile Guards,

“ Now watchful was surpris’d betwixt their points,

“ And left his breath with gushing blood effus’d.

“ Thus then instructed that our common Foe

“ Might be imprison’d, and his pow’r restrain’d;

“ Thoughtful of what had happen’d, I resolv’d

“ T’ exert my skill Vulcanian, and compose

“ (As Fancy should suggest) a murd’rous Trap.

“ O wond’rous! With what constant steady care

“ Does the right-hand of the dread Thund’rer *Jove*

“ Manage all secrets! Thus the silly *Mause*,

“ Prime cause of all our misery and woe,

“ To his own ruin, and perdition sure,

“ First remedy prescrib’d with good effect:

“ Nor scorn instruction, tho’ from one so mean;

“ ’Tis worthy praise to learn ev’n from a Foe.

He said; departing, all the fav’ring crowd

With

With deaf'ning shouts return'd him loud acclaim,
Wishing him all success, elate with joy.

Th' Assembly thus broke up, each to his home
Repairs blithsom, and to his Gods relates
Taffy's emprise; and whilst they invoke
Their aid on his behalf, (if fame lye not)
With more than usual mirth *Grimalkin* skipp'd,
Winding her tail in many a wreath, careless,
Unmindful of her food, or by preface,
Or Instinct, thoughtful of far happier days.

Taffy, mean time, with busy thought intent
On this Great Work, by divine *Pallas'* aid,
Erects a MOUSE-TRAP wond'rous to behold.

Now fail me not, O Muse! who thee implores.
Submissively for aid, while I describe
This artificial Fabrick, godlike Work.

Its Zenith and its Nadir were compos'd
Of wood-form'd quadrate; on each side
A row of strong retentive wire: The Dome
Stood (as it were) on various pillars prop'd.

The treacherous entrance lay wide ope, to Mice:
Seemingly hospitable, but o'er head
The door hung ticklish, menacing, or death,
Or strict confinement. In the midst there stood
A Column rais'd up forky, on whose top
A beam lath-like lay cross, whose utmost points
Stretch'd equal distance both ways: One deprest:
The other does the door contiguous uplift.
Within, from the house top, a wire hangs down
Dangling, the sport of every wind or touch;
Whose lower part, crooked like fish-hook, held

The

The bait sweet-scenting, and whose top-moſt point
 Touch'd lightly the thin Beam; which, when the *Mouse*
 Unwary, nibbling, moves it, ſtrait lets go,
 Claps down the door, and holds her Captive bound.

Thus all compos'd, and order'd, *Taffy* ſoon
 Baits the deceitful hook, and makes ev'n Food,
 Prefervative of life, the means of death.
 But firſt, to make it more delicious, and to Mice
 More grateful, odoriferous, toaſts it well.

Darkneſs now riſing, and from end to end
 Night's hemisphere veiling th' horizon round,
 And timely dew of ſleep with ſlumb'rous weight
 Cloſing his eye-lids; at his head he fix'd
 His Guardian MOUSE-TRAP; ſo ſecure, repos'd.

Mean time the jovial Mice (a turbulent rout)
 Dance up and down preſumptuous, truſting
 To the dark covert of th' opacous night.
 When on a ſudden their great Chieftain ſnuffs,
 Scenting the Cheeſe, and under planet-born
 Malevolent, makes tow'rds the hoſtile Trap.
 At firſt the Lattice barr'd his way; enrag'd,
 Not able to endure ſo baſe repulſe,
 Wrinkling his noſe, from place to place he hies,
 And by ſagacious beard explores the door:
 And now th' irremiable threshold paſt, poſſeſs'd
 Of what he wiſh'd, devours the fatal bait.

Taffy the joyous ſound o'er-hearing, which the door
 High pendant, clapping down, had made, aroſe
 Triumphant, and with winged ſpeed prepar'd
 To welcome to his Trap his unknown Gueſt.
 And now the imprifon'd *Mouse* with fury burns

And

And deep despair ; between the distant bars,
 With force impetuous runs his frantick head,
 And with contracted brow attacks the wire,
 Implacable, and impotent to bear
 His mighty grief: So when the grisly Boar
 Once sees himself beset, in toils enclos'd,
 He wets his tusks, he looks aghast, he frets,
 Erects his hide, and foaming churns the ground.

Soon as to re-salute the World with light
Leucothoë wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd
 The earth, the *Cambro-Britons* quit their Mounts,
 All conscious of the news, with winged speed.
 For now the As his gravity forgetting,
 Wanton, lascivious as the Goat, ascends
 The mountains, on whose top he brays,
 Wide gaping, imitating *Cambrian* Herald,
 And thrice proclaims aloud Great *Taffy's* name,
 And to his friends, high pleas'd, the general Joy ;
 Sounds ominous ! The Owl at midnight flying,
 Thro' every town, with beak uncomely bent,
 Screams out to Mice the trump of doleful doom.
 The hills brought forth, the *Cambro-Britons* flock'd
 In numbers numberless from every place,
 From *Pembroke*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlin's Walls*,
Glamorgan's fruitful soil, and from the banks
 Of *Vaga's* lucid stream, and from the Mount
 Of *Gomer*. When in a circular form
 The Crow'd promiscuous stood, *Taffy* produc'd
 His Captive, and insulting, thus began :

“ In vain thou strugglest ; thou by Fate art doom'd
 “ My Victim ; on my Altar shalt thou burn :

C c

“ They

" Thy blood shall here be spill'd, memorial
 " Of our nation's joy. All hopes are vain,
 " All flight th' inexorable door denies.
 " Thou shalt have torments equal to thy crimes,
 " (If possible) — Not *Sisyphus's* toil,
 " Not all *Ixion's* pangs, when on the wheel,
 " Dire consequence of Tattling ! Nor the smart
 " *Prometheus* felt on *Caucasus*, or huge
 " Gigantic *Tyrtius*, when with thunder struck,
 " Shall stand in competition with thy woe."

He scarce had finish'd, when from sunny top
 Of that same dome *Grimalkin* leap'd, where oft
 She lay in lazy mood, stretch'd out at length.
 The Captive, spying his Foe advancing stern,
 His ears erects, his crooked back humps up,
 Nor dares to make excursion ; most secure
 In his once hated prison-walls, he hugs
 His pleasing chain, 'till by main strength of arm
 Oblig'd to quit his hold, *Grimalkin's* paws
 Salute him roughly, struggling to escape.
 No truce on any terms, is granted ; she her joy,
 By waving of her flexile tail, declares,
 And wanton leap : Now on the ground supine,
 Sedulous, she eyes the *Mouse* ; now gently pats
 Her neck with her clench'd claws, pretending love,
 While in her heart she meditates revenge ;
 Thus triumphs barbarous, and the tyrant plays.
 Now she with sporting tir'd, her inward rage
 No more dissembling, whets her fatal teeth,
 And like a Lion falls upon her prey,

Grumb-

Grumbling, with hunger pinch'd, and limb from limb
Divides, obdurate, merciless, the trembling *Mouse*.

Whilst now the joyous Populace behold
The wish'd-for end of their intestine Foe,
With loud acclaim they rend the vaulted skies;
And echo speechless, but when others speak,
Catching their voice, well pleas'd returns the sound.
Plinlimmon's Hills, and *Snowdon's* lofty Mounts,
And *Brechin's*, and the Ditch of *Offa* join
In chorus, to compleat the general joy.

Thou *Taffy* shalt for ever live, thy name,
Thy genius all-excelling, on record shall stand:
E'en now, each *Cambro-Briton*, solemnly
One day in the revolving year observes,
Of thee memorial, and thy great exploits;
And in their country's honour, crown their brows
With odoriferous, never-fading L E E K.

[196]

GRATITUDE:
AN
HISTORICAL TALE.

O GRATITUDE! sweet offspring of the sky!
Parent of Angels' duty, praise, and pray'r:—
With thee dwells ev'ry virtue.—Warm'd by thee,
The human soul, bright effluence from the fount
Of Good eternal, proves its high descent
From heav'n.

ANON.

THE tyrant Winter had just abdicated his joyless throne, and young-ey'd Spring begun to unlock the source of vegetable Life, when the noble *Pietro Cornaro*, having performed his literary exercises with universal applause, resolved to complete, by an attentive observation of living manners, the institutions of the Academy.

He reflected, with ingenuous shame and indignation, on the preposterous practice of sending Youth to study the customs of foreign countries, before they have acquired an adequate idea of their own.—Conversation, he would often say, was a species of traffick in which

which every one was obliged to give something in exchange for the pleasure or improvement he might expect from others;— and that the properest stock we can negotiate with, is a competent knowledge of the natural and political peculiarities of our native country. Destitute of this, he insisted, the Traveller could be regarded in no other light than that of a Bankrupt Adventurer, whose acquisitions would necessarily be inconsiderable; because the rich in science would soon exclude from their society one, whom they discovered incapable of making due returns for the advantages he might receive from them.

From these reflections he evinced the expediency, before he visited remote kingdoms, of travelling at home.—He therefore allotted his first two years to the examination of the curiosities of *Italy*, his native country, and four more for comparing them with those of other cities.

Soon after this prudent disposition of his time, he arrived at the city of *Leghorn*.—The very choice of his apartment evidenced the man of contemplation and mental pleasure; its windows open'd to an extensive park, where, if art could be at all discovered, it was only as the servant of Nature; a spot which the mild genius of vernal delight seemed to have marked out for his dearest residence: With the prospect of which *Pietro* was extremely, and continually delighted.—The heaven-taught melody of the birds, the awful shade of the trees, the mind-composing regularity of the walks, and the polite youth of both sexes that resorted thither for health as well as amusement, were the frequent objects of his contemplation.

Opposite to his window, some small distance from the common path, two lofty sycamores intermixt their social branches, beneath which was erected a rustic Alcove, where, duly as the morning blush'd, he observed a disconsolate *Turk* never failed to resort (as if seeking a shelter from the prying eye of curiosity) that he might

might pay a tribute to his misfortunes, and indulge the luxury of sorrow.

There *Pietro* often saw him extended on the grass, with eyes fixt steadfastly towards heaven; whilst frequently a silent tear gushed from them, and trickled down his manly cheeks, which he would wipe away with a large knot of ropes; the melancholy badge of his captivity.

The tender heart of good *Pietro* melted at the piteous sight; nor could he restrain his impatience to discourse with this lowly son of affliction, and know from his own mouth the cause of his distress; foreboding that he should find something superior to a slave in himself, and something more grievous than slavery in his condition.

Actuated by this prepossession, he dispatched a messenger one morning to the wonted scene of sorrow, with orders to introduce the captive to his lodgings.

Soon as the servant approached him, he arose in act to retire; but being told the reason of his interruption, he readily accepted the generous offer, and was conducted to *Pietro's* apartment.

The young gentleman received him with all the testimonies of humanity; made him sit down by him; and after a short, previous discourse, desired he would oblige him with an account of his Adventures.

The *Turk's* deportment was very modest and engaging; and after many a bitter sigh, his sorrows became articulate, and permitted him thus to relate the Tale of Woe.

"I am, said he, an honest, but distressed *Mahomedan*; and tho' unused to war or rapine, I fell a sacrifice to both, in an unhappy visit to an aged father, then in health and prosperity at *Cyprus*; but whose grey hairs are now perhaps brought down with sorrow to the grave thro' my misfortunes."

Here

Here he paused ; and, after a deep sigh, told all the circumstances of the engagement, wherein he was made a captive, and then concluded.

“ I have now, Sir, spent four tedious years in this forlorn condition, and have left behind me three faithful, loving wives, two hopeful sons at mens estate, and nine smaller children, drowned in sorrow for my loss.”

Signior *Pietro*, the universal friend of human nature, sincerely sympathized with him, and wept for his misfortunes ; thanked him for his agreeable, tho’ mournful conversation : And after he had made him a liberal present for the relief of his immediate necessities, very courteously dismissed him.

The *Turk*, with a dejected, but comforted heart, gave him a look of ardent gratitude, and returned to his accustomed labours.

Signior *Pietro*, after his departure, sat thoughtful awhile on the vicissitudes of fortune, and reflected on the pungent sorrows which slavery must inflict on every ingenuous spirit.—He already anticipated the heart-ennobling pleasures of benevolence, and resolved, from motives of genuine christianity, to indulge himself in the mental luxury, by exerting his utmost interest with the governor of the city, to procure freedom to the captive.

Petitionary application and remonstrance he found altogether ineffectual ; and no less a sum than one hundred and fifty ducats could purchase his ransom.

Pietro now discovered the most important use of money ; and having it in his inclination, soon put it into his power to communicate happiness by joyfully paying down the stipulated sum, to rescue a fellow-creature just sinking into the abyss of despair.

The

The welcome news soon reaches the Captive's ears:—It is impossible to describe his transport on this happy occasion.—It was equalled by nothing but the self-approbation of *Pietro's* heart.—He flies to his deliverer, falls at his feet, and pays him almost divine adoration; vows an eternal gratitude, and begs to know which way, if ever fortune should prove propitious, he might return the everlasting obligation.

The good *Pietro* embraced him; wished him happier days to come, and assured him he expected no retaliation; but if the love of virtue fired his breast, and moved him to be grateful, he would accept his promise, at his return to *Turkey*, to ransom some *Italian* slave, and send him to his native home.

This the *Turk* vowed to do; and being still farther assisted by the generous beneficent *Pietro* with cloaths and other necessaries proper for his voyage; he embarked on board an *English* vessel bound for *Smyna*, and, with a prosperous gale, arrived in safety at the destined port.

I shall not attempt to describe the joyful reception which the long-absent *Mahomedan* there met with from his wives, children, and other near and dear relations, who thought him to be dead, and buried in the bosom of the ocean. Imagination will best furnish my Reader with a just idea of those transports, which words are wanting to express.

Soon after the *Mahomedan's* departure from *Leghorne*, Signior *Pietro* set out for *Venice*, where, being safely arrived, and charmed with the various beauties of that flourishing city, he determined, in farther prosecution of his plan of improvement, to make it for some months the place of his abode.

Pietro, tho' much of the philosopher, was, perhaps, more of the fine gentleman, young, gay and amorous; and as *Venice* abounded with fair ladies, his heart did not continue long insensible to love.—

Signiora

Signiora *Maria Margaretta Delfino*, the daughter of a wealthy *Maltese* merchant, who had lived with her uncle at *Venice* for some years, became the sole object of his wishes.

No one could justly blame *Pietro's* conduct or his choice. Her external perfections, independent of the immense fortune to which she was born, were charms irresistible. She was the envy of her own sex, and the admiration even of princes. The turn of her face was oval; her forehead high, her eyes large and sparkling, her lips vermillion, her teeth white as ivory, and regularly ranged; in short, all her features had the truest symmetry and proportion, and were animated with an elegance inexpressible. The brightness of her charms became more conspicuous by the shade of her hair and eye-brows; her stature was moderate, and her shape exact and easy:—Nothing, in a word, surpassed the beauty of her person, but the more amiable endowments of her mind.

But take his own description of her in the fragment of a little pastoral Ode, which he composed, and set to music, soon after he was honoured with her acquaintance.

THE

PASTORAL ODE.

I.

MARIA was the loveliest maid,

That ever blest the Silvan shade,

Or taught the swains to sigh;

Not Fancy paints a Nymph so fair;

Such graces revel in her air,

Such virtues in her eye,

D d

Her

II.

Her mien was milder than the east
 In all its matin glories drest,
 And fresher was her cheek;
 Her shape e'en Envy made its choice,
 Her lips breath'd nectar, and her voice——
 Was sweet as voice could speak.

Though she was thus finished by the hand of grace and harmony,
 no lawless passion ever stained the purity of her lover's bosom.

His first resolutions were, if possible, to procure her uncle's
 consent to admit of his addresses. He was very importunate, and
 made all the honourable proposals that the prudence of her friends
 might expect, or his own generous spirit could dictate.

At last, the Uncle complied upon this condition, that Signior
Pietro should, before the marriage rites were performed, attend him
 and the young lady to *Malta*, in order to gain her Father's assent
 to an affair of so great importance.

These terms were readily accepted by *Pietro*; but before the
 voyage was undertaken, four months were spent in paying his daily
 devotions to the fair Goddess he adored.

Signiora *Maria*, tho' not displeased with the assiduities of her
 lover, nor insensible of his real merit, was modest and reserved;
 and refused to give his suit the least assurance of success, until her
 Father's authority should justify her conduct.

As lovers are ever impatient of delay, upon *Pietro's* uninter-
 mitted solicitations, a day was at last appointed for their voyage
 to *Malta*.

They embarked accordingly; the wind set fair, and they soon
 lost sight of *Venice*.

After

After a day's sale, Fortune, as if envious of his approaching happiness, by one malignant blast, withered his blooming hopes, and gave him up a prey to disappointment and despair. In short, a well-armed *Turkish* Galley met them, engaged and conquered them. Their vessel was carried to *Smyrna*; and there our unfortunate Lovers, with the young Lady's Uncle, and their retinue, were landed in the melancholy state of bondage.

O Fortune, thou fair but fickle Mistress! thy smiles are ever insincere, and thy embraces dangerous. Thou deludest us with a specious shew of happiness, which ere we can possess we lose: Thou playest on our desires with an usurer's craft, and promisest an unexpected source of pleasure; when, with a sudden frown thou callest us to account, and for a dream of bliss we must repay substantial sorrow!

Our three distressed Companions, with the rest of the Passengers and the Ship's Crew, were conducted in chains to the market, and there exposed to public sale with as little remorse, as the irrational beast of burden, or of slaughter in our christian countries.

Signior *Pietro*, and the young Lady's Uncle were linked together, and fixt with several others at one stall; whilst the fair disconsolate *Maria* (sinking under the apprehension of unexperienced woe, with the rest of the females) was posted at another, expecting every moment to be purchased to slavery, and separated for ever from her *Pietro*.

But we will not dwell on a scene which every heart, whose sensibility is not entirely worn out, can better represent to itself, than the most elaborate powers of description.

At length a young and graceful *Turk* approached the weeping maid; and having bargained with the proper officer, and paid the

purchase-money, threw a thin veil over her face, (as is the usual custom) and conducted her to his own apartment.

Often did she turn to take her last farewell; as often *Pietro's* greedy eyes met hers, and answered their complaints with all the pathetic eloquence of silent sorrow.

She's gone:—And now *Pietro* swells with affliction which he dares not utter: And tho' he dared, it is unutterable!—As tears are vain, his eyes seem wholly useless; they seem immoveably fixed upon the ground, like those of a poor exhausted wretch expiring on the rack, and past the power of complaining:—He looked the very statue of Despair.

Whilst thus he stands, regardless of the numerous purchasers that swarm around, a graceful Personage approached, and thus addressed to him the language of consolation:—

“Look up, young Man, says he, and bear your misfortunes
“with moderation: It is in adversity, when sustained with true
“firmness of soul, to impart more dignity to human nature than
“the greatest prosperity.—Chear up:—The wheel of fortune is
“ever rolling round. Mortality is subject to vicissitudes. Tho'
“anxious cares to-day depress you, those clouds to-morrow may
“disperse, and joys unthought of court your acceptance.—I have
“been a slave myself, yet heaven proved kind at last, raised
“me up an unexpected friend, and brought me to my native
“country.”

Pietro reared up his head to thank him for his consolation.

The *Turk* started back, overwhelmed with admiration and surprise; at length recovering himself a little, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and exclaimed with transport.

“I thank thee, holy Prophet!—This day thou hath directed well
“my lucky footsteps!—O my benefactor!—my redeemer!—my

“*Pietro!*”

“ *Pietro!*— Is it thus I am to discharge the mighty debt of gratitude
“ incurred by my own misfortunes?

With equal amazement *Pietro* gazes on the grateful *Turk*.—
Tongue cannot express the raptures of this happy meeting.—It
was that very *Turk* whom the generosity of *Pietro* had but a few
months before restored to liberty, his country and his friends.

Speechless awhile they kissed, embraced, and hung upon each
other's neck.—At last the *Turk* broke silence, and in the follow-
ing terms addressed *Pietro*.

“ I promised thee, O thou best of Christians! when last we
“ parted, that I would certainly redeem such slaves from servitude
“ as most deserved my favours.—And now, thanks to our holy
“ *Mahomed!* I have found the man who merits more than I can do
“ for him.”

Immediately he orders the officer to send some proper person to
receive his ransom, and conducts him home with all the joy a grateful
heart can possibly conceive.

Signior *Pietro* was not so far transported, however, at his own
deliverance, as to forget his fellow-slaves.

“ O generous *Turk*, he exclaimed, how, how shall I repay this
“ wondrous goodness?—But can my soul feel a real joy, while the
“ mistress of it, the amiable *Maria* is exposed?—Yes, thou fairest
“ daughter of the Graces, these eyes saw thee devoted to all the
“ offices of slavery, and, perhaps, at this very moment, thou art
“ struggling — Oh, there is madness in the thought! My friend
“ too, the guardian of thy innocence is now offered to sale.”—And
I will be his purveyor instantly, rejoined the benevolent *Ma-
hommedan*.

The *Turk's* two sons having been informed that their father had
found the man to whom he owed his liberty, hastened home to
testify their joy and gratitude.

The

The eldest of the sons, on hearing the history of their sorrows cried out.—“ Now by our holy Prophet! that very Virgin, or I
 “ am much deceived, is mine;—I purchased her to wait upon my
 “ mother.—Give me leave to restore that blessing to your arms, that
 “ tribute of my thanks for all your favours shewn my honoured
 “ parent.—I will go, and introduce her to you in a moment.”

Now succeeds a restless interval of time, divided between the hopes of recovering *Maria*, and the fears lest the young *Turk* should be mistaken.

But see!— he returns, and with him too the wish'd-for Virgin.

The fair one now frankly acknowledged the master of her heart, and flies into *Pietro's* arms;—*Pietro's* arms are open to receive her.

“ Oh! my soul's joy, said he!—Oh extacy!— Oh transport!—
 “ Where is affliction now?—Where are the dreadful sounds of
 “ cruel fate, which passed a sentence of separation on us?—But
 “ sure her ministers were deaf;—they heard her not;—or does she
 “ now relent?—O glorious mercy!—Thanks, thanks, ye pitying
 “ powers!—And lest I prove unworthy;—Oh! hold your casti-
 “ gating vengeance still impending over me, to awe me into everlast-
 “ ing love and gratitude!”

They lived, during their short stay at *Smyrna*, in all the gaiety their great Deliverer could devise; and still farther to oblige them, he redeemed two men servants and a maid, attendant on *Maria*.

At last he purchased a commodious passage for them on board a vessel of *Marseilles*, then bound for *Malta*.

Signior *Pietro*, the fair *Maria*, and the Uncle frequently pressed the *Turk* to take their Bills, or find some other way to repay himself his large disbursement.—But all in vain:—The debt, he said, was paid long since.—And then devoutly lifting up his hands to heaven:—“ O *Mahomet*! I thank thee, added he, that thou hast not
 “ only

“ only given me a grateful heart, but put it in my power to demonstrate it by recompensing this christian’s generous friendship.”

They set sail for *Malta* with a prosperous wind, and soon arrived at their expected haven. They are splendidly entertained by *Maria*’s father ; and after a minute detail of their adverse and propitious fortune, the old gentleman, with transport, joined their hands, declaring, that the hand of Providence visibly pointed them out as designed for each other ; and with all the magnificence of a rich and indulgent parent, solemnized their happy nuptials.

Thus tho’ the morning low’rs and clouds arise,
The sun ere noon breaks forth and gilds the skies :
Now in *Maria*’s arms *Pietro* reigns,
And blames his stars no more ; no more complains :
Now each blest hour is fill’d with fresh delight,
Whilst peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.

To make th’ amusement ethic.—Take this rule ;
That Virtue triumphs e’en in sorrow’s school,
Where trembling Guilt is Fortune’s ridicule.

T H E
D O U B L E W A L L E T.

YES, my Friend, I confess it—I feel your remonstrance;
 Oh shame to Philosophy, Reason and Conscience!
 Tho' each atom of fault in our friends we can find,
 To our own mountain crimes we're incurably blind.
 Unmanly Injustice! hear the best I am able
 To plead in excuse.—Alas! an old Fable.
Jove, Nature or Fate, whichever you call it,
 Threw on all men, it seems, a large DOUBLE WALLET;
 In the budget *before* hang the faults of our neighbour,
 Our own quite *behind*, so not seen without labour.
 “Look forward, still forward,” base *Self-love* enjoin'd us,
 WE HEAR AND OBEY; THO' ALL THINGS REMIND US,
 'Tis wiser to look, at least sometimes, behind us.

U N I V E R S A L P R A Y E R.

OMnipotent! Father of earth and heav'n!
 Eternal reverence to thy Name be giv'n,
 Wide spread thy reign of universal love,
 Till men on earth obey, as saints above:
 Our souls and bodies daily bread bestow,
 Shew us that mercy, we to others shew:
 Far from temptation all our steps direct,
 Or tempted, deign thy children to protect:
 Thine is the kingdom, thine, O God, the pow'r,
 The glory thine for ever, evermore.

Amen,

T H E



ÆSOP at COURT;
OR, THE
Labyrinth of Versailles

DELINEATED

IN

French and English

The PLATES

Engraved by G. Bickham.

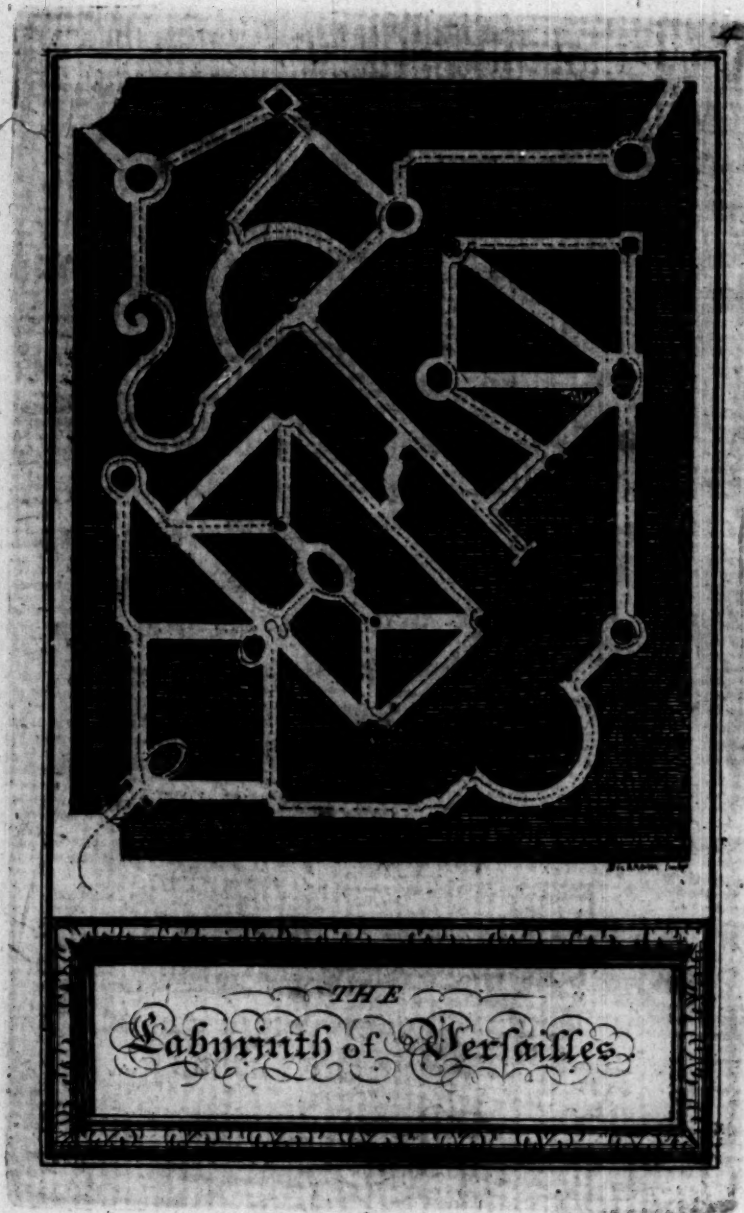
From the

Paris Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Editor.

MDCCLXVII.



THE

LABYRINTH of VERSAILLES.

OF all the shady Grottos in the little Park of *Versailles*, there is no one that strikes the eye in so delightful a manner, or is in any degree so curious and entertaining as the LABYRINTH, not only on account of that regular confusion in which it is so artfully thrown, but in regard to the prodigious number, and the agreeable variety of its refreshing Fountains. It could not, doubtless, be distinguished by a more proper name; since the spectator will find therein such an infinite number of little alleys that run into each other, and are so intricate and perplexed, that it is morally impossible for him not to be bewildered; but then, in case he should be lost, that he may lose himself agreeably, he has a pleasing prospect, at every corner, of a vast variety of Fountains, insomuch that every step he treads, he meets with some new and beautiful object to attract his eye.

No subject was thought more proper to decorate this Spot, than some select Fables of *Æsop*; and they are so naturally expressed, that nothing sure was ever executed in a more masterly manner. The Birds and Beasts, which are all composed of brass, and painted after the life, are so beautifully designed that they seem alive, and engaged in the very actions which they represent.

The different disposal of each Fountain creates likewise a very agreeable amusement; and the lively colours of the various Shells, and the exquisite Rock-work with which the Basins are all embellished, are so happily intermingled with the verdure of the palisades, that no one can possibly be tired with surveying the various beauties of so enchanting a place.

E c

On

On each side of the entrance into this LABYRINTH, which is a very grand and magnificent portal, there stand two brazen Statues, painted in the most elegant manner, after the life, each on a pedestal of rock-work: One is the grotesque figure of old *Æsop*, and the other the soft image of the young Son of *Venus*: The former holds a scroll of paper in his hand; the latter, on the other side, stands in a most agreeable attitude, with his arm extended, and a large ball of silk between his fingers.

The lesson of instruction to be drawn from this fiction is this: That tho' the God of Love is too apt to involve mankind into a thousand petty broils and perplexities, yet he has the secret art of extricating them out of the maze they are thus led into, when he is accompanied by *Prudence*, to the practice whereof he is here directed by the sage Fables of *Æsop*.

The spectator being once admitted, he will meet with near forty several Fountains in this curious LABYRINTH, in the order they stand in the plan prefixed, to which is added a Clue for his direction:

Upon each Fountain is inserted, in a proper place, a large copper-plate, with a black ground, on which there is an inscription of four *French* verses, written in characters of gold.

These Tetrafacts were composed by the late celebrated *Mons. Benferade*, which not only explain the Fables, but, in a few words, the Morals they imply.

The Editor of this undertaking thought it highly requisite to give the Reader not only the Fable itself, but an exact description of each individual Fountain, the better to illustrate the Sculptures with which he has embellished his Work.

ÆSOP.





THE LABYRINTH.

211

Æ S O P.

I.

NATURE, when Æsop first was form'd,
Was in a merry mood ;
Compos'd the Figure in grotesque,
All rough, unpolish'd, rude.

II.

With paunch elate, and hump erect,
Splay-feet, and goggling eyes ;
Yet all this farce the Goddess play'd
The better to surprise.

III.

Tho', at first sight, her Work was deem'd.
Artless and ill-design'd ;
Yet, thus disguis'd, within she clos'd
A glorious, godlike mind.

IV.

Whene'er he spoke, none could resist
The doctrines which he taught :
All stood attentive, and amaz'd
At his vast reach of thought.

V.

Thus we wise Nature's scheme pursue,
And act in masquerade ;
Tickle your ears with comic tales,
And please whilst we persuade.

F A B L E

P O S
C U P I D.

SEE! with what grace, what winning mien,
The Son of VENUS stands!
Who, like the all-powerful God of day,
The universe commands.

II.

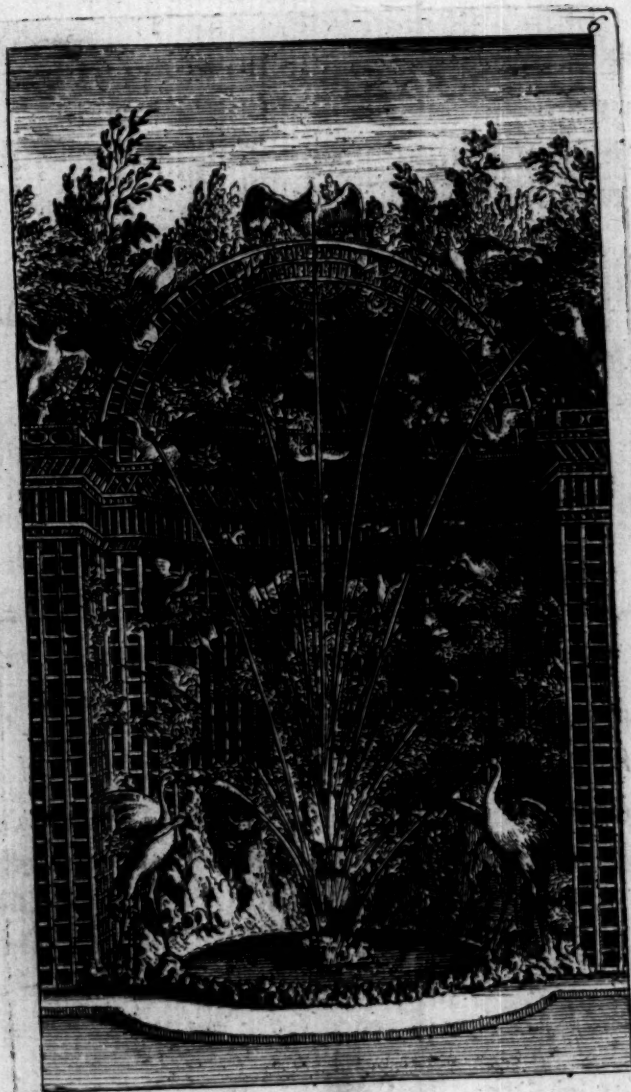
The mystic Ball, within his Palm,
Points out the Lover's Maze;
Shews how perplext are all his thoughts;
How intricate his ways;

III.

But when the Youth with caution loves,
And moves by Wisdom's clue;
Fearless he treads the winding path,
And finds his passage thro'.

FABLE





F A B L E I.

Le DUC & les OISEAUX.

LES OISEAUX en plain jour voyant le Duc paroistre,
 Sur luy fondirent tous à son hideux aspect.
 Quelque parfait qu'on puisse estre,
 Qui n'a pas son coup de bec ?

The OWL and the DAY-BIRDS.

THE Horn OWL, tho' MINERVA's bird,
 And for his wisdom priz'd;
 Was for his hideous garb and hoot,
 By the whole tribe despis'd.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

A Magnificent semi-circular Dome, composed of lattice-work, and embellished with all the decorations that the Architect could possibly devise, is filled with a vast variety of the gayest Birds, who are perched upon different branches, and in a thousand various directions, eject a profusion of water upon the head of an OWL, who is planted in the center of the Basen, which is of Rock-work. The Birds seem fired with rage and disdain at the ill-favoured Intruder, and the OWL sits as one perfectly dejected on finding himself the object of derision and contempt.

F A B L E II.

Les COCS & la PERDRIX.

LA PERDRIX bien batuë eut un depit-extrefme,
 Que les Cocs, peu galands, la traitassent ainfi :
 Depuis voyant qu' entr'eux ils en ufoient de mefme,
 Patience, dit-elle, ils fe battent auffi.

The two COCKS and the PARTRIDGE.

A PARTRIDGE by two COCKS oppress'd,
 Did her hard fate deplore ;
 But when ſhe ſaw their civil broils,
 She ſigh'd and wept no more.
 " Never deſpair :—Tho' great your woe :
 " Sorrows, by patience, lighter grow."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

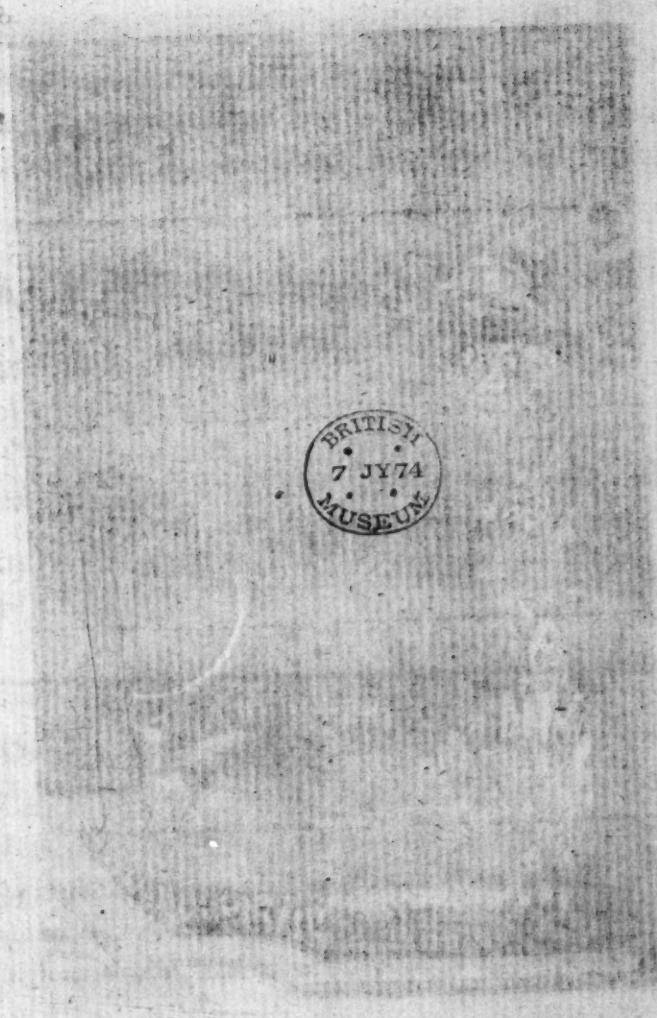
A PARTRIDGE, perched on a ſprig of ſhell-work, ejects a ſmall ſtream of water into the air :—On each ſide are planted two GAME-COCKS on a larger piece of ſhell-work, and in a more elevated ſituation, both caſting downwards a profuſion of water into the baſon or reſervoir.

THE LONDON

A. B. L. R. U.

CO. OF LONDON

THE LONDON
A. B. L. R. U.
CO. OF LONDON





FABLE III.

Le COC & le RENARD.

LE RENARD dit au Coc, une paix éternelle
 Est conclue entre nous;—Descends:—Oui, deux levriers
 Viennent, repond le Coc, m'en dire la nouvelle:—
 Le RENARD n'osa pas attendre les Couriers.

The COCK and the FOX.

SAYS REYNARD to a wary COCK,
 Let all our quarrels cease!—
 Yes, cries the COCK,—when yon two hounds
 Have once proclaim'd the peace.
 The Fox retreats.—This plainly shows,
 False Friends are the most dang'rous Foes.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE the Cock stands on a solid piece of rock-work, painted green, in imitation of a grass-plot, on an eminence far above the reach of the Fox; and, by way of raillery, ejects a flood of water towards his head; whilst, on the other hand, by way of resentment, REYNARD ejects a stream of water at the Cock, as high as he can, but to no purpose, as he stands below on the brink of the vase or basin.

F A B L E IV.

Le COC & le DIAMANT.

LE Coc fur un fumier grattoit, lorsqu' à ses yeux
 Parut un DIAMANT ;—Helas ! dit il, qu'en faire ?
 Moy, qui ne suis point lapidaire ;—
 Un grain d'orge me convient mieux.

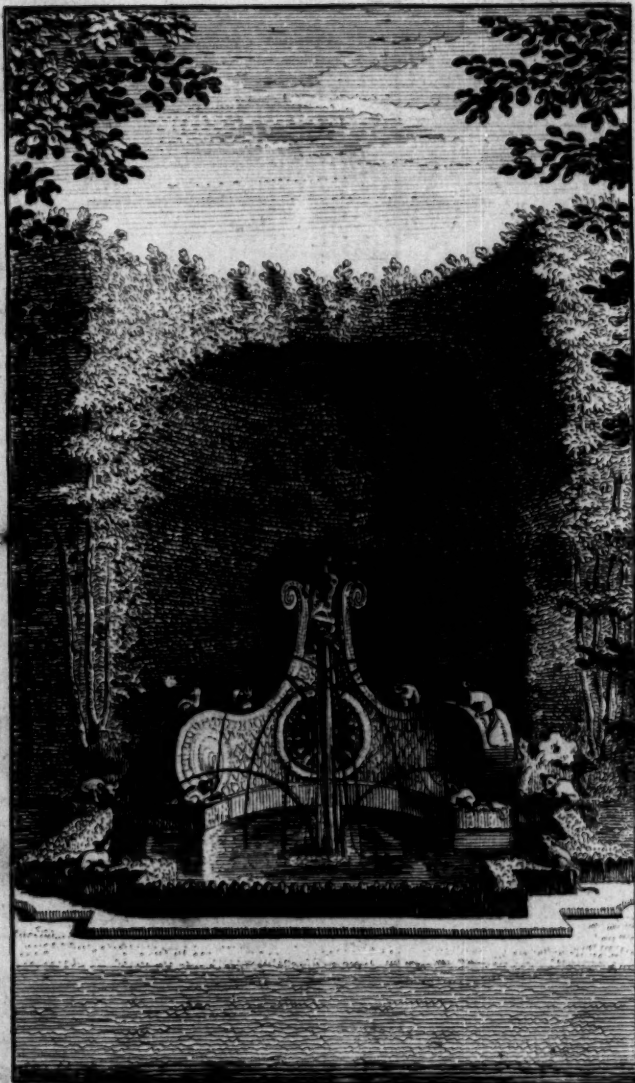
The COCK and the DIAMOND.

A Cock, whilst grov'ling in the dust,
 By chance a Jewel spies :—
 What would a Lapidary give
 For such a glorious prize ?
 Yet, for my part,—“ Such toys I scorn,
 “ And value more a grain of corn.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

A COCK is represented as sitting in the center of the bason, or vase, and grips within his claws a large piece of Chrystal, cut in imitation of a DIAMOND, and ejects a perpetual stream as high as possible, by way of murmur, against Fortune for putting him in possession of such a gaudy trifle, instead of a substantial grain of corn.





F A B L E V.

Le CHAT pendu & Les RATS.

UN CHAT faisoit la mort, & prit beaucoup de RATS ;

Puis il s'enfarina pour déguiser sa mine :

Quand même tu serois le sac à la farine,

Dit un des plus rusés, je n'approcherois pas.

The CAT and the MICE.

A Wily CAT, like one long lifeless, lay,

In hopes to captivate some easy prey :—

A giddy Mician Crew before him run,

But to their cost soon find themselves undone,

Flush'd with success, a second scheme he tries,

And cover'd o'er with meal inactive lies :—

Cries a sage MOUSE, too conscious of the cheat,

Were thy skin stuff'd with the most luscious meat,

For the bag's sake, I'd starve before I'd eat.

HERE the CAT is represented as descending from the summit of a finished piece of Rock-work, and pouring one continued stream into the center of the Vase, whilst the RATS and MICE, who are ranged in a circular form round the margin, are ejecting their lesser streams into the air, to denote their well-grounded fears of approaching him, or trusting to specious appearances.

F A B L E VI

L' AIGLE & Le RENARD.

COmperes & voisins assez mal assortis,
 A la tentation tous deux ils succomberent ;
 Car l' AIGLE du RENARD enleva les petits,
 Et le RENARD mangea les AIGLENS qui tomberent.

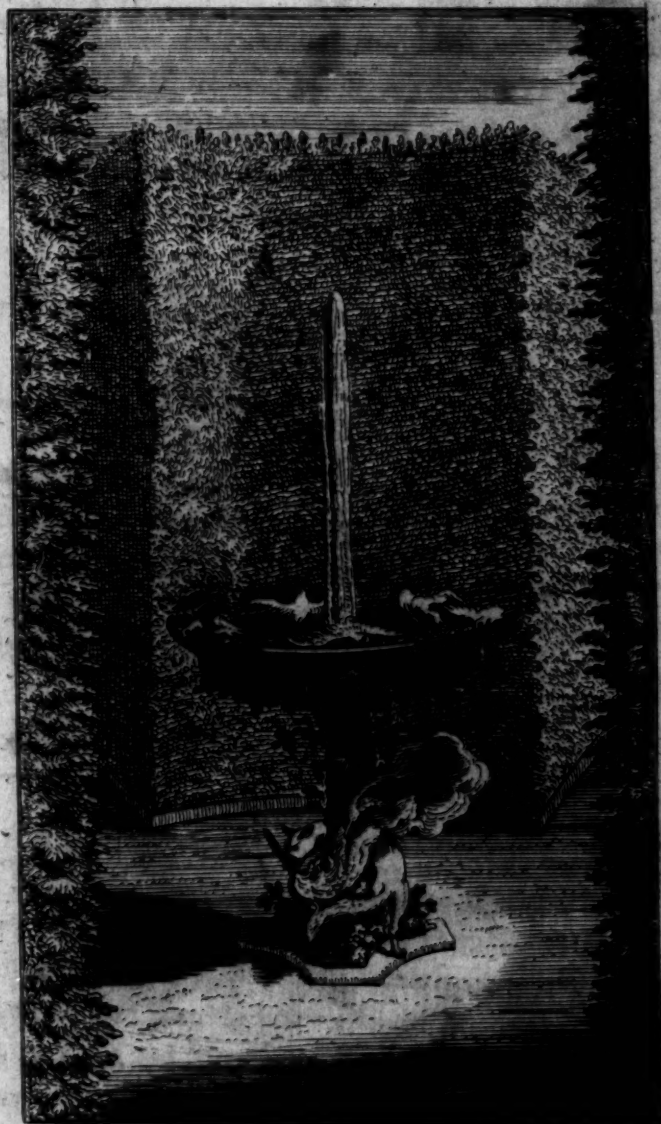
The EAGLE and the FOX.

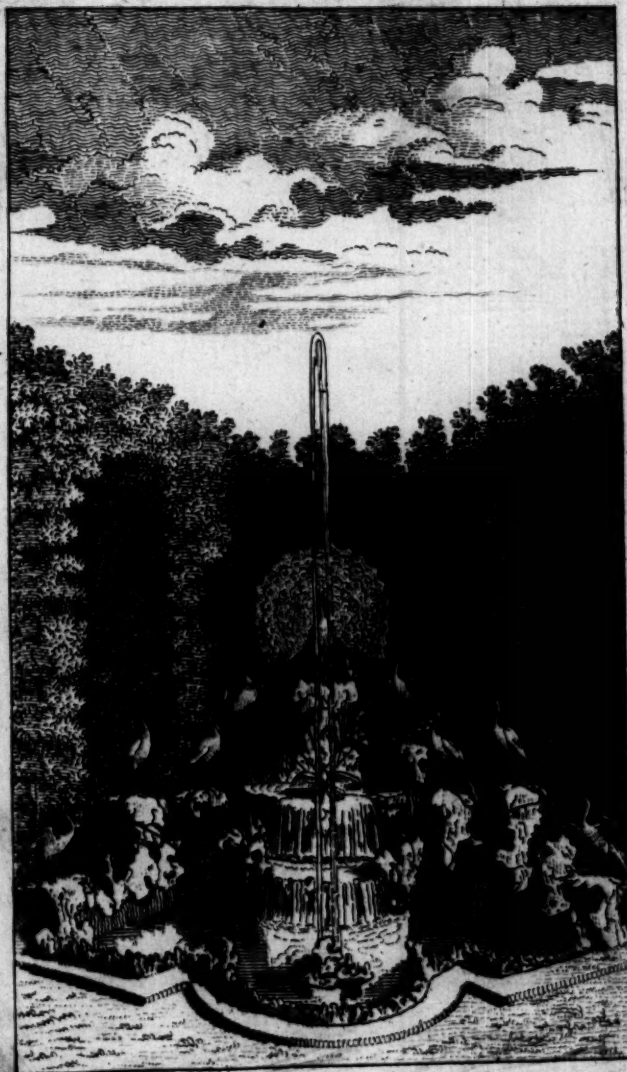
AN EAGLE and a Fox, sworn friends, agree
 To be joint-tenants of a spacious Tree ;
 REYNARD resides below :—Jove's Bird above ;
 And dwell together for a while in love.—
 But friends prove false :—This REYNARD, to his cost,
 Finds true ;—for soon his Cubs are lost.—
 He vows revenge :—And, with a flaming light,
 Burns down his neighbour's palace in the night.—
 “ Thus, when two powers, ally'd, begin to jar,
 “ 'Tis the sure prelude of destructive war.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE you view the Body of a large Tree, as lively an imitation of Nature
 as art can possibly devise ; and thereupon is fixed a large Vase or Balon
 composed of brass, but elegantly gilt ; on the margin whereof divers EAGLES
 are ranged in a circular form :—The Fox, whom they had robbed of his Cubs,
 is planted at the foot of the Tree, holding a well-lighted torch in his mouth,
 menacing, in revenge, to burn down their House directly, in case they made
 not immediate restitution. And from the center of the Vase above, arises a
 large stream of water, resembling a flame, as if he had carried his rage and
 resentment into actual execution,

FABLE





F A B L E VII.

Les PAONS & Le GEAY.

O SES - tu bien cacher tes plumes sous les nôtres,
 Dirent les PAONS au GEAY, rempli d'ambition ?
 Qui s'élève au dessus de sa condition,
 Se trouve bien souvent plus bas que tous les autres.

The PEACOCKS and the JAY.

O NCE on a time, a vain conceited JAY,
 In borrow'd plumes drest elegantly gay,
 Ventur'd to strut among the starry train ;—
 But, when found out, was treated with disdain.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

E IGH T PEACOCKS (beautifully painted after the life) stand four on each side of a very spacious Vase, ejecting their joint waters in a profusion on the head of their detected Impostor, each of them being perched on a small station of shell-work, one above another. Upon the summit of the rock-work is planted another PEACOCK, in all his pride, with his tail as far expanded as proportion will admit, from whence a perfect cascade falls in whole sheets into the basin. In the center of all this profusion of water, stands the poor disconsolate JAY, unplumed, as it were, of all his borrowed gaiety, and conscious of their just repentment.

F A B L E VIII.

Le COC & Le COC-D'INDE.

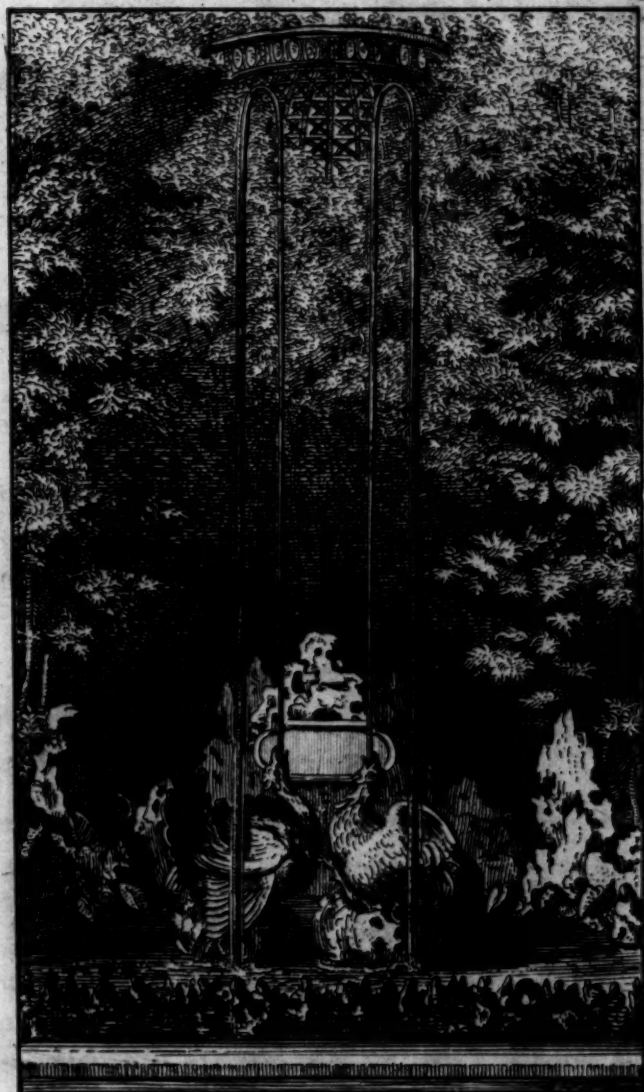
DU COC D'INDE le Coc fut jaloux, et crut bien
 Qu'il étoit son rival;—mais il n'en étoit rien;
 Car il faisoit la rouë & libre, & sans affaire,
 Pour avoir seulement le plaisir de la faire.

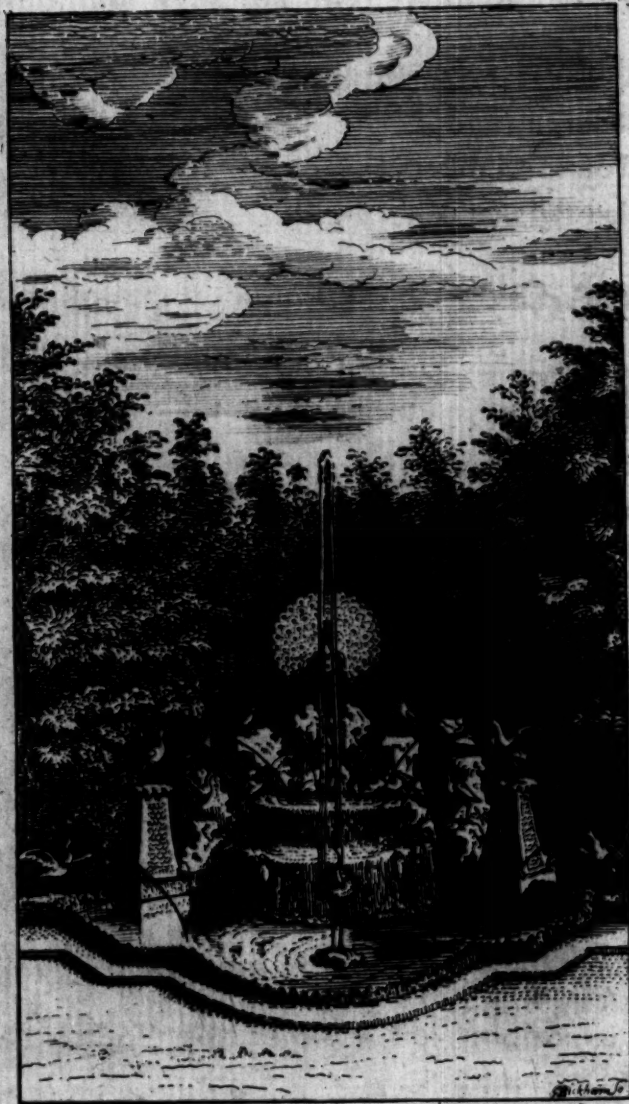
The TURKEY-COCK and the GAME-COCK.

A TURKEY-COCK, one day, a GAME-COCK spy'd,
 And strutted by his Concubines with pride;
 Thoughtless of war, but willing to appear
 Beau-like, quite free in taste, and debonair.—
 The Cock grows jealous:—At his rival flies,
 And for his insolence the Coxcomb dies.
 “ Thus vain conceited Fops, when richly drest,
 “ Think they have charms to warm the coldest breast.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

THE TURKEY-COCK expands his tail, as far as he is able, in order to shew himself a visitor of consequence; the GAME-COCK, however, disgusted at his visit, stands ready prepared to attack him.—Both eject large streams of water into the basin.





F A B L E IX.

Le PAON & La PIE.

LE PAON est élu Roi comme un fort bel Oiseau,

La PIE en murmure, & s'irrite

Qu'on ait peu d'égard au mérite.—

Est-ill feur, qu'on soit bon parce quel'on est beau?

The PEACOCK and the MAGPYE.

A Paultry PEACOCK spreads his starry train,
And treats the humble MAGPYE with disdain:—

I own, proud sir, your dress is gay and neat;

But think a little;— and survey your feet.

“ 'Tis not mere gold or silver that is fine:—

“ 'Tis Virtue only makes the mortal shine:

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

A Vast variety of Birds of the choicest breed are here planted in an Aviary of the choicest Rock-work, and composed in the form of an Amphitheatre. From their respective stations flows a plentiful stream of water into divers parts of the Vase or Basen. On the summit of the Amphitheatre stands an imperial PEACOCK, who, by way of disdain, pours down, in whole sheets, a cascade of water on the head of his Competitor, the MAGPYE, who stands below on a small piece of Shell-work, where he seems to eject a strong stream towards the PEACOCK, as willing to vindicate his claim to pre-eminence in merit.

F A B L E.

F A B L E X.

Le SERPENT & La LIME.

LE SERPENT rongeoit la LIME,
 Elle disoit cependant,
 Quelle fureur vous anime,
 Vous, qui passiez pour prudent ?

The SERPENT and the FILE.

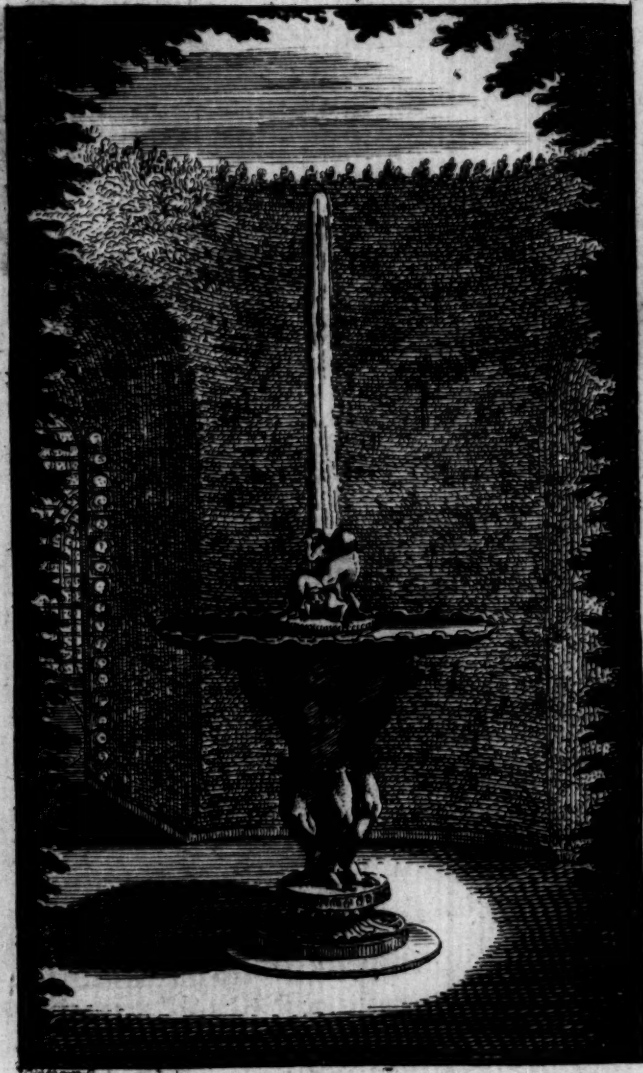
ASERPENT stung, with envy, bit a FILE,
 But the rough Tool reproach'd him with a smile :—
 'Tis not your sting, nor yet your teeth I fear ;
 I can with patience all your insults bear :
 You are your own tormentor :—As for me,
 My back, my bones, are from impression free.
 " Hence learn malicious projects to detest ;—
 " He who from ENVY schemes, becomes a jest."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE is represented a ruinous sort of Building without any form or beauty, as the cavern or secret recess of a monstrous DRAGON, where finding a smith's anvil, he bites it, but to no purpose, with all the envy and malice imaginable : Upon this unexpected repulse, he ejects a whole torrent of water as a mark of his resentment, displeasure and disappointment.

FABLE





F A B L E XI.

Le SINGE & Ses PETITS.

LE SINGE fit mourir ses PETITS en effet,
 Les serrant dans ses bras d'une étreinte maudite.
 A force d'applaudir soi-même à ce qu'on fait,
 L'on en étouffe le mérite.

The MONKEY and her CUBS.

ONCE on a time, an APE carest
 Her darling CUB :— But for the rest,
 No manner of concern exprest.
 All night it on her bosom lay,
 And in her lap the livelong day :—
 But doating once upon its eyes,
 My joy :—My life :—My soul,—she cries :—
 And with a squeeze the infant dies.—
 “ Parents from this short tale are taught,
 “ That partial fondness is a fault.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE three MONKIES are planted back to back, on a pedestal of shell-work composed of brass, but doubly gilt, in the center of a very capacious bason : One of whom in particular, is represented as embracing her young one with such an over-fondness and ardency of affection, that a long stream of water issues a great height into the air, by means, as it seems at least, of those excessively indulgent caresses.

FABLE

F A B L E XII.

Le Combat Des ANIMAUX.

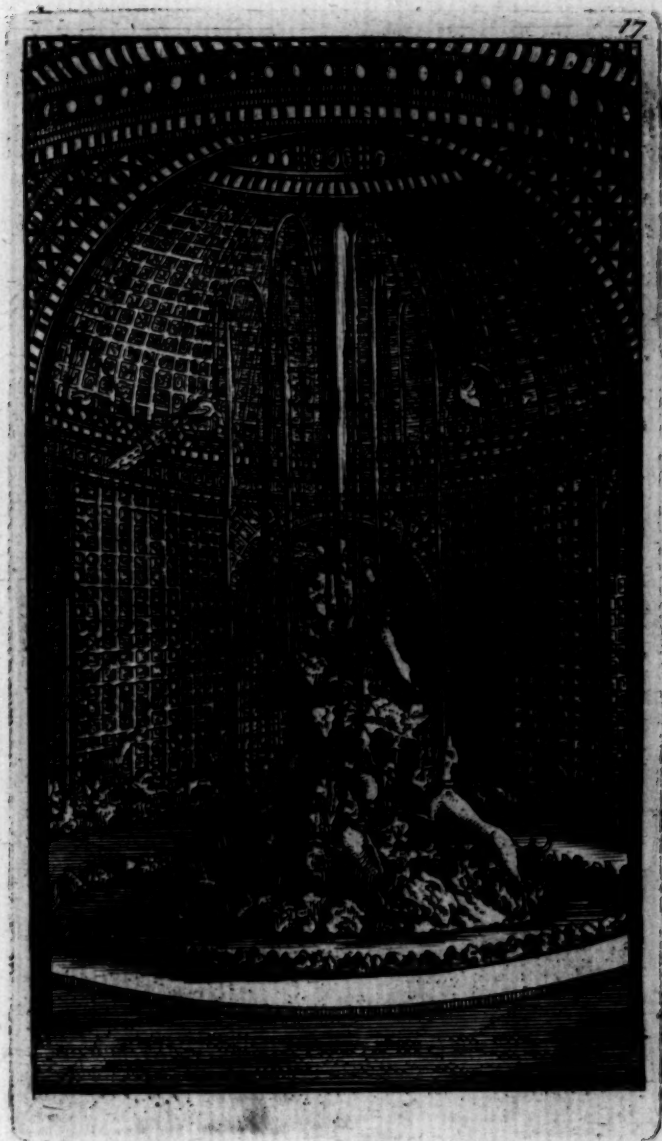
Guerre des deux côtés sanglante & meurtrière,
 Dont pas un ne voulut avoir le démenti ;
 Mais la CHAUVE-SOURIS trahissant son parti,
 N'osa jamais depuis regarder la lumière.

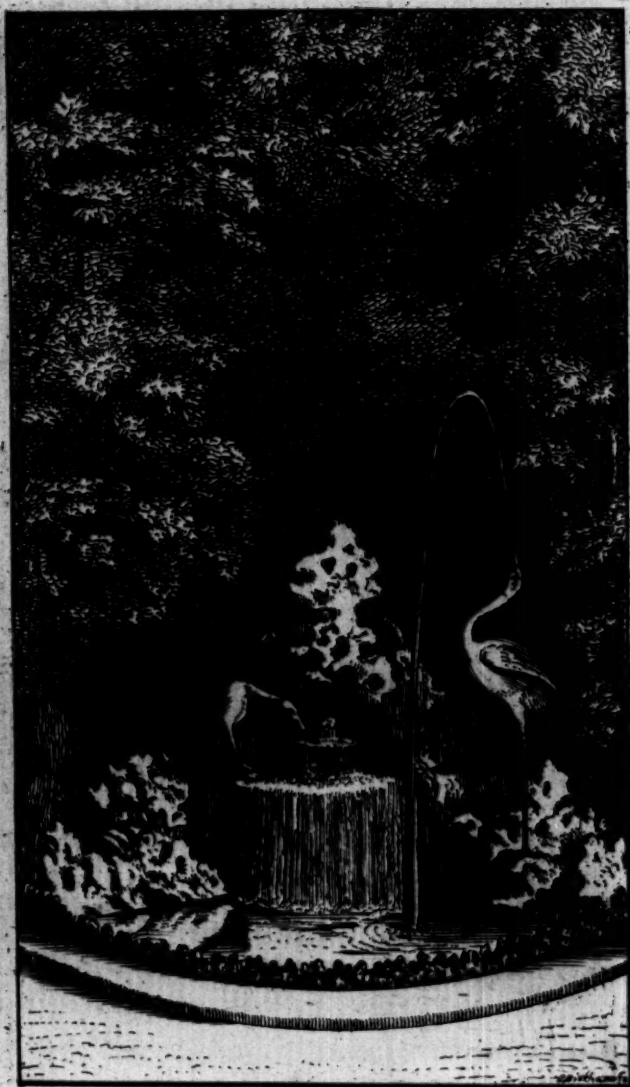
The Battle of the BIRDS and BEASTS.

THE BIRDS and BEASTS had once a bloody fray,
 And bravely fought it out the livelong day :
 The BAT alone from his wing'd party flew,
 And, trembling, to a distant grot withdrew :
 Despis'd by the whole tribe he shunn'd the light,
 And ne'er appear'd but in the gloom of night.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

THIS Fountain stands within a superb summer-house, beautifully embellished with fret-work, composed of carved wood and polished iron artfully intermixed, and covered with honey-suckles, roses, and a great variety of the choicest and most fragrant flowers.—It is adorned with all the beauties of architecture ; the dome whereof is open, having small balisters only all round the aperture. The cornice or vault, is full of BIRDS of almost every species, who eject a profusion of water down into the vase or basin, which is all rock-work ; in the center whereof, is erected a rock, and all along the whole extent of it are represented a numerous army, as it were of four-footed BEASTS, such as LIONS, TYGERS, &c. each of which are ejecting large streams of water that almost reach the vault, and are levelled at the BIRDS above. Other Animals of an inferior species are represented standing, at different posts, in a hostile manner, all round the spacious edifice. And at each corner are planted a whole troop of them, ejecting their several waters in such a variety of large streams, as very naturally represent the storming of a Fort.—But what is most admirable, is the various attitudes in which each BEAST is described ; and their resolution to die or conquer.—At the great gates of this superb Building are planted two MONKIES, each humorously mounted on a GOAT, in the nature of centinels, who eject a surprising quantity of water into the air from their standards, which are composed of polished brass, richly gilt.





F A B L E XIII.

Le RENARD & La GRUE.

L.E RENARD voulut faire à la GRUE un festin,
 Le diné fut servi sur une plate assiète ;
 Il mangea tout, chez lui comme ailleurs le plus fin,
 Elle de son long bec attrapa quelque miète,

The FOX and the CRANE.

REYNARD, one day to shew his wit inclin'd,
 Spy'd his old friend the CRANE :—You haven't din'd :—
 No, truly, fir :—Then pray walk in with me,
 Here's a fine dish of soup :—Good fir,—be free.
 The CRANE, tho' conscious of his arch deceit,
 Shew'd no disgust,—but seem'd at least to eat.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

ON a small piece of rock-work stand a FOX and a CRANE, each painted after nature. The former is represented as lapping a delicious mess of soup in a very large flat brazen dish, which is richly gilt, where the water spreads itself like a table-cloth, whilst the latter is planted on one side of it, and is represented as ejecting a large stream of water into the air, and seemingly regardless of his friend's disingenuous treatment.

F A B L E XIV.

La GRUE & Le RENARD.

LE RENARD chez la GRUE alla pareillement,
 Un vase, étroit & long, fut mise sur nape blanche,
 De la langue le bec se vengea pleinement.—
 Est-il pas naturel de prendre sa revanche ?

The CRANE and the FOX.

ONCE more our two facetious Courtiers meet :—
 Well ! says the CRANE, 'tis now my turn to treat :—
 Agreed :— So home they go :— Each takes his place :—
 And dinner's serv'd in a deep chrystal vase :—
 REYNARD, —you know you're welcome ;— prythee eat :—
 I do :— he licks the glass :— "Tis luscious meat !—
 They rise ;— both smile :— Now REYNARD, we are quit. —
 Right !— " 'Tis but just the biter should be bit."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

ON a small piece of rock-work a CRANE is represented with her bill plunged deep into a chrystal vase full of rich viands. The vase is embellished with green, and well gilt. The Fox is standing by, casting a wishful eye on his friend, but ejecting a large stream of water into the air, as seemingly regardless of his just and artful retaliation.





F A B L E XV.

La POULE & *Les* POUSINS.

LA POULE, du Milan connoissant les desseins,
 Sans songer qu'elle même en étoit poursuivie,
 Dans une cage enferma ses POUSINS,
 Et les mit en prison pour leur sauver la vie.

The HEN *and the* CHICKENS.

A Watchful HEN observing with concern,
 Her Foe the KITE, high hov'ring o'er the barn,
 Alarm'd, regardless of herself, with haste,
 She pens up all her little offspring fast:—
 Her Brood secur'd, all dangers she defies,
 And tho' the KITE descends, with pleasure dies.
 "Thus, the true Patriot spares no pains or cost,
 "To save his country;—tho' at last he's lost."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

Within a semi-circular Alcove, composed of lattice-work, beautifully embellished with architecture, a Cock and HEN appear ejecting water in different attitudes. Their CHICKENS are seemingly enclosed in a cage, composed of water itself, through which they are perceptible to the naked eye. A KITE that stands above upon the Dome, eyes them at a distance, and, with his wings extended, ejects a long stream directed at the cage.

F A B L E XVI.

Le PAON & Le ROSSIGNOL.

LE PAON dit à Junon, par ton divin pouvoir,
 Comme le ROSSIGNOL que n'ay-je la voix belle :—
 N'est-tu pas des Oiseaux le plus beau, lui dit-elle ?—
 Crois-tu que dans le monde on puisse tout avoir ?

The PEACOCK and the NIGHTINGALE.

AS PHILOMELA warbling sat, one night,
 Great JUNO's Bird was ravish'd with delight.—
 He knelt :—" O Goddess of the realms above !
 " Incline thine ear, and my request approve !
 " Grant me the pow'r with PHILOMEL to vie ;
 " And swell my throat, like hers, with melody !"
 The Goddess frown'd :—" Thy pray'rs are rash and vain.—
 " Did not I give thee a long starry train ?—
 " Hence learn content :—"Tis impious to repine :—
 " Improve that gift you have ; and aim to shine."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE a PEACOCK, with its tail full spread, in order to display its beauties,
 stands on an eminence of rock-work, and ejects a large stream of water
 into a capacious Reservoir. Below are represented a great number of NIGHT-
 INGALES, as singing in concert, and each ejecting a different stream, to describe,
 as naturally as may be, the harmony of their united music.

F A B L E





F A B L E XVII.

Le PEROQUET & Le SINGE.

LE PEROQUET eut beau par son caquet ;
 Imiter l'homme ;— il fut un PEROQUET :
 Et s'habillant en homme, sous le linge,
 Le SINGE aussi ne passa que pour SINGE.

The PARROT and the APE.

A PARROT chatter'd all the livelong day ;
 An APE too dress'd extravagantly gay :—
 Both copy'd after man, 'tis true,— but yet,
 Nor PUG, nor POLLY, had one grain of wit.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

TWO PAROQUETS are here planted on an eminence composed of rock-work, and eject their respective streams into the basin below. A MONKEY underneath is represented as sitting upon the trunk of a tree, and endeavouring, to put on a shirt in imitation of a man ; but is so seemingly harrassed and confounded, that in a fit of despair of ever disencumbering himself, he thrusts out his head, and ejects a large stream of water a prodigious height into the air.

FABLE

F A B L E XVIII.

Le SINGE Juge.

LE RENARD en procès vint le Loup attaquer ;—
 Le SINGE, comme Juge, écouta leur requêtes :—
 Après il dit :— Je ne, saurois manquer.
 En condamnant deux si méchantes bêtes.

The MONKEY Judge:

IN days of yore a WOLF and Fox
 Long grumbled o'er their prey :
 But, in the issue, both agreed,
 An APE should end the fray.
 He mounts the chair ;— assumes the Judge,
 And, judge-like, ends the cause :—
 'Tis royal game :— You're Poachers both ;
 And both have broke the laws.
 " Thus, when a needless law-suits once begun ;
 " 'Tis well if either party ruin shun."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

ON one side of the bason stand divers WOLVES, and on the other an equal number of FOXES, each in a different attitude, ejecting their respective streams. — In the front is represented a MONKEY, very gravely seated in his elbow chair, and lolling magisterially thereon. On his right and left, are planted two other MONKEYS, his assistants on the bench. One acts as clerk, or register ; the other with his tipstaff in his hand, is only messenger, or door-keeper of the Court ; both, however, eject a stream in different directions into the Vase or Bason.

F A B L E





F A B L E XIX.

Le RAT & La GRENOUILLE.

LE RAT & la GRENOUILLE auprès d'un Marécage
S'entretenoient en leur langage :

Le Milan fond sur eux,
Et les mange tous deux.

The RAT and the FROG.

ONCE, in a Marsh, a FIELD-RAT and a FROG;
Held (both incens'd) an hostile dialogue;
But, during the debate, a rav'nous KITE
Views the contending Parties with delight,
And swift as light'ning downwards takes her flight;
In a few moments the warm contest's o'er,
Behold!—both breathless, weltring in their gore.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE the RAT and the FROG being close linked together, lie on their backs
in the center of the basin, and each ejects a separate stream upwards;
whilst the KITE, perched on an eminence of rock-work, pours down, at the
same time, a profusion of water upon them both.

F A B L E XX.

Le LIEVRE & La TORTUE.

LE LIEVRE & la TORTUE alloient pour leur profit :
 Qui croiroit que le LIEVRE eut demeuré derrière ?
 Cependant, je ne sai comme cela se fit,
 Mais enfin la TORTUE arriva la première.

The HARE and the TORTOISE.

ONCE on a time a TORTOISE and a HARE
 Commenc'd a Race ;—Both start extremely fair ;
 Awhile jog gently on ;—but PUSS, at last,
 With a contemptuous sneer the TORTOISE past.
 Too well assur'd that she should win the prize,
 To a far distant copse at once she flies ;
 There squats and sleeps ;—but in that luckless space,
 Her wakeful rival still pursues his pace,
 And by unwearied toil obtains the race.
 “ This shews the fatal danger of delays,
 “ And that incessant labour merits praise.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

A HARE and TORTOISE are here represented at the starting post, as it were, each ejecting his particular stream upwards into the air : And at the same time a torrent, or sheet of water, flows from a distant piece of rock-work, which is supposed to be the spot for the determination of their appointed race.

FABLE





F A B L E XXI.

Le LOUP & La GRUE.

LA GRUE ayant tiré de la gorge du LOUP
 Un os de son long bec qui le pressoit beaucoup,
 Il n'a tenu qu'à moi de vous manger, commère,
 Lui dit le LOUP ingrat ;— & c'est votre salaire.

The WOLF and the CRANE.

A Hungry WOLF, regaling on his prey,
 Gorg'd a sharp-pointed bone :— Half choak'd he lay
 Gasping for breath ;— till an indulgent CRANE
 Pass'd by, and with his Bill remov'd the pain.
 A small return once ask'd :—The Varlet said ;—
 No more :—Be thankful that you've sav'd your head.
 “ Thus favours on ungrateful men bestow'd,
 “ Are like rich seeds on barren mountains sow'd.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN a Vase or Basin of water, which is formed in a circular manner, and stands in the center of one of the walks, are erected the figures of a WOLF and a CRANE, both beautifully painted after the life ; the latter, in a very friendly manner, thrusting his bill deep into the WOLF's throat, from whence issues a profusion of water.

F A B L E XXII.

Le MILAN & Les OISEAUX.

LE MILAN une fois voulut payer sa fête,
 Tous les petits OISEAUX par lui furent priés :
 Et comme à bien diner l'assistance étoit prête,
 Il ne fit qu'un repas de tous les conviés.

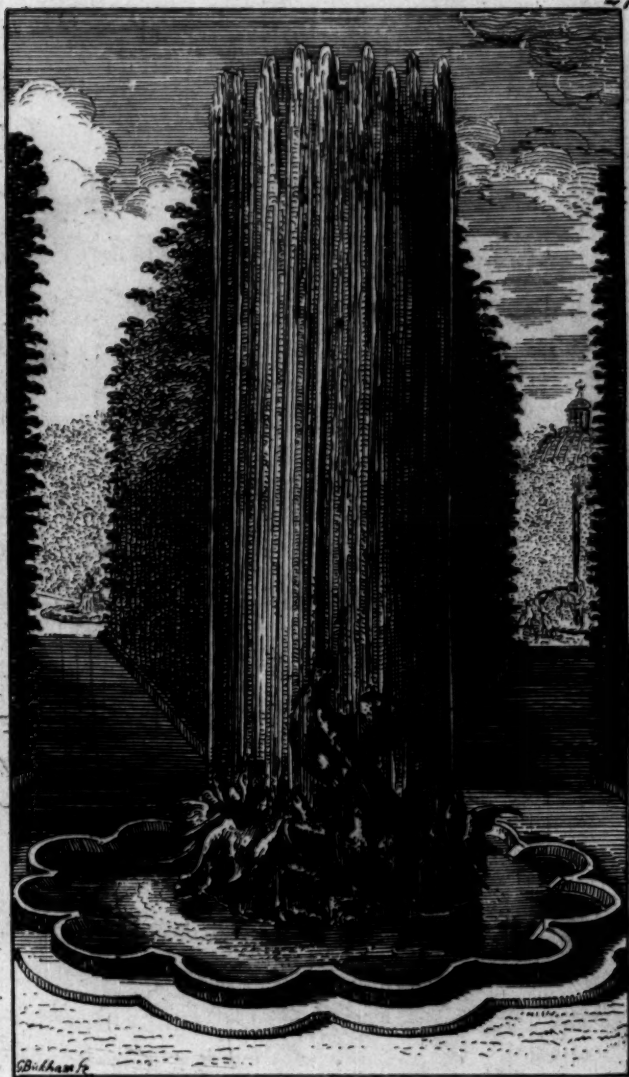
The KITE and the other BIRDS.

AN artful KITE once made a gen'ral feast,
 And each small BIRD was an invited guest. —
 The thoughtless BIRDS the summons strait obey'd ;
 And each was a delicious morsel made. —
 " 'Tis prudence to beware ; — and mark the end ; —
 " No Foe's so fatal as a faithless Friend."

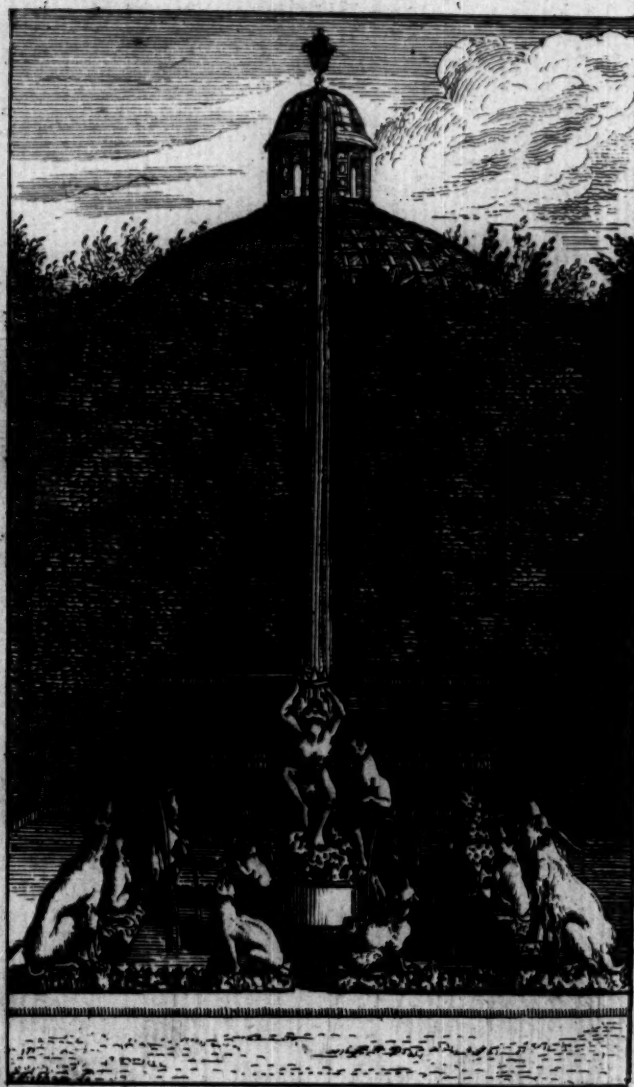
A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN a Vase or Basin, compos'd in an oval form, stands a KITE, from whose mouth issues a large stream of water, which is carried high into the air. A great number of small BIRDS of divers species are ranged in regular order all round about him ; the whole group whereof very much resembles a sheaf of corn.

FABLE



ns



F A B L E XXIII.

Le SINGE Roi.

LE SINGE fut fait Roi des autres animaux ;
 Parce que devant eux il faisoit mille sauts.
 Il donna dans le piège ainsi qu'une autre bête
 Et le RENARD lui dit ;— Sire, il faut de la tête.

The MONKEY.

AMongst the Beasts a grand debate arose
 Who should be Chief :—At length the APE was chose ;—
 To please a thousand antic tricks he play'd :—
 But REYNARD, at his pranks disgusted, said :—
 Pardon me, Sir, a Chief should have a head,

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

BEfore a kind of Arbour or Green-house stands a Vase, on the margin
 whereof, a great variety of Animals of different species are regularly
 ranged, and each ejecting his particular stream. In the center a MONKEY, sur-
 veying, with seeming attention and delight, a Crown that is placed before him,
 from whose mouth issues a large stream of water to a great height in the air :
 and whilst he is thus amusing himself, a Fox is planted behind him, who is
 casting out another large stream, in a different direction, by way of raillery and
 contempt.

F A B L E XXIV.

Le RENARD & Le BOUC.

TOUS deux au fond d'un puits taciturnes, & mornes,

De s'assister l'un l'autre avoient pris le parti:—

Le RENARD pour sortir se haussant sur ses cornes,

Fit les cornes au BOUC après qu'il fut sorti.

The FOX and the GOAT.

A Fox and GOAT once sunk into a pit:—

The GOAT was weak;—but REYNARD was a wit:—

We must contrive some measures to get out,——

Before we're lost.—You're right, my friend, no doubt.

Then raise your head erect:—strait from his horns

REYNARD springs up; but his Companion scorns:

Sneering, he cries;—Have patience, friend below.—

The weightiest Ills, by patience, lighter grow.

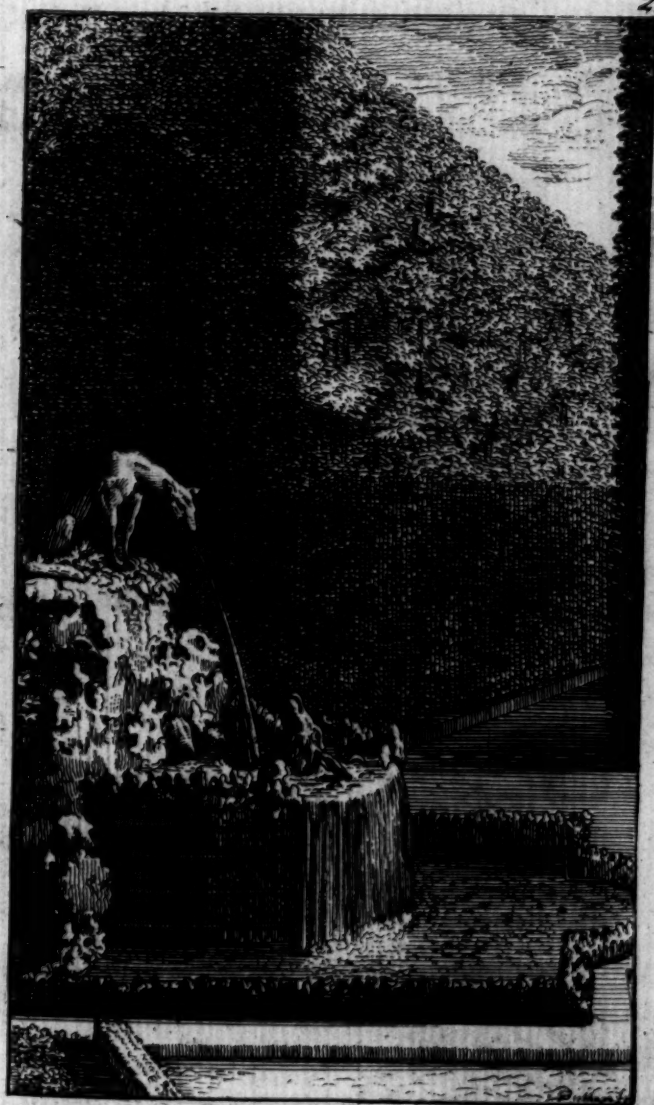
“ This little artful Fiction plainly shows,

“ That a pretended Friend's the worst of foes.”

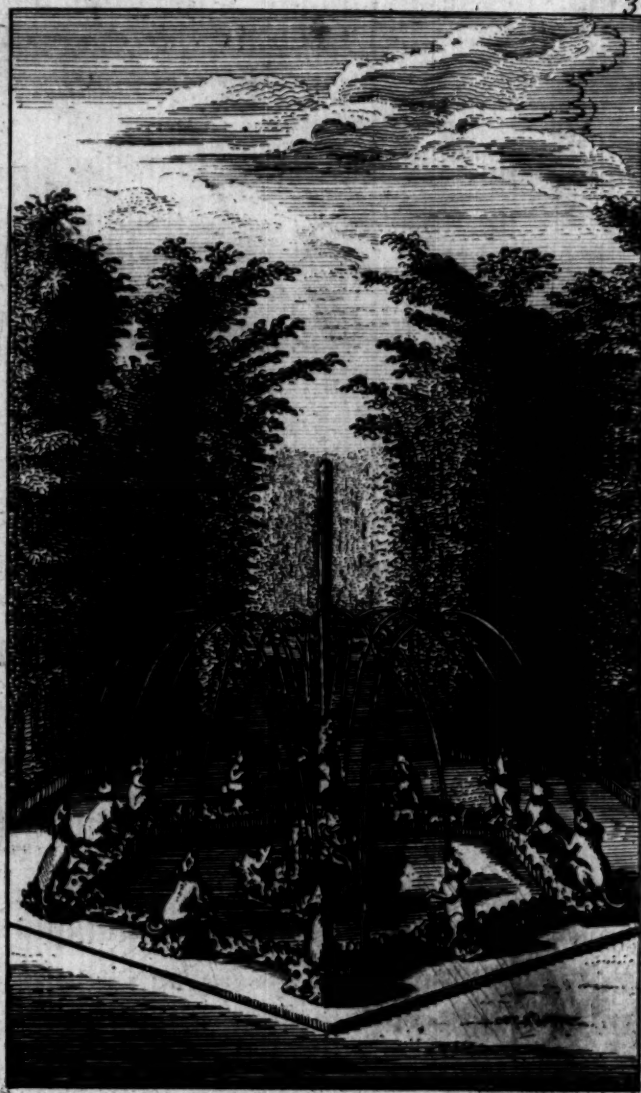
A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE the spectator meets with a large Well, composed of rock-work, from whence issues a torrent of water.—In the midst of this stream, the head only of a GOAT is to be discerned, which seems, in a doleful manner enough, to complain of the ungenerous treatment which he has met with from his false friend, the Fox; whilst the latter is planted above, and, by way of derision, is spouting a large stream of water in his face.

F A B L E



ch
ons



F A B L E XXV.

Le Conseil des RATS.

LE CHAT étant des RATS l'adversaire implacable,
 Pour s'en donner de Garde, un d'entr'eux proposa,
 De lui mettre un grelot au cou ;—nul ne l'osa :—
 De quoi sert un conseil qui n'est point praticable ?

The MICE in Council.

THE MICIAN RACE once held a long debate,
 How to find ways to shun their Foe, the CAT.—
 After a solemn pause ;— their head thus spake :—
 Let's hang, my friends, a bell around her neck :—
 Agreed ;— a general loud applause ensu'd ;—
 Your scheme, we own, is very wise and good.—
 Says an old PATRIOT :—This your plan is new ;
 But who shall hang it on ?— Good Sir, will you ?
 “ Thus futile schemes are frequently begun,
 “ Which, if pursu'd, Projector is undone.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE stands a small Vase or Basin of a hexagon form, and all around it are seated a great number of RATS as in a general Council, each ejecting a stream into the air in a different direction from the rest. In the center is planted one somewhat larger than the other members, with a bell in one of his paws ; and from his mouth issues, not only a larger stream of water, but one that ascends with greater velocity, and considerably higher than all the others.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXVI.

Les GRENOUILLES & JUPITER.

UNE Poutre pour Roi faisoit peu de Besogne,
 Les GRENOUILLES tout haut en murmuroient déjà : —
 JUPITER à la place y mit une Cigogne ; —
 Ce fut encore pis ; — car elle les mangea.

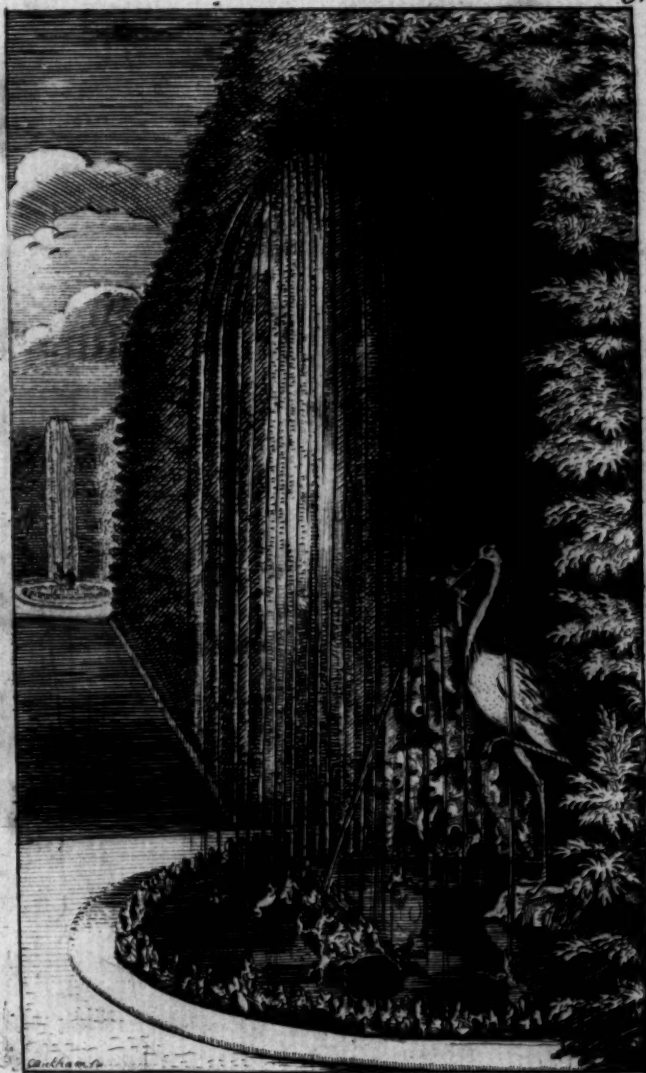
The FROGS and JUPITER.

THE Frogs request a King : Great Jove complies ;
 And downwards strait a wooden Monarch flies :
 Startled at first ; — at distance they revere ; —
 But in a day or two renew their pray'r. —
 Send us an active Prince ; — one fit for Sway : —
 What subject can a lifeless stock obey ? —
 Again with their request the God complies,
 And the STORK, full commission'd, downwards flies ; —
 But ev'ry day a pamper'd CROAKER dies.
 " Thus Infidels will ne'er regard a God,
 " Unless he rules them with an iron rod."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE is erected a Vase or Basen, on the back part whereof stands a STORK with a large FROG in his bill. In the front are seen a great number of FROGS, seated on a large block of copper or brass, each ejecting a stream of water, resembling, in a very lively manner, an assembly making their joint petitions to JUPITER for a new and more merciful Monarch to rule over them.

F A B L E





F A B L E XXVII.

Le SINGE & Le CHAT.

DU SINGE ici l'adresse éclate,
 Mais celle du CHAT paroît peu ;
 Quand il donne à l'autre sa pate,
 Pour tirer les marons du feu.

The MONKEY and the CAT.

A CAT and MONKEY tir'd with play,
 Basking before an Oven lay :
 PUG, in the fire, a Chestnut spies ;
 But dreads to touch the wish-for prize :—
 Puss, lend's your paw, he slyly cry'd,
 And we the booty will divide :
 She yields ;— is burnt :—“ Tho' men speak fair :
 “ Be wise :— Of artful friends beware.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE, upon a shell composed of brass, but doubly gilt, and supported by a column, erected in the antique taste, with the same metal, the spectator is amused with the resemblance of a large fire ; from whence issues a torrent of water. Here a MONKEY appears with a smiling countenance, grasping a CAT's paw within his own ; whilst the latter is seemingly struggling to get loose.

FABLE

F A B L E XXVIII.

Le RENARD & Les RAISINS.

LES plaisirs content cher ; & qui les a tout purs ?
 De gros RAISINS pendoient ; ils étoient beaux à peindre,
 Et le RENARD n'y pouvant pas atteindre,
 Ils ne font pas, dit il, encore murs.

The FOX and the GRAPES.

AS REYNARD once survey'd a fruitful Vine
 Loaded with luscious GRAPES, all ripe and fine ;
 He jump't ;— but finding that he jump'd in vain ;
 Mere Trash ! he cry'd ;— I'll ne'er come here again.
 “ Thus, when a love-sick Fop's repuls'd with shame,
 “ Stung with rebuke, he disavows his flame.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE, in a Vine-arbour, which in a manner encompasses a small rural Grotto, and shelters it from the too piercing rays of the sun, hang a large quantity of the most delicious GRAPES beyond the reach either of man or beast ; the sight of which, tho' at a distance, allures a number of FOXES to approach them : Each stands in a different attitude, and ejects a stream of water towards them. From the summit of the Grotto, however, as well as from each side, issues forth divers sheets of water : All which fall down from their various departments, into a capacious basin prepared on purpose for their reception.

F A B L E





F A B L E XXIX.

L' AIGLE, Le LAPIN & l'ESCARBOT.

L' AIGLE prit le LAPIN, l'ESCARBOT, son compere,

Interceda pour luy, touché de sa misere ;

L' AIGLE ne laissa pas pourtant de le manger,

L' autre cassa ses oeufs, afin de s'en vanger.

The EAGLE, the HARE, and the BEETLE.

ONE day an EAGLE siez'd a tim'rous HARE;

A BEETLE standing by, with friendly care,

Cry'd out:—O Bird of JOVE! my Comrade spare.

To all entreaties deaf, away he flies ;

And PUSS, within his talents, quickly dies.

The BEETLE on revenge his thoughts employs,

And unperceiv'd the EAGLE's eggs destroys.

“ When men in pow'r oppress the poor too far,

“ 'Tis a sure prelude of a civil war.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN this place an EAGLE stands on an eminence, and being perched on a small piece of Rock-work, ejects a stream of water downwards from his beak.

A BEETLE and a HARE, which are standing on each side of the Vase, eject a stream upwards, which falls down again into the center.

F A B L E XXX.

Le LOUP & Le PORC-EPIC.

UN jour au PORC-EPIC disoit le LOUP subtil,
 Croyez-moi, quittez-là ces piquans, ils vous rendent,
 Desagréable, & laid :—Dieu m'en garde, dit il,
 S'ils ne me parent pas au moins ils me defendent.

The WOLF and the PORCUPINE.

A WOLF, in converse with a PORCUPINE,
 Address'd him thus :—Neighbour, I can't divine
 Of what great service all your Prickles are ;
 They make you look most shockingly I swear,
 As rough, and as unpolish'd as a Bear.
 Smiling, he answer'd like a Beast of sense,
 They're not my ornament,—but my defence.
 “ Thus men of thought such virtuous wives will chuse,
 “ As others, for their want of form refuse.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

THIS Fountain represents a gloomy Cavern, in the corners whereof, which
 are expos'd to open view, are planted divers PORCUPINES, whose nu-
 merous quills are artificially represented by a vast variety of little streams of
 water. On each side of the Vase stand divers WOLVES, in different attitudes,
 each pouring forth a large stream, which falls down into the center of the Basin
 or Reservoir.

FABLE





F A B L E XXXI.

Le SERPENT à plusieurs Testes.

PLuralité de Testes importune,

Un SERPENT en eut sept ; un autre n'en eut qu'une.

Il passa, le premier eut de grand embarras :

Un chef est absolu ; plusieurs ne le sont pas.

The MONSTERS.

TWO SERPENTS, each of an enormous size,

Met once, and made Supremacy the prize :

One shews his many heads, and one his tails ;

Long is the contest ;— but the last prevails.

“ Too many heads but an incumbrance prove :—

“ The tails will follow when One Head they love.”

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN the center of the Vase or Bason belonging to this Fountain, stands a formidable SERPENT, or Monster, with many heads ; from each of which issues forth a large stream of water in various directions. Another MONSTER having an equal number of tails, and being properly planted on an eminence ; ejects from each of them a profusion of water into the air.

FABLE XXXII.

La SOURIS, Le CHAT, & Le petit COC.

A La vielle SOURIS disoit sa jeune fille,
Je hay le petit Coc;—j'aime le petit CHAT:
Le CHAT, répond sa mere: Ah! c'est un scelerat:
Mais le Coc n'a point fait de mal à ta famille.

The MOUSE, CAT, and COCK.

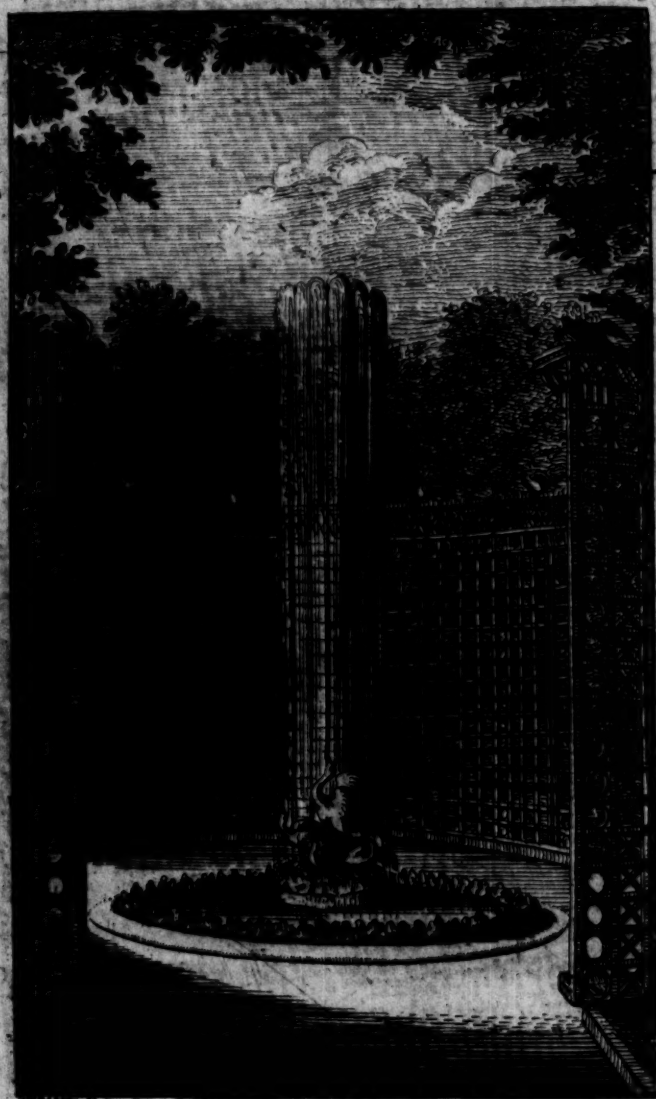
AN infant MOUSE a KITTEN once caress'd;
But at a COCKRIL high disgust express'd:—
Bless me! the Mother cry'd:—Child, what art doing?
Thou stand'st upon the very brink of ruin.
That COCKRIL's harmless, and will only crow;
But thou art toying with thy mortal foe.
"Thus giddy Females into pleasures run,
"But thro' those pastimes are too soon undone."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE a young Cock is represented in the center of the Vase, as standing on a pedestal in a crowing attitude. On one side of him is planted a CAT, and a MOUSE or RAT on the other: And from each of their mouths issue forth a different stream of water.

FABLE





FIXED L E XXXIII

Le MILAN & Les COLOMBES.

LES COLOMBES en guerre avec que le MILAN,
 Voulent que l'épervier à leur tête demeure,
 Mais leur condition n'en devient meilleure,
 Ayant un adverfaire; & de plus un tiran.

The KITE and the DOVES.

SOME DOVES at variance with a neighb'ring KITE,
 Implor'd the FAULCON to maintain their right:
 By this misconduct they encreas'd their woe,
 And found their Monarch a despotic foe.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE, in a spacious Arbour, composed of lattice-work, and properly embellished with architecture, stands a circular Vase; in the center whereof is represented a KITE, with divers DOVES couching under his talons. All round the Arbour, upon the cornices, are planted a great variety of other DOVES in different attitudes, ejecting various streams, which fall down into the Basin. And a SPAR-HAWK is seen suspended in the air as their advocate and defender from the insults of the KITE.

FABLE

FABLE XXXIV.

Le DAUPHIN & Le SINGE.

LE DAUPHIN sur son dos portoit le SINGE à nage,
 Et reconnut au premier met,
 Qu'il n' étoit pas un homme, ou, que c'étoit un sot,
 Aussi ne voulut pas s'en charger davantage.

The DOLPHIN and the MONKEY.

A DOLPHIN fond of Man, a Corpse espy'd,
 Half-drown'd; and, in compassion, let him ride:
 But, when he found the chatt'ring Fool an Ape,
 A something only like a human shape:
 He plung'd at once, and left his worthless load
 To sink or swim upon the briny flood.
 "Thus Merit in distress should favour find;
 "But none should to a lazy Drone be kind."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN the center of this Vase is represented a MONKEY riding on the back of a DOLPHIN, but seemingly trembling with the thoughts of his precarious situation; Both together, however, form a stream that strikes the eye of every spectator in a very agreeable manner.

FABLE





F A B L E XXXV.

Le RENARD & Le CORBEAU.

LE RENARD du CORBEAU loüa tant le ramage,
 Et trouva que sa voix avoit un son si beau,
 Qu' enfin il fit chanter le malheureux CORBEAU,
 Qui de son Bec ouvert laissa choir un fromage.

The FOX and the CROW.

AS REYNARD view'd, with longing eyes,
 A CROW regaling on a prize;
 The parasite, with artful tongue,
 Implor'd the favour of a song,
 The Dupe, regardless of the cheat,
 Made the attempt, and dropt her meat.
 " Thus, the too cred'lous Virgin's won,
 " And, by her Lover's perfidy, undone."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

THE CROW is represented here as perched upon the branch of a Tree, ejecting a large stream of water levelled at the Fox with seeming rage and resentment for his false friendship, and treacherous act of adulation. And the Fox below, on the other hand, by way of triumph, with an air of contempt and ridicule, throws a plentiful stream upwards directed at the Crow.

F A B L E.

F A B L E XXXVI.

Le CIGNE & La GRUE.

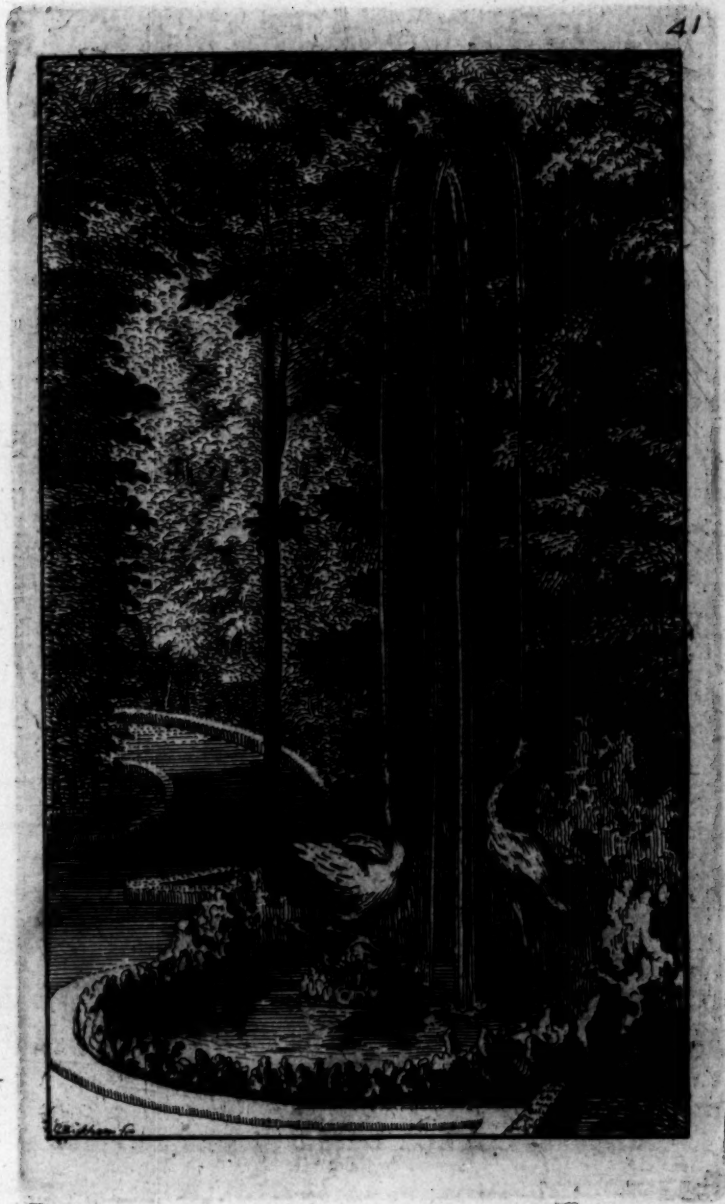
LA GRUE interrogeait le CIGNE, dont le Chant
 Bien plus qu' à l'ordinaire étoit doux & tonchant,
 Quelle bonne nouvelle avez-vous donc reçue ?
 C'est, que je vai mourir, dit le CIGNE à la GRUE.

The SWAN and the CRANE.

ONCE on a time, a stately silver SWAN,
 Row'd down the Thames, and his last song began ;
 A list'ning CRANE, transported at her voice,
 Ask'd what good news induc'd her to rejoice ?—
 Great news, the warbling Mourner made reply ;—
 To-morrow, Sir, to-morrow I shall die.
 " The truly virtuous thus live free from fear,
 " And triumph when their dissolution's near."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE two very agreeable streams of water issue forth into the Vase : One
 from the Bill of the SWAN, and the other from the Beak of the CRANE.





FABLE XXXVII.

Le LOUP & Le TESTE.

UN LOUP non fans merveille entra chez un Sculpteur,

Il n'y va pas souvent une pareille bête : —

Voyant une statuë, il dit, la belle tête !

Mais pour de la cervelle au-dedans, — Serviteur.

The WOLF and Carved HEAD.

* THE WOLF an Actor's VIZARD found,

And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round ;

Then threw it in contempt away ;

And thus old *Æsop* heard him say,

What noble part can'st thou sustain ?

Thou spurious HEAD, without a brain !

* We have made bold to borrow this little Fiction from the late celebrated MATTHEW PRIOR.

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

IN the center of a circular Vase, stands a WOLF on a pedestal, seemingly taking an accurate survey of a well-carved HEAD, which he holds under his paw ; at the same time he ejects a large stream of water as expressive of his pity and concern for its want of sense, as his admiration for its external beauty.

FABLE XXXVIII.

Le SERPENT & Le PORCEPIC.

LE SERPENT trop civil, par un grace extrême,
 Reçoit le PORCEPIC ; après il s'en repent.
 Sortez d'ici, dit le SERPENT ;
 L'autre, comme un ingrat ; — sortez d'ici vous-même.

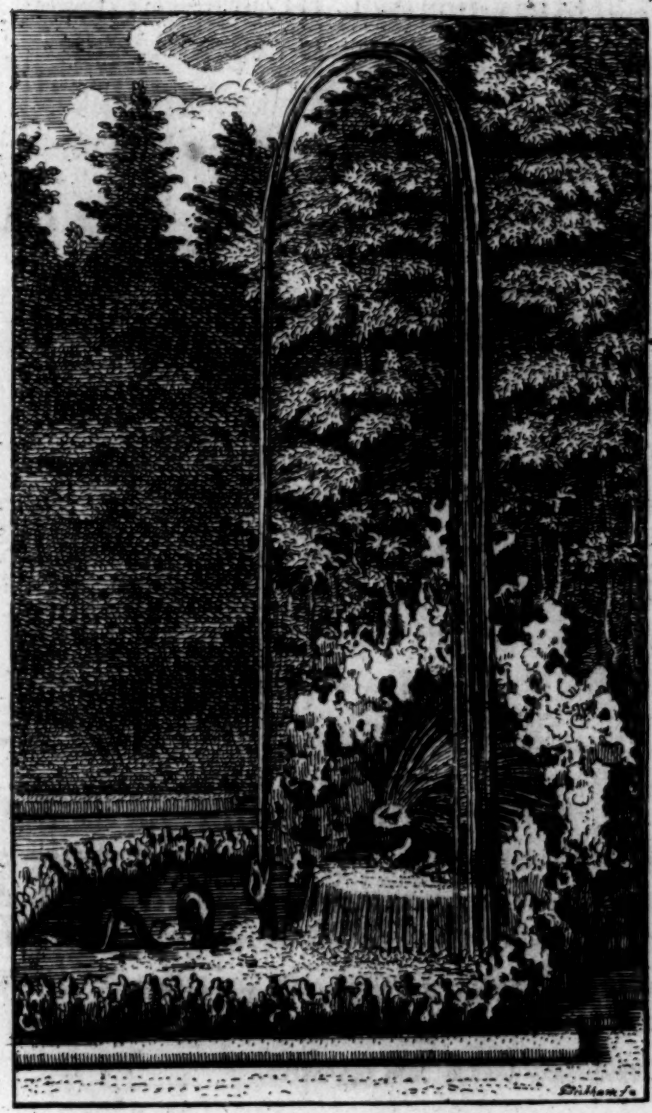
The SERPENT and the PORCUPINE.

ONCE on a time, a social SNAKE
 A PORCUPINE carest :
 And, tho' half-naked, and half starv'd,
 Receiv'd him as her guest :
 Thus foster'd :— Soon the stranger Brute
 Did his lost strength regain ;
 But, when requested to depart,
 The motion's made in vain !
 " Who favours to th' ungrateful shows,
 " Murders at once his own repose."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE a PORCUPINE, at the entrance of a Rock, compos'd in the form of
 Cavern, is represented as darting a little stream of water from every part
 of its body ; which is a lively and natural view of those numberless quills with
 which he is remarkably invested. In the center of the Vase is planted a for-
 midable SERPENT, that ejects a large stream of water levelled at the PORCUPINE,
 as his imaginary enemy and oppressor.

FABLE





F A B L E XXXIX.

Les CANNES & Le BARBET.

CE BARBET en veut a ces CANNES,
 Mais par elles il est instruit,
 Qu'il est par fois des vœux aussi vains que profanes,
 Et qu'on ne force pas toujours ce qu'on poursuit.

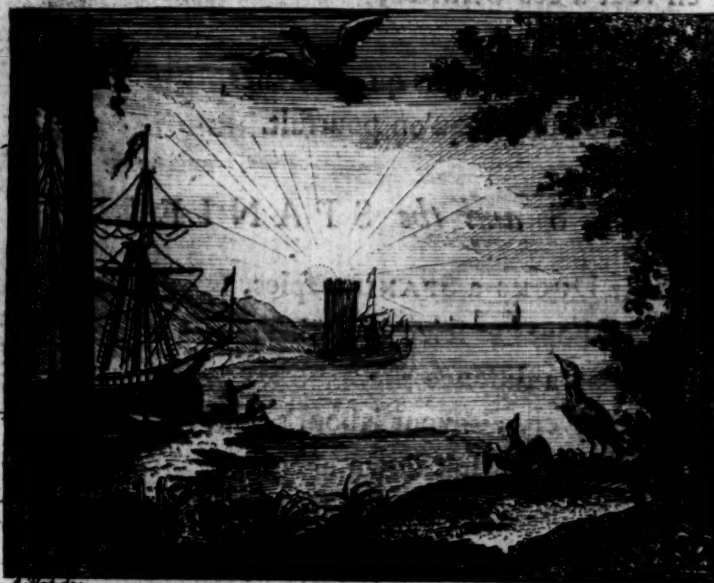
The DUCKS and the SPANIEL.

IN a large pond some DUCKS a SPANIEL spies,
 Who flounces in, in hopes to seize his prize;—
 They sink at once, and at a distance rise.
 We know your aim, they cry;— your labour's vain:—
 For when you're near us, we'll sink down again.
 " Strength in some cases, may do wond'rous well;
 " But policy and art will strength excel."

A DESCRIPTION of the FOUNTAIN.

HERE in an Arbour of lattice-work, adorned with architecture, are represented a great number of DUCKS swimming near the center of the Balon; each of which is casting out a small stream of water into the air in different directions: And, at the same time, a little SPANIEL is heard by the Spectators as barking at them, and very eager in the pursuit of his game.

THE LABYRINTH
F A B L E
XXXIX.
THE
Y O U N G E A G L E.



BELINDA! Theme of ev'ry song,
In age a Saint, an Angel young—
Whose easy-flowing talk ne'er lost
One conquest that your eyes could boast—
My Guide, my Patroness, and Muse,
For once the voice of praise excuse,
In pity to the vernal bloom
Of *British* Beauty, lo! I come,
Of thee to learn that magic art,
Which stole, thro' every sense, the heart,—

Infal-

Infallibly attain'd its end,

To gain the Lover, or the Friend:

Oh, teach me all thyself — disclose

From whence thy mystic reign arose.

She look'd consent, and thus, with pleasure,

Pour'd forth her soul's inestimable treasure.

I.

" Attend, ye Fair! while I impart

" The secret how to please;

" The rudiments of Beauty's art

" Are short, and only these:

II.

" All *Flattery* learn betimes to shun,

" Not once that syren hear;

" Know, praise for virtues not your own

" Is satire most severe.

III.

" Flattery, the *Lethe* of the soul,

" No Science leaves behind —

" Worse than the fell *circæan* bowl

" It poisons all the mind.

IV.

" 'Tis not in gold, bright sparkling stone,

" Or brighter-sparkling eyes,

" The value of the Fair is known,

" For these the *Good* despise.

V.

" What tho' the spring's elysian glow

" On either cheek were seen,

" Or whiter than the virgin snow

" Your neck's pellucid skin:

VI. Yet

VI.

- " Yet *Pride*, or *Affectation* these :
 " Will more than age deform,
 " And *Envy*, worse than pale disease,
 " Shall wither ev'ry charm.

VII.

- " True Wit exists but with **GOOD-NATURE**,—
 " The parent of politeness,
 " Let that illumine every feature,
 " And lend the eye its brightness.

VIII.

- " *Virtue* is female dignity;
 " 'Tis more than royal blood,
 " A gem the world's too poor to buy,
 " Would you be great? — **BE GOOD.**"

In dawn of life, this lesson taught
 By Friendship's seraph voice, she fought,
 Studious, amid the fair and young,
 To realize the moral song.
 Caught from (not copy'd by degrees)
 A *Walgrave* dignity and ease,
 A *Marlb'rough* ev'ry grace, **THE QUEEN** —
 Her mild benevolence of mien; —
 A disposition of the heart,
 Made visible in ev'ry part,
 Whate'er is offer'd, to approve,
 By Friendship, Loyalty, or Love: —
 Charm universal! if but one,
 Supplying all; which, like the sun,
 Beams all around a gracious light,
 And yet retains its native height.

'Twas near the various-sounding flood,
 The Palace of the EAGLE stood,
 Where, for his Son, the King affords
 A university of Birds:—
 Employ'd to teach the feather'd Youth
 Th' important rules of Grace and Truth—
 In rising, sinking, and in sailing,
 Define, and analyse the Kalon—
 And, e'er he should affect the sky,
 Shew how an EAGLE ought to fly.
 Left, imitating vulgar fowl,
 He wink, and goggle like an Owl,
 When he should face, with open gaze,
 The summer sun's meridian blaze:
 "What! shall a nation's joy and wonder,
 "Heir to the light'ning, and the thunder
 "Of sovereign *Jove*—the future guest
 "Of many a gorgeous, nectar'd feast,
 "With unbred bashfulness of face,
 "Like *Venus*' simple doves, disgrace
 "The Hero's seat? or like the Fop
 "Of *Juno*, flutter, strut, and hop,
 "Pouring around th' *Olympian* hall
 "Disgusting dissonance of squall?
 "Forbid it fate! and ev'ry power
 "That rul'd thy glorious, natal hour!
 "Prince, know thyself: Oh use thy pinion
 "As conscious of the vast dominion
 "By *Jove* assign'd thee — greatly dare
 In boundless regions of the air."

He

He hears; and, balancing his wings,
 Spurns earth beneath him, upward springs,
 Displaying all their Rules had done,
 Full in the broad eye of the sun.
 With rapid strokes he tow'rs amain,
 Then sinks precipitate;—again
 He soars, and seems to chase a foe,
 Then floats upon the wind majestically slow.

Aloft in circling eddies plays
 An EAGLE of the *Hero* race,
 Who, heav'n, and earth, and sea explor'd,
 O'er ev'ry fowl supremely soar'd.
 He caught the sportive EAGLE's eye,
 Who darted dauntless thro' the sky,
 And by the great example fir'd,
 Up to the Alps of heav'n aspir'd:
 Where'er th' experienc'd Veteran pass'd,
 Follow'd, with emulative haste,
 The young Competitor; nor ceas'd,
 'Till, every day new graces gain'd,
 To glory's summit he attain'd.

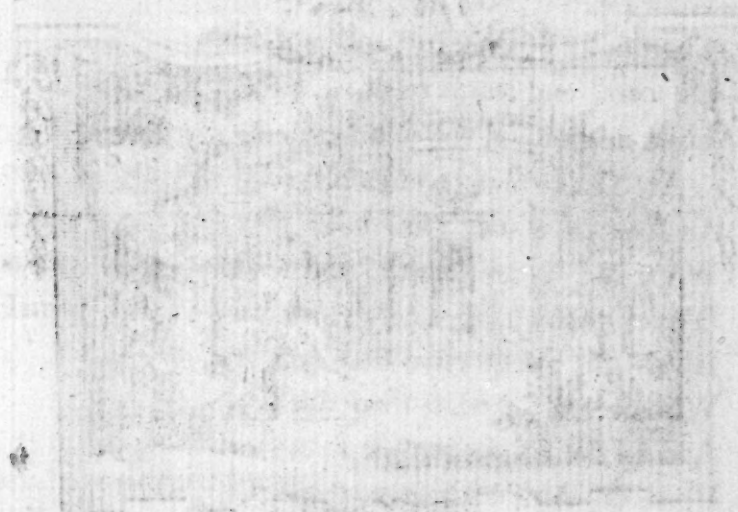
Let early *Precept* form the breast,
 Incline it still to chuse the best,
Example will confirm, and dictate all the rest.

DAMON

DAMON and DELIA

A CANTATA

BY J. H. M. A. D.



M. C. T. V. D.

Deposited in the office of the
Register and Clerk of the
County of Suffolk, New York,
this 1st day of June, 1881,
for the purpose of recording
the same, the following
instrument of writing, to-wit:
A CANTATA, by J. H. M. A. D.,
the contents of which are
hereby certified to be
correctly transcribed from
the original, and the same
is hereby recorded.

D A M O N and D E L I A:

A C A N T A T A.



M O T T O.

Behold the guide of Royal Innocence,
Veil'd in her own MINERVA's fav'rite form,
In act to cultivate the budding sense,
And the young mind with ev'ry Virtue warm.

What time the wonders of her arts they trace;
Mark the mild raptures of the sylvan Pair:
" Their thoughts, their speech, their sports—yes, ev'ry grace
" Proclaims aloud another CHARLOTTE's care."

D A M O N and D E L I A.

RECITATIVE.

T WAS on a Bank, where *Thames'* majestic flood
 Effus'd its dimpling silver, heav'nly-clear,
 A lovely Pair convers'd; the neighb'ring wood,
 With all its Hamadryads, lean'd to hear.

D A M O N.

Six years and more have danced by
 With feet of softest down,
 Since first the holy nuptial tye
 Made DELIA all mine own:
 And still so pleasing is my state,
 The very thought of change I hate.

D E L I A.

Each year, each hour with downy feet
 That softly danceth by,
 Comes with new proof of love replete,
 And brings access of joy.
 If true content dwells on the lee,
 Sure, 'tis with DAMON, and with me.

L I

B O T H

B O T H.

What phraseless rapture, as we walk

The fields at early day,

To hear our children's guileless talk,

And mark their mimic play!

Sweet wedded Love! by thee alone

The soul-dilating joys are known.

D A M O N.

See! at Religion's hallow'd shrine,

The little Pilgrims meet *;

T' inspire the holy thought was thine—

My DELIA guides their feet:

They, for thy LAMB and DOVE, were giv'n,

To prove thy gratitude to heav'n.

D E L I A.

'Twas thy angelic bounty there

Enrich'd them to bestow

An Alms, to dry the streaming tear

Of poverty and woe.

What virtues shall their life unfold,

Thus taught the genuine worth of gold!

B O T H.

Methinks, I view succeeding times,

With future { DAMONS } blest;
 { DELIAS }

When man shall gaze away his crimes,

And ev'ry vice detest.

Haste golden Age!—When all shall own

The virtuous can be great alone.

* See the Preface.

D A M O N

DAMON.

Soon the cheek's ruby-tinctur'd grace,
 The eye's keen-piercing ray,
 And all the wonders of the face—
 These soon shall fade away:
 But time will DELIA's soul improve,
 And how can DAMON cease to love?

DELIA.

When years insensibly arrive,
 And youth's delights are o'er,
 The Lover of his mind I'll live,
 When passion is no more:
 And time will DAMON's mind improve,
 Then how can DELIA cease to love?

BOTH.

Pale *Jealousy* ne'er broke our rest,
 Nor *Fear*'s ideal host;
 If but a wish disturbs the breast,
 'Tis who shall please the most:
 Sweet, wedded Love! by thee alone,
 The calm, domestic life is known.

DAMON.

Ye lawless Swains, to virtue lost,
 How fleeting all your joy!
 Who, slaves to sense, of freedom boast,
 And mock the nuptial tie:
 Come learn of DELIA, and of me,
 That wedded Love—is Liberty.

DELIA.

M. DELIA.

Ye Nymphs, who waste your time in show,

Thro' pride lead single lives,—

The noblest praise the Fair can know,

Is that of virtuous wives.

Be wisely-proud,—nor wish for sway,

'Tis yours to honour and obey.

BOTH.

What joys in sacred wedlock join!

Peace, — and her smiling train,

And *Friendship*—*Passion* all divine!

Here holds her softest reign.

Hail, wedded Love!—by thee alone,

The worth of human life is known.

Sung by the RECITATIVE Voice.

The conscious Muse with rapture wove

This humble garland of her love,

And hung with votive prayer :

“ May heaven, each day, their joys increase!

“ And ever—ever—ever bless

“ The virtuous,—godlike Pair!”

CHORUS.

MAY HEAVEN, EACH DAY, THEIR JOYS INCREASE!

AND EVER—EVER—EVER BLESS

THE VIRTUOUS, GODLIKE PAIR!

F I N I S.

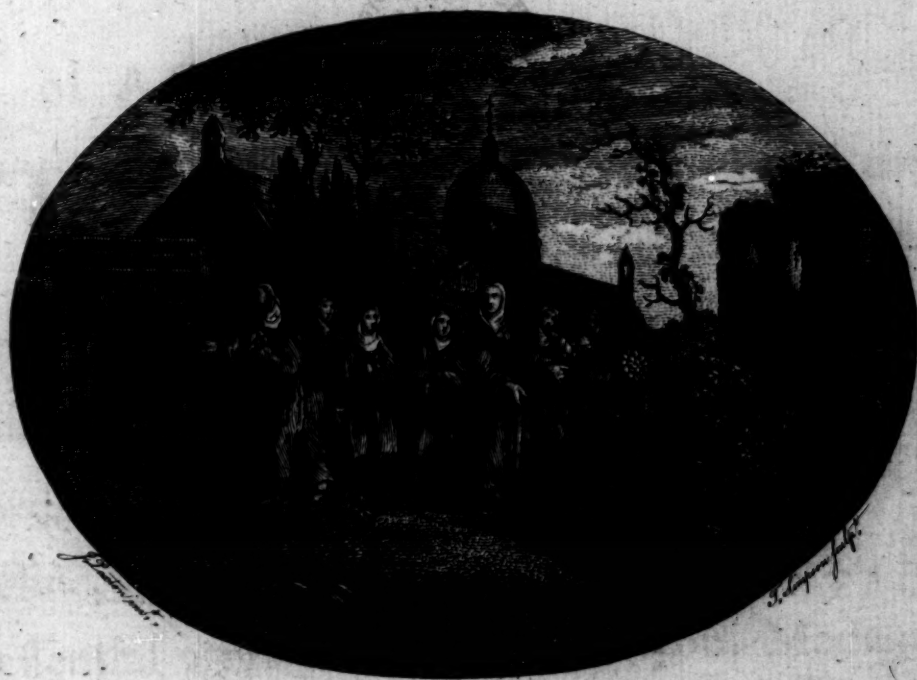


THE
FABLES OF FLORA.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

—SYLVAS, SALTUSQUE SEQUAMUR
INTACTOS— VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, N° 32, OPPOSITE ST. DUNSTON'S
CHURCH, FLEET STREET.
M.DCC.LXXI.

TABLES OF FLORA

BY DR. J. LANCHORNE

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
BY THE AUTHOR



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, N. 32, OPPOSITE ST. DUNSTON,
CHURCH, FLEET STREET, ST. DUNSTON.
MDCCCXXII.

TO
THE COUNTESS
OF
HERTFORD.

M A D A M,

THERE is a tax upon the Name of the
Countess of HERTFORD, an heredi-
tary obligation to patronize the Muses ; and
in times like these, when their influence, I
will not say their reputation, is on the de-
cline, they can by no means dispense with so
essential a privilege. I intreat you, Madam,
to take the following poems under your pro-
tection.

DEDICATION.

tection. They were written with an unaffected wish to promote the love of Nature and the interests of Humanity. On the credit of such motives I lay them at your feet, and beg to be esteemed,

MADAM,

Your most devoted and

most obedient servant

JOHN LANGHORNE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following Poems, the plan of Fable is enlarged, and the province extended. To the original NARRATIVE and MORAL are added imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of Nature more adapted to the genius and disposition of POETRY; where she finds new objects, interests, and connexions, to exercise her fancy and her powers. The charter of Quidlibet audendi, the birthright of every poet, sufficiently authorises the attempt of any new species of writing; but by the judgment of the public it must stand or fall.

ADVERTISEMENT

IN the following Poem, the poem of Tasso is enlarged, and the former enlarged. The original NARRATIVE and MORAL are added, imagery, description, and sentiment.

ERRATUM. P. 19, L. 16, for *has* read *was*.

The poem is found in a department of No. 1000, where the first new edition is. The poem is enlarged, to exercise her fancy and her power. The character of Quilboer is enlarged, the brightness of every part, the every character the attempt of any new poem of writing; but by the judgment of the public it must stand or fall.

THE
FABLES OF FLORA.

FABLE I.

The SUNFLOWER and the IVY.

AS duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls:

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden reared,
The flower of PHOEBUS turned her face
To meet the POWER she loved and feared.

10 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

And where, along the rising sky,

Her God in brighter glory burned,

Still there her fond observant eye,

And there her golden breast she turned.

When calling from their weary height

On western waves his beams to rest,

Still there she sought the parting fight,

And there she turned her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade:

Afar his lovely looks had borne,

With folded leaves and drooping head,

Full fore she grieved, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower displayed

The holy sisters smiled to see,

Forgave the pagan rites it paid,

And loved its fond idolatry.

But

THE FABLES OF FLORA. II

But painful still, though meant for kind,

The praise that falls on Envy's ear!

O'er the dim window's arch entwined,

The cankered Ivy chanced to hear.

And " See, she cried, that specious flower,

" Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,

" The pageant of a gilded hour,

" The convent's simple hearts hath won!

" Obsequious meanness! ever prone

" To watch the patron's turning eye;

" No will, no motion of its own!

" 'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:

" Go, splendid sycophant! no more

" Display thy soft seductive arts!

" The flattering clime of courts explore,

" Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

" To

12 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

“ To me their praise more justly due,
“ Of longer bloom, and happier grace!
“ Whom changing months unaltered view,
“ And find them in my fond embrace.”

“ How well,” the modest flower replied,
“ Can ENVY’s tutored eye elude
“ The obvious bounds that still divide
“ Foul FLATTERY from fair GRATITUDE.

“ My duteous praise each hour I pay,
“ For few the hours that I must live;
“ And give to him my little day,
“ Whose grace another day may give.

“ When low this golden form shall fall
“ And spread with dust its parent plain;
“ That dust shall hear his genial call,
“ And rise, to glory rise again.

“ To

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 13

“ To thee, my gracious power, to thee

“ My love, my heart, my life are due !

“ Thy goodness gave that life to be ;

“ Thy goodness shall that life renew.

“ Ah me ! one moment from thy sight

“ That thus my truant-eye should stray !

“ The God of glory sets in night ;

“ His faithless flower has lost a day.”

Sore sighed the flower, and drooped her head ;

And sudden tears her breast bedewed :

Consenting tears the sisters shed,

And, wrapt in holy wonder, viewed.

With joy, with pious pride elate,

“ Behold,” the aged abbess cries,

“ An emblem of that happier fate

“ Which heaven to all but us denies.

D

“ Our

14 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,

" No charm but duty's charm can move ;

" We shed no tears but holy tears

" Of tender penitence and love.

" See there the flattering world pourtrayed

" In that dark look, that creeping pace

" No flower can bear the Ivy's shade ;

" No tree support its cold embrace.

" The oak that rears it from the ground,

" And bears its tendrils to the skies,

" Feels at his heart the rankling wound,

" And in its poisonous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,

Studious to teach her children dear,

And they by love, or duty led,

With pleasure heard, or seemed to hear.

Yet

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 15

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,

(In convents still the tale is known)

The fable heard with silent care,

But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smiled along the day,

And drooped in tears at evening's fall;

Too well she found her life display,

Too well her fatal lot recall.

The envious Ivy's gloomy shade,

That murdered what it most embraced,

Too well that cruel scene conveyed

Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

Her heart with silent horror shook;

With sighs she sought her lonely cell:

To the dim light she cast *one* look;

And bade *once more* the world *farewell*.

FABLE

F A B L E II.

The EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risque AMBITION's losing game:

That far from ENVY's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of GENIUS rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small but genial sphere.

Than vainer flowers tho' sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 17

In EDEN's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder viewed the opening flower.

" Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought he cries,
" Thy bosom must not feel the glow
" Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold ;
" Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
" When thine the falling shades unfold.

" Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
" When love has filled his heart with cares,
" For flowers he rifles all the meads,
" For waking flowers---but thine forbears.

18 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom

" On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,

" Let smiling suns those gems illumine!

" Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales

That o'er the bending meadow blow,

Or streams that steal thro' even vales,

And murmur that they move so flow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,

Sweet Philomela poured her strain;

The bird of eve approved her flower,

And answered thus the anxious swain.

Live unseen!

By moonlight shades, in valleys green,

Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 19

Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of penfive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While all disarmed, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot has laid
In this undistinguished shade.

Go,

20 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

Far from the world's infectious view,

Thy little virtues safely blew.

Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,

Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE

F A B L E III.

The LAUREL and the REED.

THE * Reed that once the shepherd blew
On old CEPHISUS' hallowed side,
To SYLLA's cruel bow applied,
Its inoffensive master slew.

Stay, bloody foldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music soothe the thirst of death.

He frowned---He bade the arrow fly---
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephifus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's foldiers used for arrows.

22 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

CEPHISUS, from his fedgy urn,

With woe beheld the fanguine deed :

He mourned, and, as they heard him mourn,

Affenting fighed each trembling Reed.

“ Fair offspring of my waves, he cried ;

“ That bind my brows, my banks adorn,

“ Pride of the plains, the rivers’ pride,

“ For mufic, peace, and beauty born !

“ Ah ! what, unheedful, have we done ?

“ What dæmons here in death delight ?

“ What fiends that curfe the focial fun ?

“ What furies of infernal night ?

“ See, fee my peaceful fhepherds bleed !

“ Each heart in harmony that vyed,

“ Smote by its own melodious Reed,

“ Lies cold, along my blufhing fide.

“ Back

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 23

“ Back to your urn, my waters, fly ;
“ Or find in earth some secret way ;
“ For horror dims yon conscious sky,
“ And hell has issued into day.”

Thro’ DELPHI’s holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran ;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

“ In vain CEPHISUS fights to save
“ The swain that loves his watry mead,
“ And weeps to see his reddening wave,
“ And mourns for his perverted Reed :

“ In vain my violated groves
“ Must I with equal grief bewail,
“ While desolation sternly roves,
“ And bids the sanguine hand assail.

“ God

24 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" God of the genial stream, behold

" My laurel shades of leaves so bare !

" Those leaves no poet's brows enfold,

" Nor bind APOLLÒ's golden hair.

" Like thy fair offspring, misapplied,

" Far other purpose they supply ;

" The murderer's burning cheek to hide,

" And on his frownful temples die.

" Yet deem not these of PLUTO's race,

" Whom wounded NATURE fues in vain ;

" Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,

" And cries, indignant, " They are men."

FABLE

F A B L E IV.

The GARDEN ROSE and the WILD ROSE.

AS DEE, whose current, free from stain,
 Glides fair o'er MERIONETH's plain,
 By mountains forced his way to steer
 Along the lake of PIMBLE MERE,
 Darts swiftly thro' the stagnant mafs,
 His waters trembling as they pafs,
 And leads his lucid waves below,
 Unmixed, unfullied as they flow---
 So clear thro' life's tumultuous tide,
 So free could THOUGHT and FANCY glide;
 Could HOPE as sprightly hold her courfe,
 As firft fhe left her native fource,
 Unfought in her romantic cell
 The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

G

But

26 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

But ah! they will not, will not last---
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of HOPE is cold;
And FANCY lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before;
We turn the former prospect o'er;
And find in MEMORY's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come, then; thy kind recesses ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of HOPE!
Come with thy visionary train;
And bring my morning scenes again!

To ENON's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the *woodland* GENIUS came,
And touched me with his holy flame.---

Or,

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 27

Or, where the hermit, BELA, leads
Her waves thro' solitary meads;
And only feeds the desert-flower,
Where once she soothed my slumbering hour :
Or roused by STAINMORE's wintry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry ;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.---

Where EDEN's fairer waters flow,
By MILTON's bower, or OSTY's brow,
Or BROCKLEY's alder-shaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear
To sound his holy slumbers near.---

To these fair scenes of FANCY's reign,
O MEMORY! bear me once again :
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'Tis simple Nature charms at last.

28 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

'Twas thus of old a poet prayed ;

Th' indulgent power his prayer approved,

And, ere the gathered Rose could fade,

Restored him to the scenes he loved.

A Rose, the poet's favourite flower,

From FLORA's cultured walks he bore ;

No fairer bloomed in ESHER's bower,

Nor PRIOR's charming CHLOE wore.

No fairer flowers could FANCY twine

To hide ANACREON's snowy hair ;

For there ALMERIA's bloom divine,

And ELLIOT's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,

And leaves for shades, a nation's love,

With awe the village maid admires,

How WALDEGRAVE looks, how WALDEGRAVE moves.

So

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 29

So marvelled much in ENON's shade

The flowers that all uncultured grew,
When there the splendid Rose displayed
Her swelling breast, and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorned the place

Where now her gaudy rival reigned,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive EGLANTINE complained.

"Mistaken youth," with sighs she said,
"From nature and from me to stray!
"The bard, by splendid forms betrayed,
"No more shall frame the purer lay.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,
"And gay the brilliant strains may be,
"But far, in beauty, far from those,
"That flowed to nature and to me."

30 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

The poet felt, with fond surprize,

The truths the sylvan critic told;

And "though this courtly Rose," he cries,

"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee

"Wild sweetness which no words express,

"And charms in thy simplicity,

"That dwell not in the pride of dress."

FABLE

F A B L E V.

The VIOLET and the PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast,
The god of fond desires repair;

Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's foul-enchancing smile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial store.

32 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

Far from his hive one summer-day,
A young and yet unpractised bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he passed,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seized his little frame.

By nature urged, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourned round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrowed from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 33

The tints that streamed with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond enamoured bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

34 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;

No soul-sustaining charms abound;

No honeyed sweetness to repair

The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led

Thro' those fair springs, and meads of gold,

His feeble wing, his drooping head

Beheld, and pitied to behold.

“ Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art

“ That courts thine eye with fair attire;”

“ Who smiles to win the heedless heart,

“ Will smile to see that heart expire.

“ This modest flower of humbler hue,

“ That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,

“ Arrayed in unbespangled blue,

“ The simple cloathing of the skies---

“ This

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 35

“ This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,

“ May yet thy languid life renew :”

He said, and to the Violet’s breast

The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE

36 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

F A B L E VI.

The QUEEN OF THE MEADOW and the
CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM BACTRIA'S vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day:

From BACTRIA'S vales to BRITAIN'S shore
What time the CROWN IMPERIAL came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
In all the eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 37

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloomed in Britain's clime!

Thro' purple meads, and spicy gales,
Where STRYMON'S * silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the CROWN IMPERIAL fought,
With high demand and haughty mien;
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival called the MEADOW'S QUEEN.

“ In climes of orient glory born,
“ Where beauty first and empire grew ;
“ Where first unfolds the golden morn,
“ Where richer falls the fragrant dew :

* The Ionian Strymon.

K

“ In

38 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

“ In light’s ethereal beauty drest,

“ Behold,” he cried, “ the favoured flower,

“ Which FLORA’s high commands invest

“ With ensigns of imperial power !

“ Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,

“ And bending mountains own his sway,

“ While PERSIA’s lord his empire leads,

“ And bids the trembling world obey ;

“ While blood bedews the straining bow,

“ And conquest rends the scattered air,

“ ’Tis mine to bind the victor’s brow,

“ And reign in envied glory there.

“ Then lowly bow, ye British flowers !

“ Confess your monarch’s mighty sway,

“ And own the only glory yours,

“ When fear flies trembling to obey.”

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 39

He said, and sudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran,
With modest air, and milder strain,
When thus the MEADOW'S QUEEN began.

" If vain of birth, of glory vain,
" Or fond to bear a regal name,
" The pride of folly brings disdain,
" And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

" If war my peaceful realms assail,
" And then, unmoved by pity's call,
" I smile to see the bleeding vale,
" Or feel one joy in nature's fall,

" Then may each justly vengeful flower
" Pursue her Queen with generous strife,
" Nor leave the hand of lawless power
" Such compass on the scale of life.

" One

40 THE FABLES OF FLORA

- " One simple virtue all my pride !
" The wish that flies to misery's aid ;
" The balm that stops the crimson tide *,
" And heals the wounds that war has made."

Their free consent by Zephyrs borne,
The flowers their MEADOW'S QUEEN obey ;
And fairer blushes crowned the morn,
And sweeter fragrance filled the day.

* The property of that flower.

FABLE

F A B L E VII.

The WALL-FLOWER.

“ **W**HY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
“ That swells the golden breast of May,

“ Thrown rudely-o’er this ruined tower,
“ To waste her solitary day?

“ Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
“ The grove and genial garden call,
“ Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
“ Unheeded on the lonely wall?

“ For never sure was beauty born
“ To live in death’s deserted shade!
“ Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
“ My banks for life and beauty made.”

L

Thus

42. THE FABLES OF FLORA

Thus PITY waked the tender thought,

And by her sweet persuasion led,

To seize the hermit-flower I fought,

And bear her from her stony bed.

I fought---but sudden on mine ear

A voice in hollow murmurs broke,

And smote my heart with holy fear---

The GENIUS *of the Rain* spoke.

" From thee be far th' ungentle deed,

" The honours of the dead to spoil,

" Or take the sole remaining meed,

" The flower that crowns their former toil !

" Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,

" Or fond to grace this barren shade ;

" 'Tis NATURE tells her to bestow

" Her honours on the lonely dead.

" For

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 43

“ For this, obedient Zephyrs bear
“ Her light seeds round yon turret’s mold,
“ And undispersed by tempests there,
“ They rise in vegetable gold.

“ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
“ Such desert scenes distinction crave;
“ Oft have they been, and oft shall be
“ Truth’s, Honour’s, Valour’s, Beauty’s grave.

“ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
“ As weary of th’ insulting air;
“ The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,
“ The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.

“ When that too shakes the trembling ground,
“ Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
“ And many a slumbering cottage round
“ Startles --- how still their hearts will lie!

“ Of

44 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

“ Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
“ No more the smiling day shall view,
“ Should many a tender tale be told ;
“ For many a tender thought is due.

“ Haft thou not seen some lover pale,
“ When evening brought the penfive hour,
“ Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
“ And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?

“ Those flowers he surely meant to strew
“ On lost affection’s lowly cell ;
“ Tho’ there, as fond remembrance grew,
“ Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

“ Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
“ Been taught her first rose to resign ?
“ With vain but pious fondness borne
“ To deck thy NANCY’S honoured shrine !

“ ’Tis

" 'Tis NATURE pleading in the breast,

" Fair memory of her works to find ;

" And when to fate she yields the rest,

" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time

" Would thus the lettered sage explore,

" With pain these crumbling ruins climb,

" And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?

" Why seeks he with unwearied toil

" Thro' death's dim walks to urge his way,

" Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,

" And lead OBLIVION into day ?

" 'Tis NATURE prompts, by toil or fear

" Unmoved, to range thro' death's domain :

" The tender parent loves to hear

" Her childrens' story told again.

M

" Treat

- " Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
 " If haply near these haunts he stray ;
 " Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
 " That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

" Why, else, the overgrown paths of time

" Would thus the laborer's path explore,

" With pain these crumbling ruins climb,

" And on the doubtful sculpture pore ;

" Why seeks he with unwearied toil

" Thro' death's dim walks to urge his way,

" Reclaim his long-affected spoil,

" And lead Oarion into day ?

" The Nature prompts, by toil or fear

" Unmoved, to range thro' death's domain :

" The tender parent loves to bear

" Children's fate, to lead again.

FABLE

" Treat

M

F A B L E VIII.

The TULIP and the MYRTLE*.

T WAS on the border of a stream

A gayly-painted Tulip stood,

And, gilded by the morning beam,

Surveyed her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,

Might nothing meet the wistful eye,

Than crimson fading into gold,

In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,

Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!!

Vainly affects superior state,

And thus in empty fancy swells.

* This Fable was first published in a Collection of Letters, supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller.

“ O lustre

48 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" O lustre of unrivalled bloom !

" Fair painting of a hand divine !

" Superior far to mortal doom,

" The hues of heaven alone are mine !

" Away, ye worthless, formless race !

" Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers !

" No more my native bed disgrace,

" Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours !

" Shall the bright daughter of the sun

" Associate with the shrubs of earth ?

" Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun !

" Respect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, fullen ever-green !

" Shalt thou my shining sphere invade ?

" My noon-day beauties beam unseen,

" Obscured beneath thy dusky shade !"

" Deluded

" Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,

" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore ?

" The meanest shrub that you despise,

" The meanest flower has merit more.

" That daisy, in its simple bloom,

" Shall last along the changing year ;

" Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,

" And bid the smiling spring appear.

" The violet, that, those banks beneath,

" Hides from thy scorn its modest head,

" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,

" When thou art in thy dusty bed.

" Even I, who boast no golden shade,

" Am of no shining tints possess'd,

" When low thy lucid form is laid,

" Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

N

" And

50 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" And he, whose kind and fostering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly screen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy passion to be seen,
" Prolongs thy transitory day.

" But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my dusky shade,
" And yield thee to thy darling fun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 51

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclosed;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceased to blow,
And fought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relaxed, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

FABLE

52 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

F A B L E IX.

The BEE-FLOWER*.

COME, let us leave this painted plain;
This waste of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of NATURE's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Thro' those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to BROCKMAN's art,
Where, crowned with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart—

* This is a species of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a Bee on the breast of the flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an œconomy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the Orchis, or Satyrion, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as Bees, Flies, Butterflies, &c.

Thro'

THE FABLES OF FLORA. 53

Thro' those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon ruffet mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's child!
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On BEACHBOROUGH'S airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs!

Remember

O

Regardless,

54 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near?
-And rest in sleep his weary eyes?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;---we'll set the captive free---
I sought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus NATURE with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her Sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallowed term, the thought profane,
That LIFE'S MAJESTIC source may be
In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember

THE FABLES of FLORA. 35

Remember still, 'tis NATURE's plan

Religion in your love to find;

And know, for this, the first in man

Inspired the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,

Pleased with the pencil's mimic power;

That power with leading hand she shews,

And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears

His human feet, his human hands!

Oft, as his shapely form he tears,

Aghast the frightened plowman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,

She seems ev'n with herself at strife,

While fairer from her hand is shewn

The pictured, than the native life.

HELVETIA'S

56 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

HELVETIA'S rocks, SABRINA'S waves,

Still many a shining pebble bear,

Where oft her studious hand engraves

The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my PAXTON, boast her art;

And long her laws of love fulfil:

To thee she gave her hand and heart,

To thee, her kindness and her skill.

FABLE

F A B L E X.

The WILDING and the BROOM.

IN yonder green wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.

From HİM * whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed HUME with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where flow the fairy FORTHWA winds.

* WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour.

P

And

58 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

And oh! that He * whose gentle breast

In nature's softest mould was made,

Who left her smiling works imprest

In characters that cannot fade.

That He might leave his lowly shrine,

Tho' softer there the Seasons fall---

They come, the sons of verse divine,

They come to fancy's magic call.

----- " What airy sounds invite

" My steps not unreluctant, from the depth

" Of SHENE's delightful groves? Reposing there

" No more I hear the busy voice of men

" Far-toiling o'er the globe --- save to the call

" Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear

" Of death denies attention. Rouzed by her,

* THOMSON.

" The

- " The genius of sepulchral silence opes
 " His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
 " For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,
 " Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap
 " Of autumn, gathers heedful---Thee whose rites
 " At nature's shrine with holy care are paid
 " Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest green,
 " And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
 " The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
 " Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
 " Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
 " And nature's love, and every moral charm
 " That leads in sweet captivity the mind
 " To virtue---ever in thy nearest cares
 " Be these, and animate thy living page
 " With truth resistless, beaming from the source
 " Of perfect light immortal---Vainly boasts
 " That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers:
 " Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon

" And

60 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

“ And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
“ To the well-loaded Wilding---Shepherd, there
“ Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
“ Of all but moral beauty.”

—————“ Not in vain”—————

I hear my HAMILTON reply,
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
“ 'Tis not in vain,” I hear him say,
“ That nature paints her works so gay;
“ For, fruitless tho' that fairy broom,
“ Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
“ Cheered with that bloom, yon desert wild
“ Its native horrors lost, and smiled.
“ And oft we mark her golden ray
“ Along the dark wood scatter day.

“ Of moral uses take the strife;
“ Leave me the elegance of life.

“ Whatever

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

- " Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If sweet sensations these produce,
" I know they have their moral use.
" I know that NATURE's charms can move
" The springs that strike to VIRTUE's love."

Q
FABLE

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

F A B L E X I.

The MISLETOE and the PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan ;
The rock he hollowed o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest :
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The druid's magic Mistletoe,
The holy hermit's Passion-flower.

The

The offerings on the mystic stone
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
 When from the cave a deepening groan
 Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still---Dost thou not hear?
 Does not thy haunted fancy start?
 The sound still vibrates thro' mine ear---
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
 Unmixed, unmelodized with breath;
 But, grinding thro' some scannell frame,
 Creaked from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still---"Depart," it cries;
 "No tribute bear to shades unblest:
 "Know, here a bloody druid lies,
 "Who was not nursed at Nature's breast.

"Associate

64 THE FABLES OF FLORA.

" Associate he with dæmons dire,
" O'er human victims held the knife,
" And pleased to see the babe expire,
" Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life.

" Behold his crimson-streaming hand
" Erect!---his dark, fixed, murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died---I felt it die.

I see him still---Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart thro' the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves;
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,

“ Boy, bear these idle honours hence !

“ For, here a guilty hermit lies,

“ Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense,

“ Tho’ Nature lent him powers to aid

“ The moral cause, the mutual weal ;

“ Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,

“ The desperate suicide of zeal.

“ Go, teach the drone of faintly haunts,

“ Whose cell’s the sepulchre of time ;

“ Tho’ many a holy hymn he chaunts,

“ His life is one continued crime.

“ And bear them hence, the plant, the flower ;

“ No symbols those of systems vain !

“ They have the duties of their hour ;

“ Some bird, some insect to sustain.”

THE END.